

RECOLLECTIONS OF
A GREAT LADY
BEING MORE MEMOIRS OF THE
COMTESSE DE BOIGNE

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.
BY M. CHARLES NICOULLAUD

WITH FRONTISPIECE



LONDON
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1912

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UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

**THE MEMOIRS OF THE
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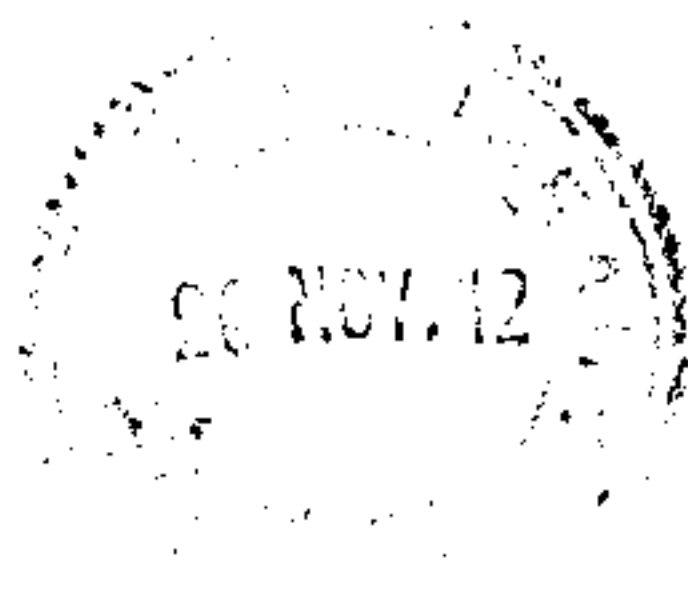
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CHÂTENAY, September 1840.

If historical novels are still fashionable some centuries hence, a new Walter Scott will hardly find a more romantic subject than that of the expedition of the Duchesse de Berry in France during the years 1832–1833.

When time has cast a veil over the disastrous and ridiculous catastrophe to which the inexorable course of history led, enthusiasm will readily be felt for a princess and a mother who defied all fatigue, all peril and all danger in order to claim the inheritance of her son, who had been proscribed and orphaned by a crime. Such situations as these will ever stir the sympathies and the imagination. I have always been surprised that the action of the Duchesse de Berry aroused so little enthusiasm among her partisans. The fact may no doubt be explained by the extreme forbearance of the new government. In an age when material welfare holds so large a place, and when selfishness is hidden beneath an

outward show of infinite tenderness for children, there is every temptation to cast the blame upon the protecting power, but open attack is hindered by considerations for one's own peace of mind. The opposition of our ancestors was very differently manifested. They delivered fierce thrusts and shrank not from bloodshed. Our contemporaries prefer to fight with words and to throw mud. It is a profession too unattractive and too dishonourable to continue permanently, and so disgraceful and malignant an opposition will soon succumb, it is to be hoped, to the poison which it exudes.

Until the adventures of the Duchesse de Berry become the property of the historian and the novelist, they will remain in the hands of the chronicler. From this reason I propose to relate what I saw of them from the point of view at which I was placed. In so doing I do not imagine that I am abandoning my intention, as previously announced, to betray no confidence.¹ This episode falls quite outside domestic affairs, and can evoke no indiscreet revelations.

The Duchesse de Berry was a capable woman with taste, artistic instinct, and a full sense of the amenities of life. In society she was of an affable and kindly bearing, though she too often displayed the petulance of a spoilt character or of a badly brought up child. She never realised the limitations imposed upon her by her rank, and had never considered that the profession of princess in the nineteenth century is a serious business, nor did she ever propose to derive anything but amusement and pleasure from her position. Those who were admitted to her intimacy knew that her conduct was sufficiently unrestrained, but there was little talk of it, and the Duchesse de Berry remained very popular, either because people were generally inclined to indulgence in her case, or because of the unfair prejudice aroused by the somewhat austere virtues of Madame la Dauphine, or because the secret was well kept. It was whispered that a certain attack of gout, followed by a retirement of several weeks at Rosny, was really due to the necessity of concealing the birth of a

¹ See vol. iii. p. 228.

child, but in general these reports were regarded as slanders, and for my part I never gave any credence to them.

The Duchesse de Berry always showed herself most courageous. She loved danger and went out of her way to meet it even to the point of rashness. She would go out to swim when the sea was high enough to frighten even the sailors. She preferred the most spirited horses for her riding, would choose the most difficult line of country and attempt every obstacle before which women usually recoil. Hence I am inclined to believe and I am assured that it is a fact that on Wednesday, July 30, 1830, she conceived the idea of removing her son from Saint Cloud and of taking him in her arms to the Hôtel de Paris, to entrust him to the protection of the tumultuous mob which had assumed the right of speaking in the name of the city and even in the name of the country. So bold a stroke would certainly have embarrassed the party leaders, and it is impossible now to say what would have been the result of so great a mark of confidence shown to the populace, but King Charles X. and Monsieur le Dauphin suspected her intentions and kept a strict eye upon the mother and the child.

I have already related how three days later other people thought of entrusting the Duc de Bordeaux to the care of the Duc d'Orléans, lieutenant-general of the realm, and how this proposal was received at Rambouillet.¹ The Duchesse de Berry opposed this idea most vigorously, for upon this occasion she was not to play any personal part, but to stand aloof with the rest of the family and this did not suit her ideas. I have also referred² to her wild delight at the Ordinances and her puerile vivacity during the three days' struggle when the monarchy was at stake. When fate had decided the issue the princess added actions foolishly ridiculous to her errors of judgment. Dressed in male clothing and armed with a pistol which she kept firing, she proposed to show herself to the troops in this costume. This masquerade took place during a short stay at Trianon.

I have heard the Duc de Maillé, the first gentleman of

¹ See vol. iii. p. 313.

² *Ibid.* 268.

the chamber, relate that during this hubbub at Trianon, he alone was in attendance on the king in a certain room in which Charles X. had taken refuge: the old monarch, quite overcome, was seated in an armchair, upon the back of which M. de Maillé was leaning; the door burst open, the Duchesse de Berry dashed into the room, performed certain warlike evolutions and fired a blank charge from her pistol. This apparition was visible only for a moment, but long enough to reduce the two old men to stupefaction. After a moment's silence, the king turned to M. de Maillé and said to him miserably:

"What do you think of her, Maillé?"

"A...bo...mi...na...ble, Sire," replied the duke, in an equally piteous tone. The force of truth overcame, for a moment, the instincts of the courtier. The poor king shrugged his shoulders. The Duc de Maillé was accustomed to relate this scene, the setting of which was so deplorable, in the most amusing way. I do not know what influence induced the Duchesse de Berry to resume the costume of her own sex, but she did not long retain that which had made so bad an impression upon the king and M. de Maillé.

Those who accompanied the Royal Family upon their incredible retreat to Cherbourg, observed the favour which the princess showed to M. de Rosambo.¹ The circumstances, however, may well have excused the grant of special liberties to any one so entirely loyal, though it must be said that etiquette was the only thing that preserved its own rights during these unhappy days... As I have been led to speak of this gloomy voyage, I may here set down a small anecdote of which I have special knowledge, for the purpose of showing how far the observance of etiquette enveloped our unfortunate princes with its trivialities. They were to dine at Laigle with Mme. de Caudecoste, who received them most readily. The officials of the household preceded the party; everything was placed

¹ The Comtesse de Rosambo was lady in waiting to the Duchesse de Berry. (*Almanac Royal.*)

at their disposal; they demanded a square table, and as there was none to be found, they sawed a fine mahogany table into that shape, as the king, they said, could not eat at a round table. If I am not mistaken, such care at such a time is sufficiently significant, and seems to me to excuse many reproaches that have been often repeated.

As they neared the English coast, the Duchesse de Berry, whose wandering spirit had attracted her to every corner of the boat, suddenly burst into cries and sobs. She rushed into the cabin where the princes and the chief passengers were assembled, asserting that the captain was guilty of infamous treachery. He was considerably astonished, but at length succeeded in explaining the matter. As the Duchesse had been wandering about the deck, she had caught a few words of the pilot's, who proposed to enter the roadstead of St. Helens, as the wind was unfavourable for Spithead, and the Duchesse at once saw herself setting sail for the island rock upon which another fallen potentate had recently ended a brilliant career.¹ The captain was obliged to display the map to still the alarms so remarkably aroused.

The house at Lulworth,² enormous as it was for a private individual, seemed very restricted to people of royal habits. The Duchesse de Berry in particular could hardly submit to the common life which she was obliged to share with her royal family, and indemnified herself by frequent absences. Among other functions, she was present at the opening of the railway from Manchester to Liverpool,³ and with her usual daring, entered the first coach which steam power

¹ "The Dauphine," writes Mme. de Gontaut, "said to me one day, 'try and find out our destination.' I chose a good opportunity, and our friend informed me that they had just been told to make their way to Saint-Hélène, where we were to touch. Horrified, I ran to the Dauphine and said to her with clasped hands, 'Alas, we are to go to Saint-Hélène for some time.' She looked down and did not say a word. My zeal discovered that the sailor was right. It was to Saint-Hélène that we were then sailing, but to one of the ports of the Isle of Wight of that name, to touch there for provisions. When the mistake had been explained, I was the first to laugh at it." (*Memoirs of the Duchesse de Gontaut*, p. 367.)

² Cp. *Mémoires de Mme. de Gontaut*, p. 371.

³ In the month of September 1830.

drew upon the rails, at a time when such an act seemed quite a startling adventure. These repeated excursions, though carried out without ostentation and often incognito, were displeasing to the Dauphine. She regarded them as an infringement of propriety and was correspondingly hurt. Silence and retirement reasonably seemed to her the most dignified attitude to assume in their cruel position, a position, too, which met with little sympathy from the English population, which was enthusiastic for the July revolution, regarding it as inspired by the example which they had themselves set in 1688.¹

The Dauphine made no secret to her sister-in-law of her displeasure, which was shared by the King and the Dauphin; thus the meetings of this august household became stormier every day. However, the Duchesse de Berry did not leave them at once. She spent some time at Edinburgh, and then went away under pretext of ill-health. She made a considerable stay at Bath; it is said that she was there confined of a daughter, and subsequent events make anything credible. At the time I regarded the report as the outcome only of party spirit, which disgusted me. Extracts from hotel registers, reprinted in the newspapers, informed us that the Duchesse de Berry had crossed Europe on her way to Naples, where her presence was in no way desired. It was, however, impossible to give a complete refusal to a sister seeking refuge. The visit was therefore permitted, but no provision was made for maintenance according to her rank. When this point had been settled she was well received. She showed herself the less exacting in the course of this transaction, as she was from that time influenced by her hopes and busy with intrigues for their accomplishment. Those about her were no less certain of success than she was herself.

The Princess acquired two steamboats intended for service in the Mediterranean, with the object of maintaining and improving the communications which she proposed to open

¹ See in the appendix, vol. iii. p. 317, the letter from Séguier, Consul-General of France at London, to Mme. de Boigne.

with France. One of the two steamers escaped from her control; the other, to a greater or less extent with the countenance of the Government of Piedmont, hoisted the Sardinian flag, remained at her orders, and became the *Carlo Alberto*. Under this name it played an important part in the events which I propose to recount as they then appeared to me. I shall relate what I have learnt from authentic evidence, and if at times I venture a conjecture, I shall mark it as such. Doubtless my account will differ in many respects from the narrative provided by the partisans of the Princess, and there will necessarily be certain gaps which only her accomplices could fill. Possibly some more authentic narrative will relate the whole of the facts for posterity. The subject can only be frankly treated if all kinds of public rumours and contemporary evidence are resolutely distrusted.

In the autumn of 1830 a caricature appeared representing an extremely well-dressed personage politely consulting a man of the people, and asking him, hat in hand, "Sir, could you kindly inform me what has become of the royalists?" The caricature exactly describes the situation. The opposition known as the Faubourg Saint Germain was then as moderate as it afterwards became arrogant. Many of those who afterwards became its partisans were more or less openly allied to the Palais Royal. If people who were specially attached to the household of the Princes stayed away, even they sent only formal excuses and stated the necessity for a limited time of mourning. I could quote many people whose messages I have been requested to bear who would probably deny them to-day. Intercourse went on without hostility, and people were quite willing to meet and talked together of everything. The Ordinances of Charles X. were universally blamed; the misfortunes which they had evoked were regretted, and gratitude was expressed for the conduct for those who had plunged into the struggle, checked the irritation of the mob, and forestalled those outbreaks, the fear of which was repeatedly evoked by the rumours of risings about us. I remember a friendly

and confidential talk with the Duc de Laval, when I asked him if he would allow the time fixed by the new Chamber to elapse, within which he was to make his submission and take his seat in the Chamber of Peers.

"I have not entirely reached a decision," he replied, "but you will see, my dear friend, in the last resort, that they will be only too glad to get us when we want to come, and if we join one by one, we shall make more stir and improve the conditions of our adherence."

My poor friend thought that he was still in the age of the Fronde when negotiations were opened with the great lords, and when a Montmorency could dictate his conditions. These illusions were to some extent maintained by recollections of the Empire, but at the moment he was wrong in every respect. I only relate the incident to show the extent of aristocratic repugnance for the July revolution at this time.

Properly speaking, the party at first known as Carlist and afterwards as Legitimist, did not then exist. Those who would make wry faces in speaking at the present day of Monsieur Philippe or Madame Amélie, felt it quite natural to give them the titles of king and queen. In a word, people were afraid, and this situation continued until the conclusion of the trial of Charles X.'s ministers.¹ Only when the fact was clear that the Government was not only able but willing to protect its enemies, did any one venture to treat it with discourtesy. The first of these acts was a demonstration in the church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, on February 14, 1831. But the means proposed were too obvious to the eyes of the people. Popular anger was aroused, reprisals for ever deplorable were taken, which stopped progress for some time, and hindered the organisation of the party.² Everybody

¹ The trial of Charles X.'s ministers lasted from September 27 to December 21, 1830. It was marked by excitement and disturbances, which greatly imperilled the new Government.

² On February 14, 1831, the Paris Royalists proposed to celebrate in the church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois a requiem on the anniversary of the assassination of the Duc de Berry. The priest of Saint Roch, who had accepted the proposal, refused at the last moment to permit the ceremony to take place in his church. A lithograph of the Duc de Bordeaux was

blamed, more or less vigorously, the imprudent acts committed at Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, and indignantly re-proved the vandalism committed in the church and in the Archbishop's palace. Furniture, books, and valuable manuscripts had been seen drifting down the Seine and under the bridges, while the procession of the Fatted Ox—for it was a Shrove Tuesday of mournful memory—crossed them, and a train of wretches draped in chasubles, stoles, and surplices, and priestly robes with the cross, the crozier, and religious banners at their head, thronged the quays, mingling with the masked revellers. I have a most painful recollection of this dreadful sight.

As usually happens in these political outbursts, there had been no pillaging, and the mob thought themselves heroically generous for confining their efforts to destruction. All that seemed useful to the populace, the linen, the bedding, and the silverware found in the Archbishop's palace, had been taken to the hospital, and on the following day the revolutionary gazettes loudly praised the magnanimity of the people, whom they were trying to drive into every kind of excess. The Archbishop may well have run some risk at the first moment, but, fortunately, his escape had been successfully arranged, and, at any rate, there was no bloodshed to regret in this work of destruction, which was conducted with phenomenal celerity. The church of Saint Germain had been devastated with great rapidity, but there the mob had confined their efforts to stripping the altars, bursting open the cupboards, breaking the windows, the panelling, the coloured glass, the wood-carving, and everything of a fragile nature. On the other hand, in less than three hours, not one stone was left upon another in the Archbishop's palace, and even the iron railing which surrounded the garden had disappeared. An earthquake could not have done the work

fixed to the catafalque. The curious protested, and the National Guard cleared the church. About four o'clock, bands of the July conquerors returned to pillage the church and the presbytery. On the following day, the 15th, the Archbishop's palace was sacked. Crosses were thrown down, and the fleur-de-lys were torn down all over Paris. The Government removed all crosses bearing the fleur-de-lys and the King effaced them from his arms. (See vol. iii. p. 296.)

more rapidly or efficiently. I am almost sorry to add that the cathedral and the quarter alike benefited from the destruction of the Archbishop's palace.

Henceforward Carlist intriguers were obliged to abandon their attempts to persuade people to demonstrate who had anything to lose, but they soon recovered confidence when full assurance was given that on the one hand there was nothing to be feared from the new Government as regards the safety of personal property—equal protection being given to all—and that, on the other hand, there was nothing to be gained, either in importance or personal interest, by serving the Government; that there was no more Court or courtiers, no more patronage or influence to be worked, much less any privileges to be obtained. Then it was that the Royalist opposition began to be organised. Some had been attracted by the advantages attached to a hereditary peerage. They were anxious to preserve them or to gain them, and the law which destroyed them finally removed their hesitation. The members of this party lived, according to their disastrous habits, exclusively together; herded in the same drawing-rooms, they rubbed elbows, and feeling themselves universally hostile, they believed themselves to be the world. Their first hope was to ruin Paris: they economised upon servants and horses, they cut down their establishments and made a great show of countermanding furniture, carriages and jewels, and all such objects of luxury as merchants could provide. Ladies set off to the country without buying summer hats and made their maids turn their last year's dresses. They honestly expected to find grass growing in the streets of the criminal city. Trade certainly suffered during the first year of the revolution under this violent commotion, but it speedily recovered. Luxury developed rapidly, and with an exaggeration in rather bad taste. The inhabitants of the châteaux found, to their great astonishment, upon their return, more splendid carriages, more diamonds, and more outward magnificence in the town than it had ever seen, and discovered that Paris was already more brilliant than it had been before the restoration.

However, the movement had been started, the boycott had been proclaimed, and a state of hostility had been established. Most of the members of the old Court, who used to go to the Palais Royal in 1831, stayed away from the Tuileries in 1832; the destruction of the hereditary principle of the peerage served them as a pretext, or perhaps as a real motive for absenting themselves. Their places, in any case, had been already taken by a rich and arrogant class which had long been treading upon the heels of the nobility and was in no way disposed to surrender or even to share the position in the State which the nobility had been induced to abandon by its animosity. I have closely observed the individual claims of most who were distinguished by their actual wealth or by their supposed capacity, and I venture to affirm that they were no less exorbitant than those of a duke or marquis of the old *régime*; that they were just as exacting, just as exclusive, habitually more ridiculous, and constantly more coarsely formulated, while they involved far more frequently the thought and the expression concentrated in the words, "Such a man as myself."

CHAPTER II

The Legitimist party—Madame la Dauphine—Committees of direction—The conspiracy of the Rue des Prouvaires—The Embassies—Searches at the house of Mme. de la Rochejaquelein—Division in society—The cholera in 1832—Disturbances in Paris—General self-sacrifice—Mourning—The progress of the scourge—Continuation of ordinary life—Heroism of the Duc and Duchesse de Broglie

THE Carlist party became more homogeneous during the last months of 1831. The Dauphine contributed to this result with much cleverness, though by methods natural to her great heart, which was incapable of fomenting intrigue. She had come forward at all times as a zealous and enlightened patroness of young soldiers, of those in particular who served in the Royal Guard who were personally known to her. In letters addressed to Paris she was careful to mention their names, and to send thanks now to one, now to another, and oftener to their families, for their loyalty to the legitimist party. These messages were so many contracts binding upon those who received them, and checked many young men who were prepared to resume service. I have reason to believe that the correspondents of the princess occasionally invented messages of this kind when they thought that they might be useful. In another direction the agents of the Duchesse de Berry were vigorously recruiting and attempting to organise a civil war in la Vendée. There, as elsewhere, the party fell into two distinct classes, the one anxious to precipitate events and the other desirous of waiting. The Comtesse de la Rochejaquelein, *née* Duras, and widow of the Prince de Talmont,¹ led the first party.

¹ See vol. ii. p. 300 ff.

and the remnant of the old Vendéen leaders joined the second.*

Similarly at Paris two chief committees were struggling for supremacy. The forward party recognised as their leaders Gaston de Montmôrency, Prince of Robecque, and his faithful following; the "temporisers" looked to M. de Chateaubriand, M. Pastoret,¹ and M. de Berryer.² M. Hyde de Neuville wavered between the two parties; his old habits urged him to enter every kind of conspiracy and he found it difficult to hold back. His own words show that he must have been privy to the conspiracy of the Rue des Prouvaires, if he was not directly concerned in it. It is also practically certain that Marshal de Bourmont countenanced the conspiracy by his presence and succeeded in escaping from the house where his accomplices were arrested.³ Their plan was to make their way by the Louvre galleries, where they were sure that they could gain admission unperceived into the Palace of the Tuileries on the night of the 1st and 2nd of February, 1832. As the King was giving a large ball, the attention of the authorities was concentrated upon the other exits. The conspirators had obtained the keys of the door which opens into the Pavillon de Flore, and it was expected that the entrance of some dozens of men armed and ready to kill would produce such confusion, that they might get rid of the reigning family at one stroke. They also expected, being under the delusions common to all political parties, that it would be enough to bell the cat, and that every one would then join the conspirators. It is also not

* 1 Claude Emmanuel Joseph Pierre, Marquis de Pastoret (1756-1840). Master of requests at the Revenue Court of Appeal; Attorney-General for the Seine in 1791, and President of the Legislature. He became an *émigré* after August 10; was a Deputy to the Five Hundred in 1795, and deported on the 18th Fructidor; returned in 1800; became Senator in 1809; peer in 1814; Minister of State in 1826; Chancellor of France in 1829, and refused to take the oath in 1830. He was a member of the French Academy.

2 Pierre Antoine Berryer (1790-1868). Lawyer. Was with his father one of the defenders of Marshal Ney. He was a Deputy in 1830; member of the National Assembly in 1848; of the French Academy in 1855, and Deputy in 1863.

3 The conspiracy was organised in 1832 by one Poncelet, and included officers, soldiers, and workmen. No leading name figures in it, and the co-operation of Marshal de Bourmont was never proved. When they had been arrested and tried, the conspirators were condemned to transportation.

beyond possibility that they may have had some accomplices among the numerous guests of the King; in any case the Royal Family was warned of this new danger and showed not the slightest agitation. At eleven o'clock the King was informed by M. Perier¹ that the head-quarters of the assailants in the Rue des Prouvaires had been occupied by the police and some of the malcontents arrested.

Had they waited longer, larger and more important arrests might have been made, but in revolutionary times it is dangerous to risk a collision, and it was enough to expose the plan without inculcating more people than was necessary. On the next day the drawing-rooms of the Faubourg Saint Germain were divided between those who laughed at the empty fears of Louis Philippe, denying the existence of the project, and those who were in despair at its failure. One person less well disposed, to use the language current in these drawing-rooms, ventured to display some horror at the idea of seeing two hundred assassins in the middle of a ball-room, and was sharply rebuked by a young man lounging in an armchair.

"But," she replied, "your sisters might have perished there."

"So much the worse for them. Why did they go?"

If this reply was not chivalrous, it was at least entirely Spartan.

Meanwhile, this check destroyed the taste for conspiracies of the kind. The subalterns, former life guards, and non-commissioned officers of the Royal Guard on returning from Paris were sent off to the western provinces. Meanwhile the leaders ensconced themselves afresh in their soft armchairs, where they carried on their conspiracies at their ease, refusing to "go into the street," another republican slang term of the same period. The attempt of the Rue des Prouvaires had been very expensive. Of all the numerous conspiracies which came before the courts during

¹ Prime Minister since March 13, 1831. He had replaced M. Laffitte, whose weakness in dealing with the plunderers of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois had necessitated a change.

the years so fruitful in cases of this class, it was the only conspiracy upon which any considerable sum was found to have been expended. The committee had decided as it did, out of consideration for a small number of Carlists who really and truly felt the repugnance which all loudly professed for foreign help. To a man, they say, and perhaps believe, they are ready to hasten to the frontier to drive back the foreign invader, and yet there are few of them who would not instinctively set all their hopes upon the success of an hostile army. They would gladly revive the title "our friends the enemy" made famous by Béranger in 1814, and admit so much when they are closely pressed in conversation.

While waiting for an offensive alliance with the Powers, the Carlist party secured the co-operation of the Embassies to which their modes of life gave them access. They thronged the Embassy rooms, which they practically monopolised, and affronted the young princes, the Duc d'Orléans and the Duc de Nemours, whom they met there, to such an extent that the Duc d'Orléans was obliged to refer the matter to the Duc de Rohan, at that time Fernand de Chabot,¹ and showed his usual tact and common sense during this incident. The English Embassy was soon closed to these opposition conspirators. They continued to predominate in the Austrian Embassy and our princes gradually ceased to appear in society.

The check of the Rue des Prouvaires was a great blow to the party. The young Carlist, M. de Berthier, met the King a few days afterwards in the Carrousel on foot with the queen upon his arm. He turned towards them the carriage which he was driving, evidently attempting to run over them at the turning of the Rue de Chartres. He would certainly have been successful if the horse, which he was furiously driving, had not providentially stumbled. This brilliant feat became famous in the salons and M. de Berthier was the hero of the day.

By her constant imprudence and extravagance Mme. de

¹ Brother of Cardinal de Rohan. See vol. iii. p. 84.

la Rochejaquelein at length succeeded in attracting the attention of the authorities to her residence. Orders were given that her château should be visited for the purpose of arresting the refractory personages whom she rather displayed than made any attempt to conceal. On the approach of the armed force "the General," as she liked to be called, was overcome with terror together with her aide-de-camp, Mlle. de Fauveau, another hothead, and both hid themselves in the oven of a neighbouring farm. They emerged from this hiding-place a few hours later, black as sweeps, amid the anxious courtesies showered upon them by the officers from whom they had fled. The ridicule resulting from this adventure was agreeable neither to these ladies nor to their society.

Demonstrations, however, increased in number. The leaders, fearing to see their followers discouraged, circulated rumours of secret favours obtained by the Duchesse de Berry from all the Powers; of her close alliance with Ferdinand VII. of Spain, with Dom Miguel of Portugal, and in particular with the King of Holland. The connivance of the Duke of Modena was obvious, and they boasted that they had the sympathy of the Kings of Naples and Sardinia. The best-informed hinted at an enterprise in the near future, the success of which was assured. In this predicament every one was anxious to affront the new Government at least once, in order to secure consideration from "Madame Régente." Those who had hitherto acted moderately now exaggerated their hostility to procure their pardon. A complete division of society then began, affecting even members of families, between those who went to the Tuileries and those who stayed away from it. It was accompanied by an incredible outburst of invective. If I were to repeat the remarks then uttered by the most aristocratic and most pious lips, neither the matter nor the style of them would be believed, and I prefer to forget even those that I heard with my own ears.

Providence was preparing a terrible diversion for them all. The calamities which the generation to which I belong was

fated to suffer would not have reached their height if the scourge of pestilence had been spared. This debt to Providence was paid by the cholera. For several years it had been moving towards us, and the stories in circulation concerning it prepared men's minds to receive it with panic. This terror overcame the greatest geniuses as well as the common people, and nowhere was it greater than in the Academy of Science, as if that body had already foreseen how it would be decimated, and how many of its most famous members would be swept away. Hitherto the cholera had advanced step by step, hesitating to some extent, and choosing with no apparent reason one point rather than another, but wandering very few leagues from its path.

Its progress in France was different. It broke out violently at Paris and slightly at Calais on the same day, without touching any intermediate point. No one expected so sudden an invasion, and though numerous precautions had been considered, the Government, which was anxious not to cause a premature panic, was taken unawares. There was, however, no despondency, and means of help were improvised both promptly and intelligently. These useful precautions immediately gave the most sinister aspect to every quarter of the town. The numerous establishments with their red flags and lanterns, indicating the readiness of ambulances by day or night to succour those who were attacked in the street; and the groups of doctors in waiting, ready to hasten to a household at the first call, while advertising the existence of help, also emphasised the danger. In any case, personal impressions were a sufficient warning, but no one failed in his duty, and the period of the cholera will for ever redound to the honour of every class in Paris. I regret that truth forces me to refer to one moment of madness which had terrible consequences, for innocent people were pitilessly massacred on the charge of poisoning. This crime was attributed to the effect of a most imprudent proclamation issued by the prefect of police, M. Gisquet.¹ Such was the opinion of M. Casimir

¹ Henri Joseph Gisquet (1792-1866), partner in the banking firm of Périer Frères. Prefect of Police (1831-1836). State Councillor and Deputy for the Seine (1837).

Périer, and I saw him transported with anger at the moment when the news of this deplorable day's work reached the Tuileries. It was the last time that he went out, for he was himself attacked by the plague that evening. He had contracted the disease on a visit to the hospitals, where he had accompanied the Duc d'Orléans the evening before. Neither of these men had spared themselves, in the hope of encouraging the sick and the people; but the minister had been deeply impressed, and spoke of the experience with terror. The emotion aroused by these massacres, which he thought had been provoked by one of his confidential servants, roused him to irritation which was intense enough to lay him open to the plague. This sad incident alone prevented the immediate dismissal of M. Gisquet. I fully recognised the inadvisability of his proclamation, which advised wine merchants, milkmen, and water-carriers to see that malicious people poured no dangerous liquid into wine, milk, or water—a warning which was bound to inflame public opinion.

But when I think that everywhere, from villages in the depths of Hungary, inhabited by semi-savages, to the town of Glasgow, the population of which, as a whole, is perhaps the most enlightened in the world, the ninth day of the cholera was marked by constant imprecations upon poisoners and was followed by atrocious cruelties, I am almost inclined to think that this general exasperation, occurring on that particular date, was one of the phases of this incomprehensible scourge, to which we were a prey. In Paris we were almost all warned of it by the outcries of our own servants. They came into our rooms in the highest state of excitement, asserting that the town was in the hands of poisoners, and refusing to hear any arguments to the contrary. According to their various opinions they accused the Republicans, the Legitimists, or even the Government; but all regarded the crime as proved, and every one had irrefutable evidence to bring. This frenzy lasted for twenty-four hours and disappeared, never to return. Unfortunately some had fallen victims to it. In the market-place some one proposed to make a collection for the widow of an unfortunate man who

had been slaughtered on its flagstones the previous evening. Before six o'clock in the morning the collection amounted to twelve hundred francs, for the most part in coppers, contributed by the very people who most probably, in their blind fury, had been overcome by the dangerous influence, and had participated in the crime. Let us then hope that this inexcusable outbreak will not unduly blacken in the eyes of posterity the noble conduct of the great mass of the population; rich and poor, every one did his duty and more than his duty.

The non-contagious nature of cholera was anything but proved. I am not certain that it has been proved, even at the present day; and at the time of which I speak the problem was hotly disputed. Scientists and doctors were divided upon the point throughout the preceding winter: facts proclaimed as incontestable had been brought forward in support of the two opinions, by the party who believed in contagion and by their adversaries, but as soon as the scourge had established itself, one view of the situation was universal; no one admitted the possibility of contagion; no cholera patient caused any terror to his neighbour, nor was any care refused him through fear. God gives strength to the timid. At the same time there was for a moment a certain repugnance to bury the victims of this dreadful scourge. An association of young men, including the most honourable names in France, who had already been working to help the sick, went from garret to garret to remove the dreadful remains left by death, and thus encouraged others to remove them, for the hideousness of the corpses increased the repugnance to touching them. Yet to leave them in the houses increased the danger of the survivors.

Only one doctor of all the numbers in Paris found a specious excuse for leaving the town. He was never again able to show his face among his colleagues. The others rivalled one another in courage and zeal. Priests went to confess the sick, and covered themselves and the patients under one cloak in order to secure privacy without interrupting the cares which the nurses showered upon them.

Annexes to the hospitals were improvised in every quarter. The proprietors of unoccupied houses offered them for the purpose, though in many cases they were residences. In twenty-four hours the public zeal in answer to the first call provided them with beds, linen, cooking utensils and everything necessary for nursing purposes, and Christian ladies often gave up their time to the work and added their personal services to their gifts. Charity seemed to have resolved that it would not be outdone by the misery of the time: every one gave and readily, even beyond his means, and it should at least be observed that if the rich man was generous the poor man was grateful. Never have I seen all classes of society united by a more pathetic tie. At the same time it should not be thought that the spectacle was regarded as beautiful by the actors in it. I do not suppose that many were calm enough to notice it, or philosophical enough to enjoy it. For several months, especially during the five weeks after the outburst, and during three weeks when the plague revived, every one who said "Good-night" to his family had little hope of meeting them at breakfast the next day. No one left the house without putting his affairs in order, in view of the possibility that he might be brought back dying from his walk. These fears were confirmed by the sight of hearses in waiting at the street corners, like cabs, ready to answer the only too frequent calls, while they were constantly to be met going at full speed, loaded with several biers. Soon, however, they no longer sufficed, and were aided by vans, the black curtains of which advertised their sinister usage, while even pantechicons were filled with victims of the plague. I do not suppose that these meetings, which were, alas! only too frequent, left any one unmoved; for my part, I readily admit that I was most painfully impressed. Apparently, however, I put a good face upon it, for I was never left alone. Several members of the Government met at my house every evening, and uneasy curiosity brought a number of people to ask them questions. They returned replies calculated to diminish as far as possible the general terror, but when the visitors had

gone, and these gentlemen remained alone, they threw off restraint and recounted a dreadful string of horrors, admitting the true number of the deaths, which was no longer published, and which had risen to 1700 in the twenty-four hours.

One evening it was announced that the want of biers made it necessary to use them several times after bodies had been taken out of them. The next day the use of them was given up, as they took up too much room, and the bodies were simply piled in these dreadful vans. One man had seen thirty-two orphans brought to his house that morning from one street, the Rue de la Mortellerie, the result of a single night. Another feared that the hospital service might break down the next day, as a considerable number of nurses had been attacked that morning, &c. Then came fearful descriptions of the disease, for these men had not spared themselves. They fulfilled their painful duties, visited everywhere, and came away horrified. With these agreeable impressions I was left at midnight, and it may be imagined that sleep was not easy nor dreams pleasant. When fatigue won the day and when a ray of sunlight was seen at dawn, one felt almost astonished to see the light once more. The pitiless sun blazed constantly from a brazen sky, accompanied by a west wind which never varied for a moment. I have never seen such a sky; in spite of its purity, there was something metallic, leaden, imposing, sinister, and solemn in its nature. The earth replied by sending forth a mist of some thickness, but perfectly dry and rising only a few feet. Each day resembled the former throughout this formidable epidemic. It may be noted that all the harvests were abundant and superb.

Though very alarming, the stories with which my evening receptions closed, by their general nature made less effect upon us than when the malady began to rage about ourselves. Every great catastrophe produces its own technical terms. The phrase "to be caught" became customary: "she is caught" or "he is caught," they said, and no

further explanation was necessary. I remember a certain Palm Sunday of sinister memory: Mme. de Champlatreux, daughter of M. Molé, a young girl of twenty, whose real distinction made her quite incomparable, had been attacked on her return from a walk to the flower market, and had died during the night. We were talking of this sad event when the Marquis de Castries came into my house, asking if we knew why Mme. de Montcalm was not at home, as he had just found her door closed. M. Portal said that he had left her at six o'clock, and she had urged him to go back in the evening. We sent a messenger to her house; she was dead. At the same moment it was announced that M. de Glandevès was very ill. A discussion arose on this point. M. de Glandevès had been attacked the evening before but not severely: some one said he had seen him quite well that morning; however, we sent another messenger; he was dead. Our amazement had not passed when a messenger summoned M. Pasquier to the side of his niece with whom he had been dining, and who was then *in extremis*. At the same time we heard that the Duchesse de Maillé had been attacked; she did not succumb, but it took years to restore her health.

Any one, perchance, who may read these lines quietly at his fireside hereafter will, perhaps, exaggerate the impression made upon us by this rapid succession of deaths. We had no time to pity ourselves and no leisure for lamentation. We were overwhelmed by a painful stupor. Every one was busily considering his nearest interests, and, it must be admitted, in feeling his own pulse. The results of the examination were unfavourable. Every one looked very ill, and people in general felt themselves under a morbid influence which caused profound distress. Fear, no doubt, had something to do with it.

Heaven knows that we had no secrets from one another. Each person gave an account of the state of his health, and the most refined were neither frightened nor scandalised by the fulness of the details. I lost no one in my own house, but the Monday after that fatal Sunday I saw my coachman,

to whom I had just given an order, striding up and down in the courtyard to catch the sun. He had just been attacked. Ten minutes afterwards he was in the doctor's hands, who had been fetched from the nearest ambulance station. An hour later he was at the point of death, but by the evening he was saved; but he did not recover his health for many weeks. The length of convalescence, which even the slightest attack involved, was evidence of the extreme malignity of the disease. My sister-in-law, Mme. d'Osmond, suffered but a slight attack, but for several weeks she was unable to take any other nourishment than a spoonful of chicken broth every three hours, so weakened were her bowels, and yet, when she was attacked the scourge was diminishing; for during the first fourteen days all who were attacked by it died infallibly, then a few sufferers were saved, shortly afterwards a considerable number, and practically all at the end of five or six weeks. But this was not a success upon which the art of medicine could pride itself. The cholera followed the same course wherever it appeared and however it was treated. Though it has traversed the whole of Europe, science has been unable to discover the least of its secrets: it has falsified all conjectures and overthrown all calculations; it raged in districts reputed to be most healthy and failed to appear at points where its most destructive effects were dreaded.

The great residences of the Faubourg Saint Germain, with their few inhabitants and vast gardens surrounding them, were decimated, while the throngs which lived around the Palais Royal were spared, and there was not a single case in the glazed passages, badly ventilated and overcrowded as they were. So great was the fear that these places might become centres of the infection, that on the approach of the disease the sanitary committee had thoughts of having them cleared, but the rapidity of the pestilence left them no time. The same anomalies were to be seen in the country: one village was completely spared, while another, though lying in a no less healthy situation, was destroyed. Sometimes the scourge swept down upon the valleys, at others it struck the

mountain tops, but everywhere it increased for fourteen days, remained stationary for three or four, and decreased for three weeks, at the end of which it changed its character and presented only the symptoms of that malady known as cholera. This was rarely mortal. Then came the moment of the second outbreak which brought back the blue cholera with all its terrors at the end of four months. Paris suffered from this recrudescence towards the end of August with great intensity. It took place wherever the cholera had shown itself, and could be no more foreseen or explained than the other symptoms.

During these days of terror I noticed how people spoke of the cholera with that respectful deference which is always inspired by a power producing fear. Criticism of the cholera was hardly heard: every victim to its stroke had certainly deserved his fate by some imprudence, or suffered from some defect in organisation. It reminded me of the anxiety with which we invented reasons to explain the deportations ordered by the Emperor Napoleon, and of the way in which the Russians explain those relegations to Siberia which emanate from the caprice of their sovereign. We regarded the cholera as a formidable potentate. There was a feeling that one stood aloof from the danger if one was able to accuse the sufferer of deserving his fate by his own fault.

This is a long digression, but the interest of such a subject must excuse it. When one begins to write of it, a host of memories arise, and, painful as they are, they have left impressions which can never be obliterated. Many a generation will pass, I trust, before such a spectacle is repeated, but they may be certain that there is nothing more terrifying, more formidable and more solemn than the sight of a town of eleven hundred thousand souls cowering beneath the blows of such a scourge. At the same time, every one strengthened themselves to meet the disaster and accomplish the duties of their position. The King and his family remained at Paris without showing the least fear: the two legislative chambers and the courts did not interrupt their work; professors lectured, and students filled the lecture-rooms. The usual

crowd of business men gathered at the Stock Exchange, and, more than this, public resorts and places of entertainment were well attended. There was an instinctive feeling everywhere that if social life stopped for a moment, all bands would be broken and anarchy would arise. Often in the middle of a performance a notice was issued that some male or female performer could not continue their part; sometimes the Commissioner of Police warned one of the spectators that he was wanted at home: the word cholera went round, and the audience waited patiently for the actors to improvise some scene until closing-time arrived. People were not there to amuse themselves, but to avoid any change in the daily habits in the town. There was a wish that the theatres should be kept open and well attended, in order that society could preserve its usual attitude; but, none the less, gravity and solemnity was the prevailing frame of mind. There was no attempt at saturnalia, but rather a gathering of strength against weakness.

Many persons, however, did not possess sufficient energy for the effort, and some, including the Comtesse de Montesquiou-Fezensac, died literally of fear, without suffering any other disease. A very small number, perhaps the wisest in their generation, took to flight on the first days of the outbreak; a still larger number showed real heroism. I may mention particularly the Duc and Duchesse de Broglie. After undergoing all the horrors of the cholera at Paris, they heard of an outbreak at Broglie, and immediately started thither. Panic and despair had preceded them, and people were abandoning their sick. The Duc and Duchesse nursed them in person, calmed their terror-stricken minds, and went so far as to bury the dead with their own hands, for in every case the dreadful appearance of the corpses inspired the same terror, and those who were obliged to view them have assured me that terror was entirely reasonable.

CHAPTER III

Letter published by the *Moniteur*—Conversation at the house of Mme. Récamier—M. Genoude—Conversation with the Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld—Remark of M. de Chateaubriand—The *Carlo Alberto* stopped at La Ciotat—The Duchesse de Berry is not on board—Disturbances at Marseilles—Disembarkation of the Princesse—M. de Villeneuve—Marie Caroline at Nantes—The old Vendéen leaders think it impossible to bring about a rising—The Bousingots—Steps taken at Saint Cloud—Return of M. de Chateaubriand

I RETURN to my subject from which I have diverged to a less extent than might be thought, for hopes of profiting by the confusion into which it seemed that the cholera must have thrown the country and the government, induced the Duchesse de Berry to hurry on her enterprise. Her party was making preparations for it to take place at the end of the session by agitations in la Vendée and by organising demonstrations which obliged the authorities to suppress them, and therefore excited men's minds.

On this occasion I recollect a somewhat curious scene at which I was present. Mme. Récamier who had been obliged to retire from the Abbaye aux Bois, which was ravaged by the cholera, had taken refuge with a certain Mme. Salvage,¹

¹ It was Mme. Récamier who presented to Queen Hortense at Rome, in 1824, Mme. Salvage de Faverolles, daughter of the French Consul at Civita Vecchia, an enthusiastic Royalist and a capable woman, though of a character somewhat difficult to deal with. Mme. Salvage was converted by Queen Hortense, joined her fortunes, and never left her afterwards. (Ed. Herriot, *Mme. Récamier et ses amis*, vol. ii. p. 142; Eng. trans., Wm. Heinemann, London, 1906.)

"At five o'clock yesterday there were at the house of Mme. Récamier M. de Chateaubriand, M. Ballanche, M. Ampère, a Mme. Salvage a friend and legatee of Queen Hortense, a great colonel of the Empire and a great Bonapartist, more than ever certain that it is the moment for Prince Louis (precisely like M. de Genoude or M. de la Rochefoucauld for Henry V.),

whose devotion to the sad fortunes of Louis Bonaparte made her a kind of small celebrity. ^eI often went to see her there. One day I found the conversation very animated, an unusual event at this time of general mourning. The *Moniteur* of that morning ¹ about the middle of May, had published a letter addressed to the Duchesse de Berry which was found at the Château de la Charlière in la Vendée. The letter asserted that the legitimist attempt would be inopportune and disastrous; that the loyalist party would be better employed in fomenting discontent and division, ^fand in attempts to increase the poverty of the workmen everywhere and the badness of trade, while they should hold themselves ready to profit by any favourable circumstance; such, for example, as an advance upon Belgium by Prussia and Holland. Then would be the moment for Madame to make a descent upon the coast, especially if she were supported by ^gSardinian, Spanish, or Portuguese troops. I do not remember the precise terms, but such was the sense of the document. The Duc de Laval, the Duc de Noailles ² and even M. de Chateaubriand fully adopted the opinions of this document and extolled its doctrines. Every sensible member of the party professed them, and the wild projects of some hotheads which were perfectly impossible of

and loudly asserting her opinion. She went out in triumph like a standard bearer, glancing at the Bonapartist pamphlets that had been left on the mantelpiece and brought there that morning. At that moment the Duchesse de Raguse came in . . . and everybody laughed at Mme. Salvage, while recognising the sincerity of her devotion, for even in the midst of laughter every one must be charitable at Mme. Récamier's house. We may then jest more at our ease and with a clearer conscience. . . ." (Letter from Sainte Beuve dated June 18, 1837, and quoted by M. Edouard Herriot, op. cit., vol. ii. p. 298.)

¹ The note to which Mme. de Boigne alludes had been found in the numerous papers seized at the time of the search made upon M. de Laubespín at the Château de la Charlière on May 27. It was published in the *Moniteur* on June 3.

² Paul de Noailles, Duc d'Ayen, afterwards Duc de Noailles (1802-1885). Assumed by Royal Ordinance dated January 12, 1823, the titles of his great uncle, Jean Paul, Duc d'Ayen and of Noailles (1739-1824), who had had only daughters by his marriage with Henriette d'Aguesseau, who was guillotined in 1794, and no issue by his second marriage with the Countess Golowkin. He sat in the Chamber of Peers after 1827, and succeeded Chateaubriand in the French Academy in 1849. He was Ambassador to Russia in 1871, and married Mlle. de Rochechouart-Mortemart.

realisation deserved only scorn. To foment discontent and await the chances of a foreign war by arousing it, were the dictates of prudence.

Everybody was agreed when M. Genoude arrived.¹

"We were speaking of the letter published by the *Moniteur*," said the Duc de Laval to him.

"And no doubt you were greatly disgusted with it," replied M. Genoude, "for this impious government to turn forger, is the last straw."

"Then you think that this letter is forged?"

"Can you doubt it? And to mark out Royalists for the hatred of the country by denouncing them as anxious to increase poverty and general suffering; to stigmatise them as calling for help from abroad, while on the contrary, as is notorious, they find the utmost difficulty in checking the animosity aroused by the violent action of the government against the inhabitants of the west! It is an infernal idea, a demoniacal work, worthy of the people who thought of it."

After this outburst no one breathed. None of those who had just been boasting of the prudence of these ideas was willing to support them. M. de Chateaubriand poked the fire; Mme. Récamier would not raise her eyes; M. Ampère, M. Ballanche, who were somewhat neutral characters, and I, the witnesses of all this embarrassment, exchanged a smile. There was a moment's silence and the subject of conversation was changed.

M. Genoude certainly had no doubt of the authenticity of the published document. Why then this language? Did he distrust his audience, and was he telling calculated falsehoods or did he think that the position of the Carlist party was strong enough to enable them to reject the help of poverty and a foreign war? He was as ready to be deluded as he was to lie, and either supposition is possible.

¹ Antoine Eugène Genoud with the title of de Genoude (1792-1849). Professor and Secretary to the Prince de Polignac (1815). Contributor to the *Conservateur* in 1818. Founded the *Etoile*. Was given his title in 1822. Resumed control of the *Gazette de France* in 1825, and was Deputy in 1846.

In any case he did not refuse the assistance of the plague, for he was a member of the committee which urged the Duchesse de Berry to accelerate her arrival in order to profit by the opportunity.

The proposals of the Princess were no secret, any more than was the scandal of her life in Italy. It was so obvious as to enable the Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld to express to me some months later his deep regret that he had refused to join the Duchesse at Massa, as he had been asked to do. He would certainly have prevented her unfortunate attempt.

"Do you think you could have succeeded in stopping her?"

"Undoubtedly; for I would only have consented to become her lover upon that condition."

I know the whimsicalities of M. de la Rochefoucauld, of which this dialogue is a further proof, but when a princess, and the mother of one who is saluted with the name of king, can thus be spoken of, she must have given more than sufficient reason. I do not know whether M. de Chateaubriand was in the confidence of the Duchesse de Berry with regard to her enterprise, but outwardly yielding to Mme. de Chateaubriand's terror of the cholera, he accompanied her to Geneva. He was said to have been appointed tutor to the Duc de Bordeaux and to be on his way to Edinburgh. I asked him if there was any truth in this rumour.

"I," he cried, in tones of inimitable disdain; "good heavens! What place is there for me between an Edinburgh relic-hunter and an Italian rope-dancer!"

I felt sufficiently hurt by this mode of speech to take a colder leave of M. de Chateaubriand. I shall relate in what circumstances I saw him again, and why I remember this remark.

The Government was greatly apprehensive of the embarrassment which would be caused by the presence of the Duchesse de Berry in France, and especially by the difficulty of treating her in any exceptional manner, in view of the revolutionary ideas of equality which were still predominant at this time. The coasts of Provence were therefore watched

with great care. The name of the Princess had been mentioned in the course of the outbreak at Marseilles, but no one believed in her presence, when a telegram announced that she was a prisoner on board of the *Carlo Alberto*, which had been stopped in the roadstead of La-Ciotat. There was great delight at the fact that she had not set foot upon French soil, as she was thus subject to no law, and it was immediately resolved to send her straight back to Edinburgh on board of a frigate. Orders were at once issued that the *Carlo Alberto* should be taken to Corsican waters while the frigate was in preparation. This decision was largely influenced by the Queen, who was well pleased with it, as I saw. As soon as the messenger arrived, Admiral de Rigny, then Naval Minister, brought to my house the despatch announcing the capture, together with other documents bearing upon the matter, and read them to us. After hearing them, I asked him to let me read them a second time, and as I gave them back to him I said :

“That is not the Duchesse de Berry.”

“What !” he cried ; “ whence this idea ? ” I was unable to explain, but I persisted in my assertion long enough to raise certain doubts in M. de Rigny’s mind, and he determined to satisfy himself of the identity of the Princess before putting her on board of the frigate. M. d’Houdetot,¹ who was then in Corsica, was ordered to see the Princess and discovered the mistake. My small circle of friends gave me great credit at that time for the perspicacity of my guess. These were my only motives : in the first place, in spite of the Duchesse de Berry’s little concern for propriety, it seemed to me impossible that she could be on board in her own character unaccompanied by any other woman, and I would as soon have suspected her of hiding her identity in the dress of a cabin-boy ; then, and above all, the captain of the

¹ The Comte d’Houdetot, Colonel of the General Staff and King’s Aide-de-Camp, went to Algiers to take part in the expedition of Bône. He telegraphed to the King, asking for his authorisation to visit Corsica and to satisfy himself of the identity of the Duchesse de Berry, and then started off without waiting for an answer. When the order to do nothing arrived, M d’Houdetot was already on his way to Ajaccio. (Official report inserted in the *Moniteur*.)

steam-boat which had seized the *Carlo Alberto*, in his report, gave a blunt and sincere account of the visit to the boat, described the Princess, and even spoke of the colour of her eyes. His simple clumsiness would certainly have made some mistake; moreover, I considered that the attitude, the remarks, and the conduct of the prisoner were wanting in a certain decision, royal in its character, which I knew the Duchesse de Berry to possess, and my instinct refused to recognise her in the description.

However, all indications showed that she had recently been on board the *Carlo Alberto* and it was soon known that the vessel had disembarked her near Marseilles in the night preceding the insurrection attempted in that town. It broke out at daybreak on April 30 and was instantly suppressed. The Duchesse de Berry, after successfully evading the Duc de Blacas who had been ordered by Charles X. to watch her and to stop any untimely projects, had embarked near Massa, accompanied by some faithful followers and a lady-in-waiting, Mlle. le Beschu,¹ who passed herself off as the Princess at La Ciotat. The *Carlo Alberto* opened communications with the coast upon several occasions, disembarking and embarking emissaries. When all was ready the Duchesse de Berry disembarked near Marseilles. The first rays of the rising sun were to fall upon a white flag hoisted by her partisans upon a belfry in the town. This was to be the signal for her entrance. For a moment the signal struck her eyes and she advanced full of joy, but her hopes were soon dashed to the ground, the flag ceased to wave, and she was informed that the attempt was a failure. She spent a day hidden among the rocks and was forced to bivouac there during the following night. Attempts were made to persuade her to re-embark; she showed herself very recalcitrant, and it was besides a difficult task to regain the *Carlo Alberto*. A native of Marseilles, M. de Villeneuve, whose opinions were legitimist, but who was not, I believe, privy to the conspiracy, received a note informing him of the

¹ Mlle. Mathilde le Beschu, the third Lady of the Wardrobe to the Duchesse de Berry (*Almanac Royal*, 1830). She travelled under the name of Rose Stalieno, widow of one Ferrari.

predicament of the Duchesse de Berry. In the evening he drove out of the town, picked up the noble fugitive, obtained post horses at the first relay, where he often used to get them on his way to his estates, and thus removed her from the locality which was most dangerous to her.

Many stories were in circulation, more or less romantic, concerning the adventures of the Princess during her passage through the realm. I am unable to guarantee their authenticity. The fact remains that she found help, assistance, and secrecy everywhere. This was the more natural as she was applying to her partisans, but no member of either party would have been anxious to surrender her or to capture her. Her obstinacy in remaining in France made such measures a necessity. The capture was as troublesome to effect as the prisoner was embarrassing to keep. I may say, for instance, that the Legitimists alone could have felt any great desire to send her to la Vendée. Others would not have been so desirous of starting a civil war. In any case she was at Nantes before May 20.¹ M. de Bourmont soon rejoined her there and found everything ready for beginning the campaign, that is to say, the Duchesse de Berry helped by Mme. de la Rochejaquelein, Mlle. Fauveau, and two young men chosen as aides-de-camp by these ladies; they had sworn, and the oath was faithfully fulfilled in the midst of this pious la Vendée, never to leave them day or night; helped also by some hotheads of like character and some intriguing subalterns, this sanhedrin, I say, had disseminated violent proclamations, circulated incendiary leaflets, and ordered a general rising for the 24th. At that point preparations came to an end: there were neither men, nor guns, nor munitions of war, nor money, and still less was there enthusiasm. The old Vendéen leaders were in despair and asserted that there was no prospect of securing a serious rising in the country. They predicted inevitable failure and great misfortunes. M. de Bourmont, fully informed of these conditions, which were hidden from the Princess, begged her to depart from

¹ The Duchesse de Berry had crossed France with the passport of the Comtesse Alban de Villeneuve-Bargemont. (Baron de Charette, *Journal Militaire d'un Chef de l'Ouest*, p. 27.)

Nantes and to leave him time to organise a movement. She was with difficulty induced to agree, and in spite of the advice of those about her, she retired to the neighbourhood. Vendéen traditions were evoked to procure her personal safety. Moreover, at this time, I repeat, she was believed to be a fugitive attempting to escape and there was no desire to arrest her.

Of this I have had several proofs, one of which I witnessed, and to some extent I took part in it. I do not know whether her party had attempted to secure the Princess's route by sending out from the coast of Nice individuals designed to throw pursuers off the scent, but when her absence from the *Carlo Alberto* was proved, a business which took several days, notwithstanding the work of the telegraph, a rumour went about that she had recrossed the Var. The Government believed it, as also did the rank and file of the Legitimist party. I remember that the Comtesse d'Hautefort,¹ a zealous follower but not initiated into the secrets of the movement, at that time reminded me of some fine saying uttered by Madame to Henry IV. as she forded the Var. The same day she complained to me with great simplicity of the dreadful perfidy with which the Government, not content with causing the failure of the conspiracy of the Rue des Prouvaires, by buying its secrets, had also been so infamous as to employ emissaries to accelerate the arrival of the Duchesse de Berry by a month. Hence the preparations necessary for her success were not entirely completed. The anger of Mme. de Hautefort did us too much honour: the expedition to Marseilles had been accelerated to some extent, but not through the dexterity of the French Government; the reason was that the party itself had hopes of utilising the panic and the desolation with which the cholera had overwhelmed the capital, and the disorganisation of the Cabinet through the death of M. Casimir Périer and the illness of M. d'Argout.

Every one was persuaded that the Duchesse de Berry had recrossed the frontier. They were ready to take the strongest

¹ The Comtesse d'Hautefort, Lady in Waiting to the Duchesse de Berry. (*Alm. Royal*, 1880.)

measures against her, and to issue stringent orders to run her down; these were intended to calm the outcries of the Republican party, who were then nicknamed Bousingots, from a special style of hat adopted by many of them. I knew that the Council had assembled to draw up the order, and that the Duc d'Orléans was starting for the south in the evening, when I learned through a certain channel that the Duchesse de Berry had not left French soil. A letter in her handwriting, addressed to the committee of which M. de Chateaubriand was a member, and of very recent date, was evidence of the fact. The letter had been shown to Mme. Récamier for her to transmit its contents to M. de Chateaubriand, who was then in Switzerland. A few hours before she had been talking with me of the situation, under the supposition that the Princess was out of danger. The receipt of this letter changed the situation, and she came to inform me of it. I hastened to the Queen, knowing her anxiety for her niece. She was at Saint Cloud, while the King was at the Council in Paris. A mounted messenger was immediately sent with a note in which the Queen, with my permission, said that I had come to tell her that reliable information positively declared the Duchesse de Berry to be still in France. She asked no more, and I told her nothing more. In the evening I learnt that this message had stopped the signing of the ordinance, which was already drawn up, and delayed the departure of the Duc d'Orléans. It was hardly fitting to send him to a district where his cousin ran the risk of arrest at any moment, as the outcome of some untimely display of zeal, and we supposed her to be still in the south. Soon afterwards her audacious journey across the kingdom was known. The accuracy of my communication was confirmed, but our anticipations concerning the place of her stay were falsified. The Duc d'Orléans started. I can certify that the stay of the Duchesse de Berry gave no cause for anxiety at this moment to any one except herself. I do not know if the communication of this letter by Mme. Récamier to M. de Chateaubriand decided him to return. I remember seeing him soon afterwards at Paris.

CHAPTER IV

The movement in la Vendée—The conqueror of Algiers—The insurrection of January 5, and 6, 1832—The Royal Family goes to Paris—Visit to the Tuileries—Outburst by Mme. Adélaïde—The Queen is induced to trouble no further about the Duchesse de Berry—Martial law—The family council—M. Berryer approaches the Duchesse de Berry—The Pénissière—Arrest of M. Berryer—His letters—Arrest of MM. de Chateaubriand, Hyde de Neuville, and de Fitz-James

At first it was thought that the Duchesse de Berry was making her way to the sea-shore in order to embark at some spot where her presence would be least suspected, but disturbances soon broke out in la Vendée. Everywhere small bands of insurgents appeared and disturbed the country without securing a following. Everywhere, also, the leaders vainly exhausted their efforts to resuscitate a Carlist party, though feeling no hopes of success themselves. The new Government was not popular; at the same time, it harassed nobody, and in la Vendée, as elsewhere, people as a whole preferred to live in peace. However, recollections of the past, upon which certain priests and many nobles loudly harped, gathered a kind of nucleus of an insurrection about Marie Caroline during the last days of May. Marshal de Bourmont had been obliged to abandon the illusions which he had cherished, and under which he had wrongly informed others that the army was passionately attached to him; according to him, all the troops would fall in under the orders of the conqueror of Algiers as soon as they learnt of his presence. However, no desertions took place, and, whenever a conflict happened, the military overwhelmed the insurgents. As, moreover, the conflagration increased and

spread, the Government resolved to put the provinces of the west under the exceptional conditions of martial law. This measure aroused no opposition: very few people really desired civil war, and the decision was generally recognised as actuated by the intention of the Cabinet to give the Duchesse de Berry a further hint to depart. It was a hint also to her partisans to resume their peaceful occupations, which there was no great desire to disturb.

However, a younger and correspondingly energetic party was also preparing to profit by the embarrassments of the Government. It had to some extent reckoned upon the day of the funeral of M. Casimir Périer, and caused an outbreak on the day of the funeral of General Lamarque,¹ one of the prominent Deputies of the Opposition. In this case the outburst reached the point of insurrection, and there was some fear that the forces of anarchy might triumph. The King, who had been forewarned about eight o'clock in the evening of the anxieties of the Cabinet while he was at Saint Cloud, read the despatches of the ministers, and talked for a moment with Baron Pasquier, President of the Chamber of Peers, who confirmed the seriousness of the facts. The King then ordered carriages. The Queen, surrounded by the princesses and her ladies, was working as usual at her round table. The King came behind her chair.

"Amélie," he said aloud, in a voice entirely calm, "there is some disturbance at Paris, and so I am going. Do you care to come?"

"Certainly, my dear."

"Well, get ready, then; the carriages are ordered."

In less than half an hour the King, the Queen, Madame Adélaïde, Princesse Louise, and the Duc de Nemours were on the road to Paris. I think the Duc d'Orléans was absent. The other two princesses and their young brothers remained

¹ Maximilian, Count Lamarque (1770-1832). Volunteer in 1791; Brigadier-General in 1801. Suppressed the insurrection in la Vendée during the Hundred Days (see *Lasserre, les Cent-Jours en Vendée*, Plon & Co.). Went into exile and returned in 1818, and became Deputy in 1820. He died of the cholera, and his funeral was followed by the insurrection of June 5 and 6, 1832.

at Saint Cloud, where no agitation was felt until the royal coach had departed, as the bearing of the King and Queen had reassured all minds.

To speak in detail of these terrible days is not part of my subject. However, I was an eye-witness of the ridiculous ovation offered to M. de Lafayette: a crowd of vagabonds had taken off the hood of his carriage and harnessed themselves to it; they drew it to the courtyard of the house, which my windows overlooked. I saw him appear on the balcony, pale and trembling; in a shaking voice he then delivered a fatherly address to his "dear comrades," particularly begging them to go home at once. He was the more anxious to be rid of them, as he had heard them deliberating upon the advisability of killing him, for the purpose of using his body as an incitement to revolt, and he knew them to be quite capable of carrying out this threat, possessing as they did to superabundance the republican virtues in which he had brought them up. His death was brought about by the exhaustion consequent upon another insurgent procession, that of M. Dulong,¹ at which he was anxious to be present. But he never recovered from the humiliating triumph of June 4. He had taste enough to feel the whole opprobrium of the business bitterly.

From the first night the seditious had been forced to concentrate in the quarter of Saint Merri, the winding streets of which favoured their movements; and though they found no sympathy among the inhabitants, they were numerous and determined. Sinister rumours went abroad, the troops were intimidated by the recent recollections of the criticism which they had suffered in the revolution of 1830: were they to fire on men who again styled themselves citizens and patriots? Everything depended upon the spirit of the battalions of the National Guard. The presence of the King gave them courage. Upon his arrival in the evening he had shown himself to the legions concentrated at the Carrousel. The news of his return spread rapidly, and at the break of day,

¹ M. Dulong, a Deputy, alluded in the Chamber to the gaoler's part played by General Bugeaud in 1832. A duel followed and M. Dulong was killed (April 1834.)

armed men could be seen proceeding from the houses ready to defend public order and the society of their choice with their presence and their blood. The latter condition was, unfortunately, only too soon accomplished. About ten o'clock on the morning of the 5th a note from Admiral de Rigny told me that the danger had been averted, but the night had been full of cruel anxieties for those who were responsible for the safety of the State.

I know that the King was on horseback, riding about the town. As I imagined all the princesses would be in great anxiety, I wished to go to them. I arrived by way of the garden and made my way into the palace by the private entrances, the keepers of which knew me. Cannons had just crossed the quay and their sinister appearance increased my anxiety. There was a gloomy silence in the reception rooms; people looked at one another but said nothing. At length it was announced that the King had re-entered the wicket gate of the Tuileries. The Queen and the princesses ran to meet him and we followed, but the King was still occupied in reviewing the troops stationed in the court, and as he was likely to spend some time in this, we entered the anteroom on the ground floor. I was standing in an embrasure of the window behind the Queen and seized the opportunity to whisper to her that the Duchesse de Berry had left Nantes and was in comparative safety. Mme. Adélaïde heard me: exasperated by the anxiety which she had felt for the last five hours at the absence of her brother and at his peril, she turned upon me and said with a kind of fury: "A nice time to trouble one's self about the safety of the Duchesse de Berry. She is at the bottom of all this."

The Queen looked down and clasped my hand as a sign for silence; thereforward she did not venture to show her interest so openly, and eventually she was induced to avoid any open interference in this sad adventure.

Mme. Adélaïde's outburst of vexation was, I believe, much exaggerated. The insurrection seemed to be entirely republican and the heroes of the cloister of Saint Merri, as their Deputies termed them, went to their deaths in support

of their own ideas. Still, the fact remains that a small band of young Legitimists had supported them but had not joined them. They drew people after them from street to street, exchanging shots which did but little harm till they reached the passage of the Caire, where they dispersed, about the same time that the barricades of the cloister of Saint Merri were forced. A few moments afterwards a horseman who had been standing for a long time in the Rue de Choiseul, at the corner of the boulevard, and in whom several people thought they recognised M. de Charette,¹ galloped away. It was supposed that he was going to warn the Duchesse de Berry that the attempt had failed. There was a widespread rumour at that time that she was close to Paris and had even entered the town. I have no positive information upon the subject, but I know perfectly well that two ladies, the Comtesse de Chastellux and the Princesse de Théodore de Bauffremont urged her to come, and promised to conceal her until the day following the triumph. These delusions were no less sincere than the party spirit which brought them forth, but they were not shared by Paris, which thirsted for peace and felt a mortal dread of any renewal of the dangers against which it believed itself secure: so the ordinance proclaiming the town under martial law, promulgated on June 6, was welcomed as a benefit. If laughter could be permitted in so grave a situation, some amusement might be found in recalling the delighted air with which people told one another, "Martial law has been declared;" "We are under martial law." This ordinance was regarded as a panacea for all evils. Men embraced each other in the street and confirmed the good news and the shop-keepers, delighted with it and feeling themselves secure, reopened their shops confidently. The carelessness of the Cabinet, the tactlessness of certain members of the Court of Cassation and

¹ Athanase, Baron de Charette de la Contrie (1797-1848), a nephew of the illustrious Vendéen leader. A Life Guard in 1815, peer of France in 1823, he was involved in the attempt of the Duchesse de Berry in 1832, and retired to Switzerland after the failure. He returned in 1837. The Baron de Charette was in la Vendée during June 5 and 6. On June 3 he was ill at Montbert. (Cp. *Journal militaire d'un Chef de l'Ouest*, by Baron de Charette.)

the disloyalty of others, deprived the powers of a weapon which is useful when used for purely defensive purposes, but this was certainly not done in reply to any movement of public opinion at that time, for on the last occasion when the measure was employed it was received with acclamations of general satisfaction.

It will be remembered that a Carlist Committee composed of Marshal Victor, Chancellor Pastoret, MM. de Chateaubriand, de Fitz-James, Hyde de Neuville, and Berryer claimed the possession of special powers, and assumed the title of a family council. I am not sufficiently initiated into their secrets to know what right they had to act. This committee blamed the enterprise of the Duchesse de Berry, and also the conspiracy of the Rue des Prouvaires. M. Berryer undertook to take a note to the Princess drawn up by M. de Chateaubriand in which he expressed and explained the opinions and the feelings of all his colleagues, urging her to take advantage of the opportunity offered by the neighbourhood of the sea, to retire from a place where her presence was detrimental to her own interests. The opportunity, in fact, was the easier as both friends and enemies were ready to facilitate it. Her arrest at such a moment could only be the outcome of tactless zeal on the part of some official. M. Berryer therefore had no difficulty in overcoming obstacles which should have kept him away, but when he reached Nantes the Princess kept him waiting some days for an audience. This he at length obtained by dint of precautions most romantic: after changing his guide, his horse, his disguise, and the password several times in the course of a few hours, he was taken into a large room where he found the Duchesse de Berry.

She was surrounded by a very animated and cheerful group. Some distance away were the Marshal Bourmont and some old Vendéens with anxious faces. After the first compliments had been exchanged, M. Berryer who was not anxious to stay for ever in such compromising company, asked for an audience, and was informed that they would

hear him in council. The "Regent" sat down at a table at which places were found for Mme. de la Rochejaquelein, Mlle. Fauveau, the young La Tour du Pin, old Mesnard, and other hotheads and nonentities, together with Marshal Bourmont and the Comtes d'Autichamp¹ and de Civrac. M. Berryer produced the note entrusted to his care and explained as best he could the reasons of prudence and policy in support of the course recommended by the note. He was supported by the Vendéen leaders, who affirmed that neither la Vendée nor Brittany would ever be induced to rise. Meanwhile, the young councillors of the Regency shrugged their shoulders. Mlle. Fauveau designed picturesque uniforms for the troops, and Mme. de la Rochejaquelein submitted them for the approval of the Princess. M. Berryer exhausted his rhetorical powers to no purpose. Marshal Bourmont had maintained a gloomy silence for a long time: at length he ventured to join the side of those who advised retreat. The Duchesse de Berry, who had hardly been able to contain herself from the beginning of the session, flew into a regular fury. She reproached the marshal for filling her with false hopes, urging her to the enterprise, and bringing her into a desperate situation only to abandon her.

"Moreover," she added vehemently, "your conduct is of a piece with your character; this must be the first time that you have not been guilty of treachery." This brilliant scene concluded the session.

M. Berryer secured the promise of a private interview the next day. He was taken with further romantic precautions to a place where he spent the night. In the morning a child of six years led him to a hut where he found the Duchesse de Berry. She had laid aside the half male dress that she had worn the evening before and was dressed as a peasant woman. This little seditious court was without exception employed in playing a historical novel, and the actors went so far as to label one another with the names of characters

¹ Charles de Beaumont, Comte d'Autichamp (1770-1852), Lieutenant-General and peer of France. He was one of the leaders in the war of the giants.

taken from Sir Walter Scott. His novels, which were then at the height of their reputation, greatly influenced the conduct of those would-be heroes of a civil war, which was fortunately impossible. Upon this occasion the Princess was alone, and M. Berryer found her more despondent and more amenable to reason. She began by repeating that if she had made a mistake in coming to France, her determination to remain was none the less laudable.

"I will meet my death."

"You will not be killed but arrested."

"Then let them behead me on the scaffold."

"You will not be beheaded, but pardoned." This statement shook her determination.

"That will be a mistake," she replied, "for I shall start again."

"If you announce that plan, you will give them the right to keep you in confinement for an indefinite time!"

"Confinement! Confinement!" and her vagabond and adventurous nature recoiled from such a danger.

M. Berryer then pursued his advantage, and did not retire until he had secured an authorisation to make all preparations for flight. A meeting-place was arranged two days later in the evening in some waste land near the sea. Marie Caroline was to be there with two companions, and M. Berryer undertook to get them on board during the night. Delighted at his success, he returned to Nantes to make the final arrangements for the departure which was earnestly desired by the leaders of all parties, but which must be carried out without the knowledge of the governing people, and of the hot-headed friends of the Princess, as also of the radical opposition. While he was busy with the measures necessary for this purpose, an unknown messenger handed him despatches from the Duchesse de Berry: she refused to go, declined to see him again, and commissioned him to take back to those who had sent him the replies contained in the same envelope. M. Berryer, who was not endowed with an adventurous spirit, was quite satisfied to withdraw from this absurd wasps' nest

The foregoing story reached me with all details so directly and immediately that I cannot doubt that it was the first version given by M. Berryer to those who commissioned him. Perhaps he has altered some details of it since, as happens to every party man, and to him more than any one else. It seems that Marshal Bourmont, cut to the quick by the bitter sarcasm of the Princess, said, like another Pylades: "Come, sir, let us carry off Hermione," and had joined the beardless counsellors of Marie Caroline. Possibly, also, hopes of an insurrection at Paris had encouraged them, and helped them to combat the less absurd objections. In any case, proposals for retreat were replaced by plans for a renewal of the campaign. The Duchesse de Berry, at the head of fifteen hundred peasants, who had been got together with great difficulty, saw them put to flight in spite of her presence, and in spite of remarkable individual acts of heroism by a handful of regular soldiers. The remnant of her forces took refuge in the Château de la Pénissière,¹ to which she was pursued. At the moment of the attack a means of escape was secured for the Princess, and many brave men perished by sword and fire to secure her safety. Her partisans at Paris were keenly alarmed. For several days they knew that she had entered the Château de la Pénissière, where all the adventurers had perished, though they did not know of her flight. • It has been since denied that she was at la Pénissière at the time of the attack. I have no exact information upon the point.

• During this time M. Berryer was arrested at Angoulême. I am writing, as I have often said, from memory, and without consulting documents, and I cannot remember the order of these events, but they followed one another very closely, and closely enough to explain the terror which overcame M. Berryer as soon as he found himself detained in a Department placed under martial law by a Government which he presumed to be exasperated by the insurrection crushed in the capital and fomented in la Vendée. It must be said that M. Berryer belonged to a party which has never renounced an opportunity of vengeance, or has been mollified

* The Château de la Pénissière was captured on June 6, 1832.

by triumph. Hence, thoughts of Lavalette, of the Fauchers,¹ of Caron,² &c., came back to him, and his fears were the keener, as none of them had been so guilty as himself. His first care when he reached his prison was to write five letters, to the Duc de Bellune, the Duc de Fitz-James, Chancellor Pastoret, the Vicomte de Chateaubriand, and the Comte Hyde de Neuville; a kind of circular in which he appealed to their loyalty, being careful to mention all five by name in each letter, urging them to recognise their concurrence with all the steps taken by him in the course of the journey which he had undertaken at their request. These letters were handed to the keeper of the gaol to be posted. Now M. Berryer should have known as well as any one that from the hands of the gaoler they went straight to those of a magistrate. This step, one of the strangest that fear could have dictated to a man of capacity and talent, led to the inevitable result. The letters reached Paris accompanied by warrants against the five persons mentioned.³ The Cabinet was deeply vexed. These gentlemen certainly ran

¹ César and Constantin Faucher, twin brothers (1759-1815) were condemned to death by the Council of War of Bordeaux at the time of the second Restoration, and shot on August 27, 1815.

² Augustin Joseph Caron (1774-1822). Condemned to death and shot at Strasburg.

³ Berryer left Paris on May 29, and reached Nantes on the 22nd. On the information of the authorities he started on June 3 for Aix-les-Bains in Savoy. He was arrested at Angoulême on June 7 and taken back to Nantes, where he arrived on the 10th. On the day of his arrest he wrote to Chateaubriand, asking him to obtain his transference to Paris. He did not wish to be tried by the military authorities in a country under martial law. Chateaubriand has published the letter in his *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*: "I soon received by post the following, which had not been sealed, and which had no doubt been read by the authorities: Angoulême, June 7, M. le Vicomte, . . ." *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*, edit. Biré, vol. v. p. 507. On the 10th Berryer was brought to General de Solignac, military commander of the district. He wrote several letters after a conversation with that officer, which was by no means reassuring. (*Vie de Berryer*, by M. de Lacombe, vol. ii. chap. ii.)

The *Moniteur* of June 17 announced the arrest of the Duc de Fitz-James, Baron Hyde de Neuville, and Vicomte de Chateaubriand, in consequence of a communication from the Attorney-General of Rennes.

"Attempts were made," writes M. de Lacombe, "to make Berryer responsible for the arrest, and an official newspaper sheet, the *France Nouvelle*, announced that it was the result of the answers he had given. However, at that moment Berryer had not been questioned. He was first examined on June 18." It was then that he learnt that at Paris the recent arrests were regarded as due to his revelations. "And never had a

no danger, so they were able to pose as martyrs and adopt the attitude of heroes; but the Ministry was also afraid of the ovation that the Carlists were preparing for them, and of the wild outcries of those who called themselves the July party against the indulgence shown towards them when compared with the severity shown to the seditious republicans, a severity necessary because these persons had been formidable. However, the warrant was executed in accordance with the law, and those concerned were necessarily committed to prison, while the Government negotiated with the judicature to settle the business. All that could be done was to make their detention as agreeable as it was eventually short. Chancellor Pastoret and the Marshal the Duc de Bellune avoided arrest by staying some leagues away from Paris. The Duc de Fitz-James and M. de Chateaubriand submitted with good grace, accepting it as an inevitable formality brought upon them by M. Berryer. Only my poor friend Hyde de Neuville began to roar at the top of his voice that the days of '93 had returned, vigorously claiming the punishment due to his loyalty, and predicting that the scaffold would smoke once more with the most noble blood of France. He wrote letter after letter to me forbidding me to make any attempt to "save his head."¹ These epistles were a tissue of absurdities.

greater lie proceeded from a lying mouth," writes Berryer in indignation, and he sent straightway to the *Gazette de France* a formal denial of the assertion contained in the ministerial paper. (*Vie de Berryer*, vol. ii. pp. 60 and 62.)

"In the *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe* Chateaubriand says that he was arrested at the instance of M. Hello, Attorney-General of Rennes, who "finding my name and the names of the Duc de Fitz-James and of Hyde de Neuville involved in the prosecution of M. Berryer conducted at Nantes, wrote to the Minister of Justice, saying that if he were master he would certainly have us arrested and tried at the same time as accomplices and as able to furnish evidence."

An ordinance of non-suit in favour of MM. de Chateaubriand, Hyde de Neuville, and Fitz-James, was issued on June 30 by M. Desmortier, magistrate at Paris, but the court of Rennes transferred Berryer's case to the Assizes of the Loire Inférieure; a decree of the Court of Cassation in conformity with the conclusions of the Attorney-General Dupin (September 6), removed the case from the Assize Court of Nantes and sent it to that of Blois. On September 29 Berryer was taken to Blois. On October 16 he was acquitted, as the ministry abandoned the charge.

¹ See in the Appendix one of the letters of Hyde de Neuville to Mme. de Boigne.

As my replies increased his violence, I ceased to write, and five days later I was delighted to see him at his own house, where he had returned in complete safety. His companions in misfortune suffered the same fate. M. de Chateaubriand was loud in praise of the beauty and amiability of Mlles. Gisquet, the daughters of the prefect of police, and regarded his courteous imprisonment as a trifle. M. Berryer's imprisonment was more prolonged.

I am practically certain that the answer of the "Regent" to a note from the family council was hardly polite. While thanking them for their past services, she dispensed with them for the future, and did not conceal her opinion that she regarded their prudence as that of old men, and as far from likely to conquer the realm of Saint Louis. The fact is certain that most of these gentlemen took offence and dispersed. M. de Chateaubriand then began to think of a residence at Lugano, where he would be able to preserve the secret fire of liberty and make an entirely independent press groan beneath the efforts of his genius. This little republic he proposed to make the fulcrum of a lever by means of which his talent would upheave the world. This whim induced him to return to Switzerland with much formality, after bidding a solemn farewell to his ungrateful fatherland. I only saw him once after his release: he was then satirising the heroism of the Duchesse de Berry, regarding her as a mad woman; as such she was generally characterised in her own party. Either they honestly blamed her, or this attack was an attempt to find some excuse for the lack of enthusiasm in her following, which was ever ready with hostile words against the Government, and ever slow to join the white flag in la Vendée. However, a feeling of shame eventually induced a dozen young men to act, but they proceeded in such a manner as to be arrested on their route and obliged to abandon an enterprise for which they had no great taste.

CHAPTER V

The Government is anxious for the departure of the Duchesse de Berry—The Ministry of October 11, 1832—M. Thiers makes a change in the Prefecture of the Loire Inférieure—Resolution to arrest the Princess—Treachery of Deutz—Conversation with M. Thiers and M. Pasquier—Steps taken to warn the Princess

AFTER the failures of the oak of Saint Columbin and of la Pénissière, the Duchesse de Berry was obliged to go into hiding¹ once more. The pleasures of this romantic and vagabond life were sufficient to induce her to prolong it. On the other hand, the ministers and in particular the Royal Family were extremely anxious to see her leave French soil in safety. A way of retreat was carefully though silently left open for her, and twice she was compromised by her own people. The authorities confined themselves to keeping a hand upon her shoulder without actually arresting her. One day in the room of Mme. de la Ferronnays, the abbess of a convent at Nantes, the butt of a gun was dropped upon a board in the floor which was known to cover a hiding-place in which she was. It was hoped that these alarms would induce her to take ship. Far from that, she derived a false sense of security from them, attributing her success in avoiding such active pursuit to her own cleverness. But the result showed that as soon as earnest search was made for her² it was promptly successful.

M. de Montalivet,¹ Minister of the Interior until October 11,

¹ Marthe Camille Bachasson, Comte de Montalivet (1801-1880). Peer of France after his father's death in 1823; engineer of bridges and highways; Minister of the Interior in November 1830; of Education in March 1831; of the Interior in March 1832 and from 1837-1839; Supervisor of the Civil List and Permanent Senator in 1879.

and M. de Saint Aignan, Prefect of Nantes, were neither of them anxious to make a capture of this kind. I am not attempting here to praise the generosity of the French Government; to understand its reluctance it need only be remembered that the arrest of the Duchesse de Berry was likely to involve it in every kind of difficulty. The Royal Court of Poitiers had already condemned the Princess with the Comtesse de la Rochejacquelein and several other defaulters. This circumstance complicated the position still further.

However, the opening of the April session approached. The Ministry was composed exclusively of the King's men, after the death of M. Périer, and was not sufficiently firmly established to deal with the case, nor possessed of sufficient eloquence to speak in public in circumstances so grave and difficult. Preparations therefore had to be made and the King resigned himself to them. Long conferences between the different candidates, many of which took place in my drawing-room, ended on October 11, 1832, in the nomination of a Ministry composed of Marshal Soult¹ as Minister of War, the Duc de Broglie as Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. de Barthe² as Minister of Justice; M. Humann³ became Financial Minister, M. Guizot⁴ Minister of Education,

¹ Nicolas Jean de Dieu Soult, Duc de Dalmatie (1769-1851). Officer in the Royal Infantry before 1789; Brigadier in 1794; General of Division in 1799; Marshal of France in 1804; Duke of Dalmatia in 1807; Minister of War under the First Restoration; Peer of France; Major-General in the army of the Hundred Days; banished at the time of the Second Restoration; re-entered the Chamber of Peers in 1819; Minister of War in 1832 and 1842; of Foreign Affairs in 1839; and First Marshal in 1847.

² Felix Barthe (1795-1863). Lawyer, member of secret societies, and defender of the four sergeants of La Rochelle; Attorney-General at Paris in 1830; Deputy and Minister of Education in 1830 and of Justice in 1832; First President of the Financial Court and Peer of France in 1834; Senator in 1852.

³ Jean Georges Humann (1780-1842). Deputy in 1820; Financial Minister 1832-1836 and from 1840-1842; Peer of France in 1837.

⁴ François Pierre Guillaume Guizot (1787-1874). Professor at the Sorbonne in 1812; Chief Secretary to the Ministry of the Interior in 1814, afterwards to the Ministry of Justice in 1815; Secretary to the State Council; Director of the Departmental and Communal Administration; Deputy for Lisieux in 1830; Minister of the Interior in 1830, and of Education from 1832-1837; Ambassador at London in 1840; Foreign Minister from 1840-1848; President of the Council, member of the French Academy, of the Academies of Inscription and *belles lettres* and of moral and political

Admiral de Rigny Naval Minister, and M. Thiers¹ Minister of the Interior. This was known as the Grand Ministry.² M. de Rigny and M. Pasquier worked hard at the formation of this Ministry. It lasted for four years, though it underwent frequent modifications. It had submitted to the King as conditions, the despatch of an army to Antwerp and the arrest of the Duchesse de Berry, if she could not be induced to leave la Vendée before the meeting of the Chambers. The prolongation of her stay in France seemed evidence of weakness and aroused the outbursts of the Opposition. The Government was accused of helplessness, or even of connivance.

Almost every evening I exhausted my efforts in vain to persuade M. Thiers that the arrest of the Princess would cause him infinite embarrassment. He admitted that her voluntary departure would be preferable, but he would not admit the seriousness of the obstacles which I predicted. He said that the country did not feel as I thought and that an arrest would arouse more satisfaction than interest on behalf of the Princess. M. Pasquier took a keen part in these discussions. M. Thiers thought much of his opinion, and, rather out of deference to him than from conviction, he promised at first to confine his action to pursuing the Duchesse de Berry so vigorously that she could not have any doubts upon the real intentions of the new Cabinet. In this way he would try and induce her to start. I felt no scruple in warning the members of her party of the new state of

sciences. His first wife was Mlle. Pauline de Meulan (1773-1827), and his second wife, whom he married in 1828, was Mlle. Elisa Dillon (1804-1833), niece of his first wife.

¹ Louis Adolphe Thiers (1797-1877). Lawyer in 1819; editor of the *Constitutionnel* and published the *Histoire de la Révolution* from 1824-1827; founded the *National* in 1830; State Councillor, Deputy, and Under Secretary of State to the Financial Department; Minister of the Interior from 1832 to 1836; then President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs at short intervals between 1836 and 1840; was arrested at the time of the *coup d'état*; Deputy for Paris in 1863, and chief of the executive power in 1871; member of the French Academy, and from 1840-1855 he published his *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*.

² M. d'Argout also took the portfolio of Commerce and Public Works which he had held in Casimir Périer's Cabinet. Concerning the formation of this ministry see the letters from Admiral de Rigny to Mme. de Boigne in the Appendix.

affairs, but as they did not believe in the reality of the indulgence hitherto shown to her, they attached no importance to my words, or perhaps regarded them as a manoeuvre to secure a departure which could not be obtained by force.

M. Thiers related as a historical fact one day that M. de Saint-Aignan, Prefect of Nantes, had resigned, and that M. Maurice Duval was to take his place, and had already been summoned by telegraph. M. Pasquier maintained a complete silence, by which I was struck, although I had not understood the importance of these announcements, but when M. Thiers had moved away, he whispered to me :

"Thiers has made up his mind. He means to capture the Duchesse de Berry. If he were merely attempting to force her departure he would perhaps have removed Saint Aignan, but he would not have replaced him by Maurice Duval.¹ You may as well be resigned to it; there is nothing to be done."

Some days afterwards M. Thiers announced that Marie Caroline had been nearly caught in a village. Two of her best hiding-places had been blocked, so that she could no longer use them, and she was reduced to concealing herself in the town. The quarter of the town which she had chosen was known, but not as yet the house. At length, one evening when all other visitors had gone, and only M. Pasquier, Admiral de Rigny, and M. Thiers were with me, the latter, who seemed to have been anxiously awaiting this moment, cried triumphantly: "I have the Duchesse de Berry; in thirty-six hours she will be captured." After this announcement he gave us the following account.

The Duchesse de Berry professed to be negotiating with King William of Holland and Dom Miguel of Portugal a loan in which all three were to share. A Jew named

¹ M. Maurice Duval was well known for his capacity and energy. As Prefect of Isère when the disturbances of Grenoble began on March 11, 12, and 13, 1832, when the National Guard hesitated, he had given orders and checked the revolt with a vigour that roused the fury of the opposition. Though supported by Casimir Périer he was suspended by M. de Montalivet a few days before the death of the President of the Council. (Ordinance of May 12, 1832.)

Deutz,¹ who had abjured his faith under the patronage of the Dauphine, but who had not abandoned with his religion the commercial habits of his class, was the active agent in this proposed loan. He had carried from one to the other the communications of the three high contracting parties in successive visits to Massa, The Hague, and Lisbon. Possibly, though I would not venture to affirm the fact, he had already met the "Regent" during her stay in France; in any case she had recently sent him to Dom Miguel. Now this man related that he had had conferences with these princes in the presence of the confidential envoys of the Duchesse de Berry, concerning their ultimate projects, conferences of so alarming a nature and showing such mental aberration in either case, that in horror at the future prospects he had resolved to overthrow all their plots. He therefore applied to M. de Rayneval, our ambassador at Madrid, and after certain incomplete revelations, had asked him for a passport and a letter to the Minister of the Interior, entrusting to him a file of important papers for transmission to Paris. M. de Rayneval was unable to refuse any of these requests, but I daresay he was not particularly anxious to be concerned in this act of treachery, and so handed the despatches to a secretary who lost his way and did not arrive until after the arrest of the Princess. I have always thought that the delay was not only entirely due to chance.

I return to the story of M. Thiers. The letter from M. de Rayneval was addressed to M. de Montalivet: when Deutz applied at the Ministry of the Interior he was informed that M. de Montalivet was not there, and when he wanted to send his letter to M. de Montalivet, the latter, as he was no longer minister, declined to receive him on secret service. Deutz, who did not suspect that the papers he had handed in at the Madrid Embassy had not arrived, left his address and was much astonished that no summons reached him. Days went by and he could no longer delay

¹ Simon Deutz, a son of the Grand Rabbi of the Central Consistory of the French Israelites. He had renounced his faith and turned Catholic, and had so secured an entrance to religious and Royalist society.

in bringing the replies to the Princess whom he proposed to ruin; but first of all he had to recover the necessary papers.

Certain steps taken for this purpose and involving a clerk in the Ministerial Cabinet opened the eyes of M. Thiers. He sent for Deutz who behaved himself very cleverly, protesting his invincible repugnance to hand over the person of the Princess. He wished from kindness of heart to overthrow her designs, because he thought them pernicious, but he would go no further. He was willing to go to her and repeat any words dictated to him to urge her departure, but her person would always be sacred to him. He brought the best of promises from Dom Miguel and the most favourable hopes from King William. He was willing to hide all this and to dissuade Marie Caroline from her enterprise before embarking himself for America where he wished to go and conceal these gloomy secrets. M. Thiers did not receive the papers from Madrid and was unable to appreciate their importance. The conference with Deutz was postponed until the next day, where the eloquence of the minister eventually persuaded the Jew that he ought to betray the Duchesse de Berry "from love of humanity." M. Thiers assured me that no reward had been asked or promised. As soon as he had made up his mind Deutz himself explained the necessary means for the success of his iniquitous plan, and the plan was so well arranged that M. Thiers had no doubt of its success. His officials were already on their way. We listened to these details in great sadness.

"And supposing you are so unfortunate as to catch her," I said.

"If I am fortunate enough to catch her, we shall see," he replied with a smile.

"Do you propose to bring her to trial?"

"Certainly not," he replied vigorously.

"You will find it difficult to avoid doing so," replied M. Pasquier. "The court of Poitiers has already issued a warrant against her, and courts are not moved by political

considerations ; and if she is detained for two days at Nantes she will be jailed by the court of Rennes."

"I have foreseen that danger. As Molière has said, 'Law does not run on the open sea,' and she will be shipped off at once."

"Thank heaven for that," I cried, "and she will be taken to Hamburg or Trieste." (After the stoppage of the *Carlo Alberto*, the Royal Family had left Scotland for Bohemia.)

"Such an abuse of generosity is no longer possible : people would immediately be following her thither. This is my plan : You know the representations made by the ministers of Charles X. and their friends concerning the unhealthiness of the Château of Ham ; in consequence of these outcries, it has been proposed to transfer them to Blaye. Since they have got word of this plan the outcries concerning Ham and its unhealthiness have ceased, as they strongly objected to the transference, but the orders already issued to refit the Château of Blaye have not been countermanded. The rooms are in good condition and to-morrow orders will be telegraphed to furnish them."

• "M. Thiers," I said to him, "before laying hands upon royalty, think carefully what you are doing. Such an act never did any one any good and you will feel its influence throughout your career. • Consider that the Emperor invariably regretted his action in the case of the Duc d'Enghien."

"If the Duc d'Enghien had been caught fomenting civil war in la Vendée, no one would have ventured to blame even the severity of the Emperor. But," as he saw me tremble, "make your mind easy, not a hair of her head will fall. I should be as much afraid of such an action as you can be."

"Be careful, for she is the kind of woman to defend herself. Supposing she were killed in the struggle."

He seemed to be disturbed for a moment and replied quickly :

"She will not be killed."

“And supposing she kills herself in preference to captivity.”

He kept silence and we thought him shaken for a moment. M. Pasquier returned to the charge emphasising all the possibilities that the well-known rashness of the Duchesse de Berry might make formidable at the moment of her arrest, and dilating upon the embarrassment which her imprisonment would involve.

“If you could let her understand how far she is in your power,” he added, “and induce her to adopt the means of escape opened by yourself, I should think this plan in every way preferable.”

“You do not see as I do the state of feeling among the Deputies, or you would understand more clearly the impossibility of proceeding in that direction. They demand the arrest of the Duchesse de Berry and will not be satisfied with her retirement. An arrest is necessary to strengthen the hands of the government and to clear the King from charges of complicity.”

“Upon my word,” I replied, “the idea that the King should be intriguing with the Duchesse de Berry is too absurd to obtain a moment’s credence.”

“Nothing is too absurd for those people.”

“And yet to such people as these you propose to make such concessions! I admit that the Duchesse de Berry is less formidable at Blaye than she would be in the dock at the Assize Court, but she will be much more troublesome there than in la Vendée. You may be certain, M. Thiers, that she will stir up more enemies against you, and grow stronger day by day. You are deluding yourself with the idea that her arrest will bring the whole matter to an end. Royal tears are washed away with blood, and royal blood with public disasters.”

M. Thiers began to smile. “I have never seen you so excited,” he replied. “But allow me to tell you that if my provincial Deputies speak with their usual stupidity, you are speaking under the influence of your passions, and your calculations are dominated by your prejudices. Royal tears and

royal blood are not so valuable as you suppose. I hope to arrest the Duchesse de Berry within three days without any show of violence, and when she has been a fortnight at Blaye she will be entirely forgotten. Take the case of those prisoners of Ham of whom we were speaking just now ; who thinks of them ? ”

“ Oh, that is a very different matter. I admit that you might have me arrested to-morrow by an arbitrary exercise of your power, and if public opinion has not reached revolution point within twenty-four hours, I admit that by next week every one will have totally forgotten the fact that Mme. de Boigne is languishing in prison. But the case of the Duchesse de Berry is not the same. People of that kind can work even upon the popular imagination, and the more you oppress her the stronger she will grow. Her power will increase within the walls of Blaye, which will fall into ruin to give her egress, for you will never be able to open the doors of that château to her.”

M. Thiers continued to smile somewhat ironically.

“ Well now, you yourself, M. Thiers, would you be as preoccupied and as anxious as you are, if it was merely a question of arresting Marshal Bourmont, a far more vigorous and formidable fomenter of civil war than a young woman can be ? Certainly not. And so you must admit that the prestige of royal blood exerts an influence even upon you who think yourself so entirely free from my antiquated prejudices.”

M. Thiers then plunged into one of those attractive theories on which he readily expatiates, while his audience eagerly follow him, wandering astray in every direction with no particular thought of the general line of progress. However, after a historical digression concerning the devotion of nations to their royal families as proportionate to the degree of civilisation which they have reached, he returned to the point by explaining to what an extent the personal conduct of the Duchesse de Berry had lowered her prestige in the eyes of her most zealous partisans in the western provinces. “ They groan for her,” he added, “ as they relate these strange

incidents. It is even asserted that this royal personage, to use Mme. de Boigne's expression, is with child, and that this is one of the reasons which forces her to keep in hiding."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Well," I returned, "that is an additional reason for avoiding her arrest and for facilitating her escape. What on earth have you to fear from her if she is in such a condition, and what will you do with her? The disgrace of such an occurrence will be shared by those who spread it abroad."

M. de Rigny, who had hitherto kept silence, supported me at that moment; M. Pasquier advanced further arguments in favour of his previous opinion. M. Thiers was obviously shaken, but returned to his contention that the arrest was necessary to consolidate the royal power. He was too firmly convinced of this fact to refuse the responsibility for all the embarrassments with which we threatened him. The clock striking two in the morning brought these three gentlemen to their feet, and they left me alone. The next day I had hardly finished breakfast when M. Pasquier called upon me.

"I did not sleep a wink all last night," he said as he came in.

"I can say the same," I replied.

We expressed our mutual regrets and fears and forebodings as we discussed the conversation of the evening before. M. Pasquier was very despondent.

"But perhaps," I said at last, "Thiers will not succeed in catching her."

"Oh, he will succeed this time or another time, for though imprudent, he is clever enough. Besides, the difficulty is not to arrest her, but to keep her in safety to herself and others without inflaming the passions of all parties, stirring up civil war which was thought to be dying out, and driving people, perhaps, to extremes from which all would certainly shrink if they could foresee them."

"On the other hand, I cannot deny that Thiers, as regards his personal interests, has something to gain if he

can come before the Chambers with the arrest as an accomplished fact, and can say, 'I have done in three weeks what others were unable to do in six months.' That may not be true, but it looks like truth, and nothing more is needed for a popular assembly, the more so as no one can deny it. However, our conversation of yesterday has shaken him a little; in spite of his audacity, Thiers has too much common sense not to be amenable to reason. Perhaps he would even yet be contented with her departure; but then she won't go!"

Thus we continued to discuss the matter, and the more we considered it from every point of view, the more reasons for anxiety we found. Supposing there was a conflict and the Princess's blood were shed, what a baptism for the throne occupied by the son of a judge of Louis XVI.! If the vindictive hatred of revolutionaries should drag the daughter of kings before the ordinary tribunals, what a disgrace for the power which should permit such a proceeding! As for a trial before the Chamber of Peers, it was impossible. The peers would refuse to act, or would acquit her unanimously. The Government, as M. Thiers had admitted the evening before, could not count upon this resource, which would merely introduce a new factor of disturbance into the State.

We constantly repeated our regrets that the Duchesse de Berry should persist in a stay so dangerous to herself and so utterly useless to her cause, seeing that in six months she had been unable to raise a revolution in la Vendée.

"If she knew her real position," I said at length, "she would certainly depart, but, unfortunately, it is too late, if she is to be arrested to-morrow."

"These things," replied M. Pasquier, "are not carried out as easily as one supposes. No doubt she is carefully guarded and the Jew may very well fail, but her steps are so dogged that she cannot escape, since the authorities have decided upon her arrest and have definitely made up their minds."

What was to be done to avert the danger? The Queen could give no help, and we never even thought of applying to her; it was too obvious to us that her influence was

exhausted and her efforts useless, since things had reached this pass. I have since learnt that the Cabinet had extracted a promise from the Duc d'Orléans as a condition of permitting his departure to the siege of Antwerp, that he should obtain from the Queen, his mother, a guarantee to interfere no further in the affairs of the Duchesse de Berry. He was to explain that this was a question of State, in which family relations could have no influence; that the safety of the country depended upon it and that, moreover, as long as Marie Caroline was in la Vendée, he would be unable to leave Paris. The military ardour of the young Prince had fired his zeal and induced him to extract this promise from his mother, who, moreover, always gave way to the King's express wishes.

I return to my conversation with M. Pasquier.

"I wish," he said, "there were some means of warning the Duchesse de Berry."

"But they would only regard it as a trick to deceive them."

"That is true."

After a long silence he suddenly got up.

"All the same there is no use in folding one's arms at such a crisis. I am going to find Mounier. He is in communication with all those people, and I shall tell him seriously to induce the Princess to go. He will understand and believe what I tell him and perhaps he will persuade the others."

"Do you think," I asked, "that I could be of any use through Mme. Récamier?"

"Well, there could be no harm in trying. It is just as well that the alarm should sound in their ears from several quarters."

M. Pasquier went away. I ordered my horses and drove to the Abbaye aux Bois. I there learnt that M. de Chateaubriand was completely disgusted with the Duchesse de Berry and all her following. He had broken off all communications before his departure for Switzerland, and Mme. Récamier had maintained none of the connections which had kept her so well informed during the early period of

the stay in France. Thus disappointed, but excited by the gloomy fears with which I was pursued, and which the anxieties of M. Pasquier had by no means allayed, I went to call on Mme. de Chastellux.¹ Though she was more enthusiastic than any member of her party, her great common sense was always visible beneath her emotions.

"My dear," I said, as I met her, "you smiled ironically at the warning I gave you a fortnight ago, to the effect that the authorities were seriously resolved to arrest the Duchesse de Berry. Well, I have come to tell you to-day that all her hiding-places have been revealed; that she has been betrayed in several quarters and will be surrendered without delay. Possibly this misfortune might be avoided if she could be induced to leave the country. I do not know whether you can help, but there is not a moment to be lost."

Mme. de Chastellux looked at me fixedly for a moment and held out her hand.

"Such anxiety as yours must be real. I will give you confidence for confidence. I am in direct communication with the Duchesse de Berry; she shall be warned as promptly as possible, and moreover I will do my utmost to induce her to leave the country. She still declines, but everybody about her admits the advisability of the step."

"Heaven grant that you may succeed," I replied, getting up to take my leave. I did not wish to be tempted into saying more than I had intended.

"One word more," she added, taking me by the arm, "supposing the Duchesse de Berry consents to go, will she be allowed to escape?"

"Alas," I replied, "a week ago I could have given you a decided affirmative in reply; to-day I can only say that I hope so and almost believe it; but be sure of this, that it is the last chance of avoiding a result which we all alike deplore." She thanked me again, embraced me hurriedly, and I withdrew. She had seen that I did not wish to say more, and was too tactful to put a further question,

¹ See vol. iii. p. 5.

M. Pasquier on his side found M. Mounier and made him understand the danger, not only to the Princess, but also to the country and to the Royal Family, a moral danger which Thiers and his colleagues were unable to recognise. This was an easier task, as M. Mounier was a far-sighted man, above party spirit, though one of the Legitimists and at the same time an enlightened thinker.

“Now,” said M. Pasquier, “there is no more that we can do. We must wait events.”

CHAPTER VI

Failure of the first attempt at capture—Note from M. Pasquier—The Duchesse de Berry is arrested—Visit to Queen Marie Amélie—The impressions of M. Thiers—The story of the arrest—The part played by Deutz—The noble bearing of the Princess—The decision of the Government concerning her—The *Capricieuse* transports the Duchesse de Berry to Blaye—M. Guizot's attitude—The Princess's papers—The Duc d'Orléans and the Duc de Nemours are authorised to rejoin the Army in Belgium

WE soon learnt from M. Thiers that the first attempt of Deutz had been a failure. The Duchesse de Berry had given him an audience at a spot where she had gone to receive him. She was to have left it immediately after him, and he had not been able to find the police agent soon enough to secure the arrest. The two men blamed one another for this failure. Possibly they both hesitated to act. As several necessary papers were not at hand during this conference, the Duchesse de Berry, who entirely trusted Deutz, had promised to see him again two days later. He was to be taken to the spot where she kept the papers, and where she was in residence for the time. Deutz said he had advised her to leave the country, and had found her recalcitrant. She wished to remain in la Vendée to profit by the quarrel with Holland, which she hoped would end in a general conflagration and a European crusade against revolutionary France. Deutz still asserted that if he could induce her to consent to retreat, he would help her with all his might and would not betray her. In any case, either because he feared some personal danger or objected to see the performance of the evil action that he was meditating, he steadily insisted that the men commissioned to

arrest the Princess should not appear while he was with her.

This delay of two days inspired us with some hopes which were the better founded, as M. Thiers concluded his narrative by saying that if in the interval she decided to leave the country, she would not be prevented. M. Pasquier and I exchanged glances of satisfaction. I was entirely persuaded that the departure of the Duchesse de Berry would contribute more to the peace of the country than her arrest. The Cabinet could have come before the Chambers with no less credit, and with far less embarrassment for the future. I also knew of the great consolation which this outcome would bring to the Queen, and it was pleasant to me to think that I might perhaps have contributed to it. These hopes were not of long duration. On the morning of November 8¹ I received a note from M. Pasquier saying :

“The work is accomplished ; she has been arrested ; at least no blows have been struck, so one danger is over. Heaven grant that we may escape the rest.”

Such news spread rapidly in Paris. I was too busy with my own reflections to remember if it made any sensation, but I do not think so. The same evening some Deputies, MM. Rémusat,² Piscatory, and also M. Duchâtel,³ who had not yet completed his education in the art of government, came to sing their songs of triumph in my rooms. They found but little sympathy with me, and treated my despondency and anxiety as the outcome of inveterate prejudice, against which in any case I am not careful to defend myself. In this situation, as in many others, I was unable to satisfy anybody ; the Legitimists blamed me for the delight which they supposed me to feel, and the Liberals for the despondency which they saw me manifest.

¹ The arrest of the Duchesse de Berry took place on November 7, 1832.

² François Marie Charles, Comte de Rémusat (1797-1875). Deputy after 1830 ; Under Secretary of State in 1836 ; Minister in 1840 ; Member of the Academy of Moral and Political Science in 1842, and of the French Academy in 1846 ; Deputy in 1848 ; Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1871.

³ Charles Marie Tanneguy, Comte Duchâtel (1803-1867). Member of the Council of State in 1830 ; Deputy in 1833 ; in succession Minister of Agriculture (1834), of Finance (1836), and of the Interior (1839.)

The *Moniteur* of the next day¹ confirmed the news. I went to see the Queen, thinking that it would be some relief to her to be able to speak freely with the certainty that she could not compromise herself. She was profoundly thankful that no accident had occurred in the course of the arrest.

"With hot-headed people like Caroline, you know, my dear, there is so much to be feared," and then she repeated continually: "She would have it—she would have it; it is not the King's fault, she would have it."

I asked her whether the boat on which the Princess was to be embarked could not take her to Trieste rather than to Blaye, if it were insisted that she should promise to join King Charles X. in Bohemia.

"Ah, my good friend, you can imagine how much we wish it, but they will not. They say it is impossible. They have made me promise not to interfere in this business. Every one is against me. The King has eventually been forced to consent to the arrest and the confinement. You know how long he refused. If she had only been willing to profit by those six months of waiting when he was the master, and to go away. I understand how impossible it is to leave her in France, if she should seem to be staying here in defiance of the government; but to what violent extremities things have come."

The poor Queen again began to weep. She confirmed my supposition that the King was opposed to any kind of trial, and was resolved to confine action to political detention, which could be modified, prolonged or cut short if political reasons should arise. Even so, this plan presented an almost inextricable series of difficulties in a country such as ours, where discussion and passion are paramount and where the opposition will make use of any weapons.

The same evening I was destined to see a significant change in events. Despatches from Nantes had brought details of the arrest. M. Thiers, an extremely impression-

¹ The *Moniteur* of November 10.

able character, was moved by the sufferings of the Princess, touched by her courage, surprised by the tone of grandeur with which she had given orders, and was full of enthusiasm for his unfortunate prisoner, forgetting his outbursts of previous days against the mad woman and the guilty folly which had desired to profit by the scourge of cholera, and add the ravages of civil war with its fire and sword to those of the plague, for the desolation of France. He saw in Marie Caroline only the daughter of queens subjected to great and romantic misfortunes which were borne with constancy and magnanimity.

"I admit, gentlemen," he said, "that Mme. de Boigne is right. Royal personages, as she has said, are a species by themselves."

And I saw that one phrase, perfectly natural in my own society, had wounded the sensitive skin of this upstart.

When Deutz had been brought into the presence of the Duchesse de Berry, she received him with a friendly kindness which must have seemed sheer cruelty to this wretch. After speaking of his mission, reading and signing the papers concerned with the business with which they were dealing, she told him that she had been informed that she had been betrayed and sold by some person in whom she had complete confidence.

"And perhaps by you, my dear Deutz. . . . I am only joking. . . . You need not attempt to defend yourself . . . but when I remember how you strove to persuade me to depart the day before yesterday notwithstanding the good news which you brought, I thought that you also might have some reason for sharing these fears. Do you know anything?"

Deutz trembled to the depths of his cowardly heart. He stammered some words, cut the interview short, rushed into the street and said to the detective, "I have just left her. She is in the house. You will find her at the table." He then gave a brief account to the prefect of the interview from which he had come, explained where the papers would be found, ran to his inn, jumped into a carriage which

was ready and came back to Paris without waiting to learn the results of his treachery. Search had to be made for him to give him his reward. He did not stipulate for a reward or lay claim to one, but he accepted it. This may seem strange and yet it is none the less accurate. Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. The authorities did not entirely trust Deutz and the Prefect had neglected no precautions. Orders had been given that he was to be followed and an eye kept upon the house to which he went, so that no one could escape.¹ Hence everything was ready. Scarcely three minutes elapsed between his exit and the entry of the armed force. The appearance of the room when they entered it confirmed the truth of the report given by Deutz. Traces were visible of the presence of the Duchesse de Berry; a table was laid for five people, but Mlle. du Guigny, the mistress of the house, appeared alone and denied that any one was staying with her. She said that the table had been laid for some guests who were probably prevented from coming by the appearance of the troops. It was impossible to gain any admission from her. A letter warning the Princess of her danger was lying open on the mantelpiece over the fire, before which the invisible ink had been brought out. She had been warned in time, but no one can escape his destiny. Vain attempts were made to bribe or to intimidate the members of the household; masters and servants all refused. Several hours' search produced no result, and did not even bring to light the papers mentioned by Deutz, though several hiding-places were discovered. The searchers were reduced to the conclusion that some passage of communication within the walls by way of the cellars or the roofs gave egress from the house; but the whole quarter, isolated by four intersecting streets, was strictly guarded. No one could leave without undergoing a careful examination, and the Princess, whose presence in the quarter was known, could not escape eventual capture.

Such was the first despatch, written by M. Maurice

¹ Mlle. du Guigny, with whom the Duchesse de Berry had found a refuge since June 10, resided at No. 3, Rue du Château, at Nantes.

Duval, on leaving the house of Mlle. du Guigny, where he had spent the greater part of the night. At the moment of sealing it, he added, "I have been sent for; I have the satisfaction of informing you that the Duchesse has been arrested. I am sending off my messenger and going to her." The second report, which arrived during the same evening when M. Thiers was relating these events, contained the following details.

When the officers retired for a short period of rest, they placed sentinels throughout the house. Two gendarmes who had been posted in a little room with a sky-light opening upon the roof, feeling extremely cold, observed a fireplace in the corner of the room: the room was full of old newspapers, including an enormous pile of numbers of *La Mode*, a miserable publication patronised and supported by the Duchesse de Berry; they proposed to make use of these to warm themselves, piled them up in the fireplace and set a light to them. A few minutes afterwards, while they were squatting before the fire thawing their fingers, they thought they heard an unusual noise at the back of the fireplace; soon vigorous blows were struck. They called their officers, the blazing papers were speedily withdrawn, and the back of the fireplace, yielding to the mutual efforts of the besiegers and the besieged, turned on its hinges.

"You may abandon your search. I am the Duchesse de Berry," said a woman stepping out of the fireplace without help, and then calmly seating herself in a chair, while the sentinels hastened to help another woman and two men who were half suffocated from their burning hiding-place. These three persons were a Mlle. de Kersabiec, a passionate Vendéen, who had been in attendance on the Princess for four months, the Comte de Mesnard and M. Guibourg, a lawyer who assumed the title of chancellor to the Regent. A detective hastily arriving, desired to draw up a report concerning the Duchesse de Berry. She merely replied to him, "Fetch the general in command; I will only speak to him." She asked for a glass of water, and politely thanked the gendarme who brought it. No complaints, and not a word of the

sufferings to which she had just been exposed, escaped her. Her companions in distress, on the other hand, were not silent on this subject. The scorched hair of the Princess, her face and hands blackened with smoke, and her skirt partially burnt were the only evidence of the torture she had undergone, for she seemed to be in her ordinary frame of mind. When the general arrived, she said :

“Come here, general ; I surrender to you. I put myself under the protection of military loyalty. I recommend these gentlemen and this lady to your care. If any one is guilty, it is I ; they have done nothing but obey my orders. I do not mean to be separated from them. Can I remain in this house ? ”

The general, I think it was Dermoncourt,¹ who was much more agitated than the Princess, replied that rooms had been prepared in the Château.

“Well, then, let us go ; and explain that we should like some broth : we have eaten nothing for twenty-four hours.”

She approached the Comte de Mesnard, who seemed to be overwhelmed, and encouraged him to follow her with calm and gentle words, and ordered the gendarmes to support him. The other two prisoners had recovered their strength and could walk alone.

The Princess herself took the general's arm as if she was according him a favour, and as though an ordinary walk was contemplated. She made no vain attempt to speak to members of the household, to give instructions, or to claim her effects or papers ; nothing, in short, which could expose her to a refusal. When she reached the threshold and saw the crowd in the street, she stopped for a moment, and retreating a step said :

“General, I must not be insulted ; that is your affair.”

“You may be quite at ease, Madame.”

“I trust to you.”

The road was lined with soldiers. She crossed it with a firm step and bearing, talking freely with her military escort

¹ Baron Dermoncourt, Field Marshal, and in command of the Department of the Loire Inférieure.

but refusing any answer to the Prefect who arrived at the moment of her departure. When she reached the Château she gave orders for the comfort of her companions in misfortune, with special attention to M. de Mesnard, who seemed very ill, in a tone of some authority. Then she asked permission to lie down. She was taken to her room with Mlle. de Kersabiec, and came out a moment afterwards under pretext of requesting that the doctor who had been summoned to the Comte de Mesnard should come and make his report to her. The detective, accustomed to watch all gestures, noticed that a tiny paper ball had passed from the Princess's hand to that of the lawyer Guibourg. The desire to get possession of it suggested the idea of searching the prisoners as soon as Marie Caroline had withdrawn. The paper found upon M. Guibourg contained these words in pencil :

“Insist above all upon not being separated from me.”

This incident, which was published at the time and repeated with exaggerations, strengthened the rumour already widely spread, that a love intrigue was in progress between the Princess and the lawyer. I would not venture to assert that there was no truth in this gossip. But M. Guibourg was an outlaw with a warrant for his arrest upon a capital charge. The Duchesse de Berry thought that she would be a protection to those about her, and this idea is enough to explain the transmission of the note.

She took some soup, drank a glass of Bordeaux, slept peacefully for a few hours, and rose for dinner in a state of calm which was obviously not assumed. M. Maurice Duval himself, though greatly hurt by the behaviour of the Princess towards him, spoke of her bearing with admiration. The generals were touched by it and the Minister was enthusiastic.

Apart from the reports of the authorities of Nantes, when M. Thiers came to me he was armed with the decision of the council which removed the Duchesse de Berry from the jurisdiction of the courts and made her position a political affair, concerning which the Chambers would have to

decide. The document was well drawn up. He wished to show it to M. Pasquier and to consult him about the manner of its publication. After a long discussion, they resolved upon an official article in the *Moniteur* bearing the title neither of ordinance, nor of declaration, emphasising the precedents laid down by the banishment of the Bourbon family and of the Bonapartes. The article would establish the principle that the Princes and Princesses of proscribed families, being outside the common law, could neither claim its benefits nor undergo its severities. Their fate henceforward would be decided arbitrarily according to the requirements of political interests. M. Pasquier again insisted that the Princess should be deported as soon as possible. "You will only be master of her fate," he repeated, "and protected from the obstacles which the blind or malevolent zeal of secondary magistrates may raise, when she has left Nantes." M. Thiers adopted this idea and shared the same anxieties. He had therefore given and renewed orders for immediate embarkation, though preparations to assure the safety and the convenience of the voyage delayed this measure in spite of his efforts. The Princess demanded a period of delay in view of the state of health of the Comte de Mesnard, but Thiers, much to his regret in view of the situation, had positively refused. As the question concerning the Duchesse de Berry was not to be complicated by involving in her fate others who had compromised themselves in the courts, it was resolved to hand her companions over to their natural judges. M. Guibourg was sent back to the spot where his case had already been begun; Mlle. de Kersabiec accompanied the Princess to Blaye, and was then immediately taken back to Nantes. On the first day after the arrest M. Maurice Duval had warned Thiers that he might be able to seize MM. de Bourmont, de Charette, and several of their most active coadjutors; they were known to be hidden in the houses near that which had been occupied by Marie Caroline. Deutz had seen the Marshal; if the quarter were carefully isolated, they could certainly be caught; but the Minister had as much on his hands as

he wanted in view of his appearance at the opening of the session and was not anxious to increase his embarrassments. The more arrests that were made of people in the same predicament as the Duchesse de Berry, the more difficult it would be to withdraw her from the common law, for her presence would be demanded as the chief person accused by every court into which these cases were taken.

Considered from a distance and at a time when animosity has grown calm, it seems that nothing was simpler or easier than the step adopted by the Government, but at this moment, when the love of equality had almost reached the point of intoxication, a firm will, much courage and even audacity were required to proclaim that Marie Caroline as a princess was not amenable to the common law. Moreover, it was necessary to have recourse to the argument which I have already mentioned, that she was placed beyond the law by the proscription pronounced against her in 1830. When M. Thiers came to this decision, he was well aware that he would have to meet the fury of the opposition and the discontent of many of his own followers. At the same time insurmountable obstacles might arise at Nantes at any moment, and in fear of this possibility it was resolved that the article agreed upon should not be inserted in the *Moniteur* until the Princess was known to be on her voyage to Blaye.¹

I asked M. Thiers quietly if the rumour that he had communicated to me, concerning the condition of the Duchesse de Berry was confirmed. He replied loudly: "There is not a word of truth in it; on the contrary, she is thin, slender, and very active. The rumour, however, came to us from people who should have been well-informed, but it is only some evil-minded gossip of her good friends." If the Duchesse de Berry disdained to speak of the suffering she had borne during the seventeen hours she had spent in

¹ The *Moniteur* of November 11 announced that the Princess would not be brought to trial, and that the Chambers would resolve that measures should be taken to prevent any detriment to the results of the Revolution of 1830. The *Moniteur* of November 15 reproduced an article of the *Débats* discussing the reasons for this decision.

the chimney, her companions were quite ready to expatiate upon the martyrdom undergone by four persons so closely squeezed together that they could not stir, and exposed to the wind and the frost from which a latticed roof was poor protection. However, they endured these sufferings. What made their situation unbearable was the thick and choking smoke from the printed papers. The hiding-place was not cut off from the chimney up to the roof; it was immediately filled with smoke and the unfortunate occupants were almost suffocated. Then the further torture of excessive heat began and the Duchesse de Berry's dress caught fire; the Comte de Mesnard had already proposed surrender on hearing orders given to the two gendarmes not to leave the room on any pretext, as he then understood that all exits were guarded. Next, without asking for permission, which was obstinately refused, he gave the first kick against the back of the fireplace which attracted the attention of the gendarmes. When his decision could not be recalled the Duchesse de Berry reproached him in no way and behaved herself as we have seen.

I do not recollect any incident concerning her embarkation. She was taken on board the *Capricieuse*, a schooner in the State service, as a carefully guarded prisoner, but with the respect due to her rank and extorted by the great courage with which she had borne her sufferings. Her arrest aroused no demonstrations in Brittany or la Vendée. She showed keen regret on hearing that M. Guibourg was to stay at Nantes and seemed much affected at leaving him. Otherwise, her calmness together with a kind of gaiety and complete lack of concern, remained unshaken. As M. de Mesnard's zeal gave him strength, he insisted on following her. In the minds of all the authorities at Nantes she roused a sense of admiration and sympathy which was soon communicated to their superiors at Paris. However, it went no further and did not affect the public. The first desire of all was tranquillity.

At the council M. Guizot generously supported these measures and proposed that the *Capricieuse* should be sent

to Trieste, but M. Guizot had only recently come into power through the obstinacy of the Duc de Broglie. His opinion had no great weight with his colleagues and they resolved upon confinement at Blaye with a unanimity which he supported. I was none the less very grateful to him at the time and showed it plainly. Perhaps my approbation was more than he deserved. He had easily discovered the secret wishes of the King, and from that time he was accustomed to support the Monarch's ideas, to make them his own, and to clothe them in magnificent language. This is both the origin and the explanation of the favour which he is bound to enjoy in increasing measure.

In the hiding-place where the Duchesse de Berry had taken refuge, two leather saddle-bags were found which Deutz said enclosed the most important papers. They were strapped together and followed her wherever she went, upon the neck of her horse or the shoulders of a guide. If *extrême* measures had been desired there was sufficient material to have brought disaster and proscription into a multitude of houses, but no use was made of the letters. Correspondence was found from Mmes. de Chastellux and de Bauffremont advising the Duchesse de Berry to come to Paris and offering to conceal her. I do not know if they heard of this discovery. The bags also contained documents defending the wild enterprise of a disembarkation in France. Numerous correspondents stated that one hundred thousand men in the south and two hundred thousand in the west were armed and organised and ready to rise at the first signal. Moreover, the arrival of "Madame" would call into being legions innumerable throughout the realm.

The most reasonable correspondents, while representing that the country was in "a vexatious state of quietness," agreed that the presence of the Princess would no doubt rouse great enthusiasm and might inflame these inert masses to action. To these appeals we may add the fact that the Duchesse de Berry had constantly heard reproaches uttered against the Princes of the house of Bourbon for their failure to join in the work of la Vendée. Then perhaps her adven-

turous mind may be pardoned for believing that her disembarkation at Marseilles and her incursion into la Vendée were acts of heroism. It is at least certain that at Nantes she bore the reverses of her fortune and the fall of her hopes with royal dignity. There was at that time a cabinet of real and serious importance which kept its promise to the Duc d'Orléans. No sooner had the Duchesse de Berry been arrested than the Prince, accompanied by his brother, the Duc de Nemours, made his way to the army which was crossing the frontier.¹ I do not propose to follow the story of the siege of Antwerp, where he began the brilliant career which he owed as much to his personal distinction as to his high rank, and where he won all hearts by his valour, his graciousness and his affability.

¹ After an insurrection at Brussels on August 25, 1830, and a victory over the Dutch troops on September 25, Belgium had recovered her independence and had separated from the Netherlands. She had at first elected the Duc de Nemours as King; then, as Louis Philippe refused his assent, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. A conference which met at London sanctioned these acts, and established the neutrality of Belgium by the treaty of the twenty-four articles on October 15 and 30, and November 15, 1831. As Holland refused to adhere to the treaty and her adherence was demanded by France and England, a French army, under the orders of Marshal Gérard, which had already intervened to secure the retirement of the Dutch in 1831, laid siege to Antwerp on November 15, 1832, while an Anglo-French fleet blocked the Scheldt at the same time (November 8). On August 8 the King of the Belgians, Leopold I., had married the Princess Louise d'Orléans, the eldest daughter of King Louis Philippe I.

CHAPTER VII

M. de Chateaubriand abandons the idea of settling in Switzerland
—The Duchesse de Berry at Blaye—The wardrobe of the Princess
—Subscription in the Faubourg Saint Germain—Opening of the
Chambers—Attempt upon the King's life—Discussion upon the
Address—M. Berryer—The capture of Antwerp—Negotiations for
sending a Lady of Honour to Blaye—Note from M. Pasquier—
General Bugeaud

No one, not excepting M. Thiers or even M. Maurice Duval, felt a keener satisfaction at the arrest of the Duchesse de Berry than M. de Chateaubriand. His dream of a settlement at Lugano had vanished upon closer examination. The free press from which he hoped to derive such splendid results for his cause, and especially for his personal reputation, was discovered to be subject to the caprice of a council of small tradesmen appointed by a mob which intimated its desires with volleys of stones. Any one would run a good chance of being stoned in some Swiss riot who settled at Lugano with the object of conducting a Legitimist policy. Deprived also of the daily tributes of praise liberally furnished by the little circle in which he spent his life exclusively when in Paris, M. de Chateaubriand was overcome with boredom and could find no excuse for returning in view of the pompous farewells publicly addressed to his fatherland. It was useless for him to strike attitudes under the cloak of a voluntary exile, for few people noticed him. The citizens of Geneva considered that any one might think himself very lucky to be at Geneva, and would not sympathise with troubles which they did not understand. In this embarrassment M. de Chateaubriand welcomed the arrest effected at Nantes as a star of safety. Fresh duties

laid upon him a fresh line of conduct, and spared him such small ridicule as might have arisen from too rapid a change of tone. Forgetting his indignation with the Princess, he jumped into a postchaise and hastened to Paris to bring her help. On the road he pondered the text of a pamphlet, which appeared immediately afterwards.

A note from Mme. Récamier announced his return to me and his anxiety to see me at her house. Thither I went. I found them in conversation. He was reading to her a manuscript originally intended to be printed at Lugano, but which he had remodelled to suit the new situation and intended to publish immediately. At my request he continued to read. After an eloquent hymn of praise to the maternal virtues of the intrepid Marie Caroline recited with emotion, he came to certain phrases, admirably well written, upon the Dauphine. His voice was broken and his face wet with tears. I had not forgotten the terms "Edinburgh relic hunter" and "Italian rope dancer" which I had heard him apply so recently to these Princesses, and I was strangely astonished by this sight. However, M. de Chateaubriand was as sincere at that moment as before, but he possesses the faculty of rapidly changing his impressions, which is nowadays admitted to be the basis of genius. An artist in every respect, he grew excited over his own work, and the tribute of his tears was really offered to the pathos of his own words. I do not quote this contrast to criticise, but because my recollections of it are vivid, and men of such indisputable distinction as M. de Chateaubriand deserve closer observation than is bestowed upon ordinary people. He had been anxious for me to call as he wished to commission me to procure his admission to the Château de Blaye. As a member of the council of the Duchesse de Berry, he wished for a conference with the accused: so much according to him was his right; and he also demanded full liberty to correspond with those in charge of the affairs of her children of whom she was a guardian. Without sharing his opinion, I undertook the message. The answer was in the negative; from a legal point of view his presence at

Blaye was useless, as no legal proceedings against the Princess were to be taken, and the Government was not foolish enough to send him as a political adviser; nor for the same reasons would the Government authorise the very unrestricted correspondence demanded by M. de Chateaubriand; but letters already opened, upon business or family affairs, would be scrupulously placed in his hands. I cannot describe the fury of M. de Chateaubriand when I communicated this answer, the nature of which might easily have been foreseen. I was surprised at his wrath and Mme. Récamier was horror-stricken; but I must say that his anger fell principally upon the "wretch" who had not been clever enough to meet death, and at least provide her party with one martyr, and whose absurdities had merely succeeded in demonstrating her weakness and preparing the success of her antagonists, a success ostentatiously crowned with pretended moderation. Obviously the measures adopted by the Government with regard to Marie Caroline were strangely unpleasant to her party, and this fact somewhat reconciled me to her treatment.

We knew that she had arrived at Blaye on November 15 in fairly good health,¹ in spite of a stormy and even a dangerous crossing, in which she showed her usual intrepidity, arousing the admiration of the soldiers and winning the heart of Colonel Chousserie.² He had accompanied her from Nantes and remained in charge of her at Blaye, where he took command of the fortress, while the *Capricieuse* and other small vessels lay in the river. The rooms of the Duchesse de Berry were sufficiently large and well furnished, and every trouble was taken to satisfy her wishes except upon the one point which she must have most desired, her liberty. Though the Queen had been induced to promise that she would not further interfere with her fate, she was constantly contriving to procure for her every relief com-

¹ The *Moniteur* of November 18, 1832: "The arrival of the Duchesse de Berry at Blaye on the 15th inst., at seven o'clock in the evening, has been reported to the Government."

² Colonel Chousserie commanded the Sixth Legion of the Gendarmerie at Angers. a

patible with her position. M. Thiers was ordered to send to Blaye books, music, a piano, together with dresses and other trifles necessary for her toilet and her habits, which her aunt well knew. These were provided by the Paris tradesmen who were accustomed to serve her. However, the little sanhedrin of ladies in the Faubourg Saint Germain loudly lamented the fact that the Duchesse de Berry had been removed without luggage of any kind and offered to provide a wardrobe for her by subscription. Mme. de Chastellux was deputed to see me that I might obtain from M. Thiers permission to send these presents. I was glad to be able to inform her that full provision in this respect had already been made. The illustrious prisoner wanted for nothing, as I knew better than any one from the fact that I had been consulted in the matter. This, however, was not enough for a party which supported existence by foolish acts. The patronesses desired a subscription list which would make some stir. They resolved that the Princess ought not to wear clothes provided by her persecutors, and I undertook to secure the transmission to Blaye of the garments which they proposed to provide. With great difficulty I obtained permission, and for three months the Legitimist salons talked of nothing but this present. Every one added some small sample of whole-hearted zeal and devotion to her offering, but all this took a certain time, during which the recluse was forced to wear the shirts of Nessus which had aroused such fears on her behalf.

In passing we may add that the Princess did not seem to share the scruples of these devoted persons. When she left Blaye she carried away with her not only the effects intended for her personal use, but also the most handsome furniture in her apartments, saying that she would find none so well made at Palermo. The offering from the ladies of the Faubourg Saint Germain, as will be understood, was subjected to strict examination. A prayer book with unusually wide margins attracted the attention of those who were accustomed to conduct examinations of this kind: it was a

gift from Mme. de Chastellux; as a matter of fact many pages were covered with writing in invisible ink with assurances of eternal fidelity, advice upon her future conduct, hopes of a change in the near future, &c. The most important point was the intimation that all pecuniary promises that might be made by the Duchesse de Berry to buy over the guardians about her, whether to recover her liberty, or to arrange communication with the outer world, would be immediately paid. M. Thiers came to tell me of this discovery and seemed somewhat vexed at my perseverance in securing the accomplishment of an enterprise which seemed to me, I admit, entirely insignificant, and the refusal of which would have raised a cry of persecution. I was somewhat disconcerted by the incident of the book. Fortunately M. Thiers had no desire to complicate the matter and cared nothing for the conspiracies of these ladies. He recovered his self-command and kept silence about the discovery. I do not think that Mme. de Chastellux ever heard of it; at any rate I never told her.

However, the opening of the Chambers had taken place and my predictions of misfortune were justified. A shot was fired at the King.¹ This was the beginning of a detestable series of attempts at assassination. Bergeron, who escaped, was at last arrested, brought to trial, and acquitted of the crime of which he has since publicly boasted. He professed Republican ideas, but the further course of events showed him to be a character too venal to resist the kind of temptation which the Carlist party could use, and the party was greatly exasperated at that moment. In any case, after the discussion upon the address, M. Thiers had been obliged to defend his predecessor, M. de Montalivet, against the opposition of the Left, for the failure to arrest the Duchesse de Berry, and to defend himself against the opposition of the Right, for her imprisonment. M. Berryer, who had recovered from his terror on observing the obvious forbearance of the Government, uttered a violent outburst upon the theme that the individual liberty of the French citizen had been

¹ November 19, 1832.

violated in his own person, in consequence of the atrocious measures necessitated by proclaiming a state of martial law. He had the audacity to criticise the arbitrary confinement of the Duchesse de Berry, whom despotism claimed to withdraw from the jurisdiction of the courts. M. Thiers made a triumphant reply to all arguments and secured a large majority. It is, moreover, quite possible that in the interests of party politics or with the idea of making himself famous by an eloquent defence which offered no danger to himself at the moment, M. Berryer really desired the scandal of a lawsuit. The wish which he expressed, at any rate, was enough to rouse the opposition of the great majority of the Deputies. The capture of Antwerp which took place before the end of the year¹ consolidated the Cabinet and gave it that strength by which it maintained its position until the moment of disruption arrived. This, however, is a matter of history. I return to my own department, which is gossip.

The absence of Mlle. de Kersabiec left the Duchesse de Berry with no lady-in-waiting. To appoint her to the post seemed to be an aggravation of her captivity. The Queen was much troubled by this circumstance, when the Duchesse de Reggio, wife of Marshal Oudinot and lady of honour to the Duchesse de Berry, applied for permission to rejoin the Princess. Nothing could have been more desirable. To much common sense Mme. de Reggio added an exquisite sense of propriety and would have maintained full dignity in the life of the Princess. She was well aware of the fact, and therefore she refused to receive the Marshal's wife.² She nominated Mlle. de Montaigne, whose family raised difficulties; Mme. de Gourgue³ came forward in turn and was rejected. The Duchesse de Berry and the Comtesse Juste de Noailles, her lady-in-waiting, mutually and simultaneously declined association of any kind. Negotiations had reached this point, the Queen anxiously desiring to see a suitable

¹ December 23, 1832.

² See vol. ii. p. 196-197.

³ *Almanac Royal* of 1830. Household of the Duchesse de Berry: Marquise de Gourgue, Lady-in-Waiting. Comtesse d'Hautefort, *id.*

lady in attendance on her niece while not venturing to take any open action in the matter, and the Princess being wholly indifferent upon this subject, when I received a letter from the Comtesse d'Hautefort, then at her residence at Anjou, asking me in the name of her old friendship to beg the Queen to send her to Blaye. She undertook to take no part in any intrigue, to maintain no correspondence with the outer world, and to receive no callers. She simply desired to devote her efforts to the relief of the long hours of captivity suffered by the Princess whose lady she was, and would be eternally grateful to me if I could obtain this favour for her. I immediately replied that I fully understood and appreciated her sentiments and her desires: that it was not in the Queen's power to grant her request, but that her letter would be laid before those who could decide the matter. I then spoke of it to M. Thiers: I told him, what I still think, that Mme. d'Hautefort was too noble a person to break a promise; moreover, she would necessarily be subjected to the system of supervision in existence at Blaye, and M. Thiers, if he really desired, as he told me, to show every care and attention to his august captive, ought himself to be glad of a witness, honest if hostile, who could affirm the reality of his intentions. The letter was read in the council and it was resolved to propose Mme. d'Hautefort to the Duchesse de Berry, and to inform her at the same time of the refusal of Mlle. de Montaigne. She gave a cold consent, and I was instructed to inform Mme. d'Hautefort that the gates of the Citadel would be open to her if she went there directly without passing through Paris. She replied with a hymn of gratitude and set off at once.

I regret that I never preserved this correspondence, which would certainly be somewhat interesting, but I did not consider at that moment that Mme. d'Hautefort and myself were making chronicles, if not history. I was only actuated by the hope of obliging and serving the Duchesse de Berry and the certainty of pleasing the Queen. I have reason to believe that the Comtesse d'Hautefort was herself received at Blaye as coldly as her offers of service had been, and that

she was greatly hurt in consequence. Application was also made to me to secure from M. Thiers permission to send a chambermaid greatly desired by the Duchesse de Berry. The incident of the prayer book had made him distrustful of my requests and I found him réfractory. However, after pointing out the advantages which I believed would accrue from surrounding the Duchesse de Berry with her own servants, who could testify to the kindness of her treatment, I succeeded in gaining his consent on condition of keeping it secret and even of communicating a refusal. Some days afterwards he wrote to me to send Mme. Hansler¹ to him, and to give her no opportunity of speaking to any one. One of my servants went to fetch her and took her to the Ministry, where he left her. M. Thiers told her that if she wished to go to Blaye, she would have to start at once. After some hesitation and numerous objections, she gave way. She was put into a postchaise, which was waiting, and set off under the escort of a detective. She obtained permission to go to her house to get her personal effects, which were inspected by her travelling companion. I did not expect such a rapid deportation, although M. Thiers had expressed his intention of isolating her from the influence of the clique which was sending her. This clique, in fact, desired to inspire Mme. Hansler with their doctrines and had reserved their most important recommendations for the last moment; consequently this unexpected departure caused great disappointment and exposed me to their vexation as though it had been my fault.² The services that I had been able to render in this case brought down upon me as usual the hostility of the Henry V. party with redoubled force. I was blackguarded in their newspapers and they spread the delightful rumour that I was going to marry M. Thiers. I did not stoop so low as to take any notice of this foolishness, and they did not succeed in disturbing my equanimity. All parties are ungrateful, and especially that

¹ Household of the Duchesse de Berry : Mme. Hansler, Maid. (*Almanac Royal*, 1830.)

² See in the Appendix the letters of M. Thiers on this point.

which calls itself the one honourable party. Meanwhile, the object which I desired had been attained, for amid all these outcries of hatred, anger, and vengeance, no one ventured to assert that the fugitive of Blaye was not treated with the respect due to her rank.

Hardly was the Duchesse de Berry under lock and key than M. Pasquier busied himself with the means of opening her prison. Under the circumstances, he saw that the only possibility was a general amnesty, in which she would be included, and the interests of the Government, even more than those of the Princess, decided him to urge this step in a note to the King. The Courts of Blois, Nantes, Rennes, Aix, Montauban, &c., were to be called to try the accomplices of Marie Caroline, and would certainly demand her presence; to refuse them would be obviously difficult. There was reason to fear, as indeed happened, that the absence of the chief defendant would secure the acquittal of all incriminated. Now these acquittals, though purely the consequence of legal fiction, would be used by the Legitimist party in support of a national war-cry. The voice of the jury would be at once proclaimed as the voice of the country. On the other hand, if an amnesty were proclaimed, a procedure justified by the view that the civil war had been overcome and the west pacified by the departure and dispersion of its leaders, this danger would be avoided, while the best and most generous attitude would be adopted. Moreover, added M. Pasquier, if this opportunity were not taken, when would it be possible to end a captivity which would always be a source of trouble and uneasiness to the Royal Family? Such termination could not take place when the acquittal of the other persons had given a sort of indemnity to the Duchesse de Berry and when no favourable circumstances could be anticipated. This note, which was read in the Council, met with little approbation. Less accustomed to the scruples of the magistracy, the Ministers would not admit the possibility that the accomplices of the Princess, men so obviously and palpably guilty, could be acquitted. Possibly also the fact that M. Thiers had known M. Pasquier's extreme reluctance to

agree to the arrest of the Duchesse de Berry made him suspect some personal prejudice in this case and attach less importance to his opinion. Moreover, the presentation of petitions, some asking that the Princess should be brought to trial, others that she should be set free, had given the Ministry the opportunity of obtaining from the Chambers a vote approving the measures which it had adopted.

The Assize Court of Montauban, where the passengers and the crew of the *Carlo Alberto* were to be tried, required the presence of the Comte de Mesnard, who had to leave Blaye. The Duchesse de Berry made no objections to his departure, but was greatly vexed to see him replaced by the Comte de Brissac, her knight of honour. The latter was a pious and extremely strict character, and by no means congenial to the Princess, who had not been consulted upon the proposal that he should replace M. de Mesnard. She received him even more coldly than she had welcomed Mme. d'Hauteforte. All her preference at that time was for M. Chousserie, Colonel of the Gendarmerie, who had accompanied her from Nantes, where he had helped in her arrest, and was in command at Blaye. Long conversations for hours together went on between them, to such an extent that the witnesses were astounded and sometimes scandalised. Colonel Chousserie afterwards related that he was entirely in her confidence concerning her condition, and had undertaken to secure the concealment of the child. He said that the difficulty of concealing this incident from M. de Mesnard caused her great perplexity, and for this reason she had been well pleased to see his departure. However, the arrival of M. de Brissac must have tempered her delight. When M. Thiers heard of the daily increasing intimacy between the commander and the prisoner, he became anxious and resolved to make a change. He consulted M. Pasquier before me upon the advisability of replacing him by one of our mutual friends, General de Lascours, brother-in-law of the Duc de Broglie. Our unanimous outcries of astonishment warned M. Thiers that there were objections to such an appointment, which he regarded as a favour. M. de

Lascours would certainly have refused such an unpleasant commission. We were greatly astonished to hear that the post was accepted by General Bugeaud,¹ a Deputy of some influence, a good officer, a man of honour and sense, and sufficiently thick-skinned not to feel the distasteful side of his commission.

¹ Thomas, Robert Bugeaud de la Piconnerie, Duc d'Isly (1784-1849). Sub-Lieutenant in 1806 ; supported the Bourbons in 1814 ; rejoined Napoleon during the Hundred Days, and devoted his time to agriculture during the Restoration ; was recalled to office in 1830 ; became a Deputy in 1831 ; commander in Africa in 1836 ; Governor-General of Algiers in 1840 ; Marshal of France in 1843 ; Duc d'Isly in 1844, and joined the Prince President in 1848.

CHAPTER VIII

Health of the Duchesse de Berry—Doctors Orfila and Auvity are sent to Blaye—Early rumours—The French Knights—Doctor Dubois is sent—Indignation of the Carlists—Pamphlet by M. de Chateaubriand — The Duchesse de Berry announces a secret marriage—Dinner at the house of M. de Werther—The Queen's grief — The Duchesse de Berry and General Bugeaud — The Princess asks for Doctor Deneux—Ouvrard and Mme. du Cayla—M. de Lucchesi—Mme. de Châtenay and Mme. de Colbert—Birth of a young Princess

For some time Colonel Chousserie had reported that the Princess was far from well. The letters of Mme. d'Hautefort and of M. de Brissac spoke of an obstinate cough, and said that she was growing very thin. She did not complain, but her strength diminished. The Cabinet became uneasy, and M. Pasquier made all the capital he could out of their fears, the more so as he shared them. In a fresh note to the King he recalled the fact that her mother, the Archduchess Clémentine, had died of consumption a short time after the birth of the Duchesse de Berry. He pointed out that the fatigues of an adventurous life, which must have exposed the Princess to the severity of the weather, had probably developed the germs of this hereditary disease. He emphasised the dangerous effect that would be produced by her death within the walls of Blaye. Contemporaries would assert, and posterity would believe, that her life had been there sacrificed. This note gave rise to a discussion in the council, in consequence of which two Parisian doctors, Orfila¹ and Auvity, were sent to Blaye. Their official report

¹ Mathieu Joseph Bonaventure Orfila (1787-1853). Doctor in 1811; famous chemist; Court Doctor to Louis XVIII. in 1816 and Professor of Forensic Medicine in 1819, of Chemistry in 1823; Dean of the Faculty from 1831-1848; President of the Academy of Medicine in 1851.

which appeared in the *Moniteur*¹ was satisfactory as regards the Princess's lungs, and the sanitary conditions of the place of her confinement. The confidential reports expressed the idea that the birth of a child might shortly be expected. However, the Princess had avoided an examination which would have confirmed their suspicions. This was the first suspicion that the Government had of the fact, for, as we have seen, the suspicions entertained by M. Thiers before the arrest of the Duchesse de Berry had been entirely dissipated. As a matter of fact, her condition in October was such that it could have been known only to her most intimate confidants. Dr. G—— of Bordeaux had been called in to see the Princess by Colonel Chousserie. He was known to hold very advanced Carlist opinions. Probably he was in their confidence, and would have been ready to help at the right moment.

This unfortunate secret, hitherto enclosed within the walls of Blaye, was speedily noised abroad. I do not know the source of the revelations, but the smaller newspapers began a series of witticisms, at which the partisans of the Princess took very reasonable offence. A considerable number of duels were the result. A legion of "French Knights" was enrolled to defend the virtue of Marie Caroline before and against everything. One of my cousins, Comte Charles d'Osmond, fought with the editor of the *Corsaire*. This mania spread to the provinces and duelling went on everywhere. The Government and the leaders of the several parties were obliged to interpose and put a stop to this bloodshed.

The report of Dr. Orfila on the one hand and the letters from Blaye on the other, which continually reported the condition of the Duchesse de Berry as far from satisfactory, decided the authorities to send other doctors. The outcries of the Carlists were violent and insulting at the disgrace of including among the doctors M. Dubois,² a very clever

¹ The *Moniteur* of February 5, 1833.

² Baron Antoine Dubois (1756-1837). Professor of the School of Health and military doctor; took part in the expedition to Egypt in 1798; Professor at the Maternity Hospital, and a well-known obstetric doctor.

physician, but well known as having attended the Empress Marie Louise at her confinement. Their outcries were the more violent as they had themselves been misled by their own agents. Dr. G——, who had been added to the commission from Paris, was in the secret of the Princess's condition, but through a misunderstanding of the answers given by her and her chambermaid, Mme. Hansler, whom he was unable to question in private, he thought the danger for some reason or other was passed, and on his return to Bordeaux he asserted that the rumours concerning the Duchesse de Berry were entirely false and wholly calumnious. On this assurance M. Ravez, an intimate friend of the doctor, published a ridiculous protest, in which he staked his head upon the virtues of "Madame." The whole party recovered its sense of security and became more furious than ever.

The Duc de Laval, the Duc de Fitz-James, and the Comte de La Ferronnays, wrote from Naples asking for permission to take the place of the Duchesse de Berry "in her cell" and to act as hostages. For what they were to be hostages they did not explain. I was reminded that before going to spend the winter at Naples, where the colony of French malcontents led an agreeable and joyful life, dancing and acting plays, the Duc de Laval said to me, "Make no mistake, my dear friend, you are entering upon a heroic age." Every one was playing at being some character in a historical novel, the more zealously as no danger was involved. Sir Walter Scott had brought chivalry into fashion again, together with mediæval furniture, and their attempts in both cases were wretched imitations. The letters of Mme. d'Hautefort became more embarrassed, less explicit, and yet betrayed profound uneasiness. However, the Carlist party relied upon the words of Dr. G—— and felt no fear. The Government, on the other hand, fully informed by the other doctors and by the reports of General Bugeaud, had practically no doubt of the Princess's condition.

M. de Chateaubriand's pamphlet, of which I had heard some passages read in manuscript, "Memoir on the Captivity

of the Duchesse de Berry," had made a considerable sensation and given rise to noisy demonstrations, and the authorities had been obliged to seize the copies. The concluding phrase, "Madame, your son is my king," had become a watchword for the party. A certain number of young men came and shouted it in the courtyard of M. de Chateaubriand's house and repeated it as a toast during the banquets at which the health of the heroine of Nantes was drunk. The Carlist newspapers gave exaggerated accounts of these events, and the authorities, though reluctant, were obliged to take measures against acts so openly hostile to the established Government. M. de Chateaubriand was acquitted, from respect to his name, after a clever, dignified and moderate speech upon his part, and after a very bombastic speech in his defence by M. Berryer, in which the lawyer was far more obvious than the statesman. But this triumph was cruelly embittered, for the same day the *Moniteur* contained a declaration from the Duchesse de Berry that she had contracted a secret marriage.¹ No one was deceived and her party was astounded.

I remember that the evening before I had been a guest at a great dinner given by the Baron de Werther, the Prussian Minister. There were some forty people present, most of them sufficiently well informed to have heard the news which the Government had received at the end of the morning, but no one wished to be the first to speak of it. I do not think ten words were exchanged before we sat down to table. A feeling of general shame and sadness seemed to prevail in the room. During dinner every one whispered to his neighbour and when they left the table people came up asking one another, without further explanation, "Whether it would really be in the *Moniteur* the next day." Public feeling was disgusted, for every one interpreted the marriage as an excuse for the birth, but the Duchesse de Berry had insisted upon this publicity. Our consternation, real as it was, could not be compared with that of the Queen. I saw her in the morning and found her overwhelmed. Grieved as a parent,

¹ The *Moniteur* of February 26, 1833.

she felt that a blow had also been dealt at her as Queen, as Princess, as lady and as woman. She clasped her hands and bowed her head. Her surprise was also mingled with vexation; neither the Ministers nor the King had ventured to communicate their suspicions to her. Accustomed to the infamous observations of the newspapers, she had paid no serious attention to them, and a few days previously, when the Duc d'Orléans had ventured an allusion to the subject, his usually indulgent mother had treated him with great severity. The blow was thus quite unforeseen.

I ventured to express my surprise and regret that the Duchesse de Berry had not confided in her.

"Ah, my dear, why did she not? They might have said what they liked, but nothing would have prevented me from going to look after her myself, if they had not wished to shield her from this disgrace. After all, she is my brother's daughter, and it is not that I care so greatly about Blaye. But the poor Dauphine, so pure, so noble, so sensitive to honour! What a grief to see her unhappiness thus stained. I can feel all that she is suffering, my heart bleeds for her, and yet I dare not speak."

The Queen wept bitterly. She was under no delusion on the subject of this marriage. However, I know that in spite of the promise she had given to interfere no further in the affairs of the Duchesse de Berry, she tried to use this declaration, which legally nullified all claims to the Regency, as an argument for immediately opening the gates of Blaye; but the Queen had against her the Cabinet and the Duc d'Orléans; further, I am sorry to add, Mme. Adélaïde, and even the King, who had been won over at last, and she could do nothing. I saw that she was both vexed and despondent. In vain was it repeated to her that as soon as the Duchesse de Berry was set at liberty she would deny her apocryphal marriage and pretend that her declaration had been extorted from her by violence: would assert that the rumours of her condition had been invented, circulated and approved by the Tuileries, and stigmatise them as infamous fables: would then retire to a secrecy for her confinement which would

deceive no one, and enjoy the support of her party. Finally, any attempts to protect the Princess's honour, which could no longer be saved, would compromise the honour of the King and of the French Government. All this was possible, though, in my opinion, unnecessary. The Queen, who was accustomed to yield, gave way, but not without a struggle, and for a long time remained very despondent.

I return to Blaye. As may be understood, I am necessarily reduced to conjecture, but I have reason to believe that a misunderstanding existed between the Princess and her confidants, as communications could not be either frequent or easy, and perhaps not very explicit. She thought she had been advised to make her declaration as public as possible, whereas she had been told to regard it as a secret revelation, to be made only in extreme necessity. The Carlists have asserted and maintained that she had admitted her condition to the Queen, whose assistance she had demanded before making her declaration of marriage. That is entirely false from every point of view, as I have just shown. The Duchesse de Berry attached no great importance to her position, and she would have thought it very incompatible with her ideas of honour to ask the protection of the Queen.

I have often been astonished, in view of the fact that the disgrace of such a position frequently drives a maidservant to drown herself in preference to revealing her secret, that the Duchesse de Berry did not throw herself over the ramparts of Blaye, on which she daily walked, for no one can deny that her courage was above the average, and her religious views would certainly have been no obstacle to such an act. In this way she would have bequeathed to her political party the memory of a noble victim calling for vengeance and have inflicted upon her enemies an irreparable loss. She would have been a prominent figure both in the hearts of her children and for the graving tool of the historian, for no one would have dared to incur the odium of explaining the real motive of her despair. I think the simple fact was that she had not realised the enormity of her fall. She attached no importance to chastity, and this was not her

first mistake of the kind. She thought Princesses beyond the pale of ordinary laws in this respect, and never considered that the incident might influence her political existence to a serious extent. She had even persuaded herself that by announcing a marriage of some kind she might open the doors of her prison; and doubtless proposed to deny as a fable that which she was prepared to excuse as a military stratagem.

In any case, one day when General Bugeaud, whom she was steadily flattering at that time, came in to pay her his daily respects, she threw herself unexpectedly into his arms, burst into tears, and cried through her sobs, "I am married, father, I am married." The General succeeded in calming her, and then this personage, who had shown herself so noble and dignified at Nantes, went to the length of playing at Blaye a regular game of dumb-crambo. She seemed to be on the point of revealing the name of this beloved husband, and yet continually to be checked by the fear of displeasing him if she gave his name without his permission. She intimated that it was a perfectly suitable alliance; further reticence seemed to imply that it was of a political character; then, when she saw that she was going too far, she would return to the question of her passionate and irresistible love. Bugeaud, at bottom a good-hearted man, had been at first deeply moved, but these prevarications forbade him to believe her statements, and he perceived that the scene had been premeditated. However, when the Princess asked to be allowed to declare her marriage, on condition that it should be immediately inserted in the *Moniteur*, he replied that the husband's name was indispensable to authenticate the statement. To this demand she returned an obstinate refusal. The poor woman would have had much trouble in furnishing a name, for this fictitious husband has never yet been discovered. The Duchesse de Berry requested M. Bugeaud to inform Mme. d'Hautefort and M. de Brissac of her sad secret. Was this a means of removing responsibility from them, or had she actually kept silence in their case hitherto? I cannot say, but they showed rather vexation than surprise. It is •

certain that at the same time M. de Mesnard, speaking at Montauban, where the *Carlo Alberto* trial still obliged him to remain, used language which precluded the idea that he was aware of the Duchesse de Berry's condition, and the declaration of marriage threw him into despair.

As the Princess was disappointed in her hopes of being set at liberty, and as the Government announced their proposal to allow her confinement to take place at Blaye, she seems to have complained bitterly to her confidants of the bad advice that had been given her, but she made no further secret of her condition, and soon sent for Deneux,¹ her regular attendant. She continued to converse with General Bugeaud, with whom she had adopted the greatest intimacy, upon the merits of her husband and of her love for him: although he knew in his heart of hearts that she was laughing at what she supposed to be his credulity, the condescension of the great is so fascinating that he was won over.

While the first act of this comedy was in progress at Blaye, the second was preparing at The Hague. A liking for intrigue and for money, equally strong in either case, had brought M. Ouvrard and Mme. du Cayla into very close intimacy. They were in attendance upon King William as the agents of the Duchesse de Berry. Ouvrard was attempting to negotiate the loan, proposals for which had been revealed by Deutz, and Mme. du Cayla was attempting to exert upon the old King of Holland the influence aforesaid exerted on Louis XVIII. I do not know whether she was commissioned to find a husband for Marie Caroline, or whether she assumed the responsibility, but it is certain that the credit is hers. M. de Ruffo, son of the Prince of Castalcala, the Ambassador from Naples to Paris, was passing through The Hague at that moment. All his family and he himself were strongly attached to the Duchesse de Berry. Young Ruffo had shown her attention at Massa. The Comtesse du Cayla, in view of the terms of the declaration made at Blaye, regarded him as a possible husband, and in

¹ Louis Charles Deneux (1767-1846).

a long conversation she used all her cleverest insinuations to induce M. de Ruffo to accept the post. She certainly succeeded in making him understand her meaning. No sooner had he returned to his inn than he packed up, ordered horses, and the next day the disappointed diplomatist learnt that he was fleeing from The Hague at full speed.

However, time was pressing. Far from regarding the declaration of Blaye as a stratagem, King Charles X. insisted that the brother of his grandchildren should have a declared and existing father. In his anger he did not spare the mother with his offensive epithets. The Dauphine was overwhelmed with despair upon the news of the publication of this family disgrace; she had long known of her sister-in-law's lack of restraint, but she felt this historical scandal none the less keenly. She also demanded a marriage. It was therefore impossible to retreat, and without undue circumspection Mme. du Cayla discovered an attaché at the Naples Embassy, a handsome young man of high birth, but a debauchee overwhelmed with debt. Such as he was, Count Lucchesi¹ had obviously been at The Hague for eighteen months, and had never been twenty-four hours absent; all the European ambassadors accredited to Holland could certify the fact. Mme. du Cayla, however, did not delay for these secondary considerations. She spoke eloquently to M. de Lucchesi concerning such admirable devotion to the sister of his Sovereign that posterity would never be able to praise him enough, that altars would be raised to him, and so on. Then came Ouvrard with the irresistible arguments of Don Basile and a hundred thousand crowns, which decided Hector de Lucchesi-Palli, son of the Prince of Campofranco, to place his name at the disposal of the intriguers who had bought him, for at that moment his character was an afterthought.

¹ Count Hector of Lucchesi-Palli (1805-1864). Son of the Prince of Campofranco, Viceroy of Sicily, High Chancellor of the Realm of the Two Sicilies. He was an Attaché to the Embassies of Brazil, Spain, and was afterwards on special service at The Hague. He was made Duc Della Grazia.

The Carlist party, at first overwhelmed by the fall of their heroine, had not been deceived by the terms of the declaration, and had not attempted to interpret it otherwise than we had done, but gradually recovering their spirits, they attempted to make a mystery of what was only too clear. Some asserted that it was a stratagem invented by the Princess, others flatly denied it, and others said that she had been forced to make it by outward pressure, but all agreed in assuming that the revelation had been extorted from her by what they called moral torture. A thousand stories were in circulation upon the subject, but it is certain that her act was entirely spontaneous. No one was more surprised than General Bugeaud, except the Ministry. The Duchesse de Berry herself never denied it at any time. I think that if she had expected to obtain the same clandestine assistance from M. Bugeaud that M. Chousserie had promised, she would have preferred him, though this remains doubtful. I have seen fine ladies constantly maintain that they would have steadily refused to make any admission, and would have cried continuously, "It is a foul invention of my executioners"; but such effrontery is more easily imagined than performed. Besides, the Duchesse de Berry, as I have said, thought no particular shame of an event which was not new to her and for which precedence could be found in her own family. Moreover, she meant that proper care should be taken of her, evidence of which is her own forethought in summoning Deneux. For this purpose an order from her hand was necessary, and with this object she would no doubt have resolved to confide her condition to General Bugeaud, as she had done to Colonel Chousserie in the last resort; but I have reason to believe, as I have said before, that advice from without, which she failed to understand, induced her to insist upon the public declaration, of which a copy had been sent to her, but which was really intended to remain buried within the walls of Blaye with the gloomy secret which they contained.

None of the most earnest partisans of the Princess seriously believed in this pretended marriage, or thought of appealing

to it as an excuse; while it deprived Marie Caroline of every possible chance of the Regency, it ended her political existence, and vexed her partisans still more than her condition, which they had again begun to deny, though they entirely believed it. Their view was that those who were capable of publishing it, could very well have invented it. When it was pointed out to them that the declaration merely mentioned marriage, they cried with more than their usual sincerity, "Marriage indeed!"

One day Mme. de Châtenay came into my house with a smile.

"I have just seen Mme. de Colbert," she said, "at the corner of your street. You know that though we were friends in our youth, she always objects to me for my bad opinions. To-day she stopped me and said: 'I hope, my dear, that you are not one of those who believe this abominable invention concerning the Duchesse de Berry.'

"Upon my word I should very much like not to believe it, but as she admits it herself, what can be done? She is said to have sent for Deneux."

"It is a lie, it is horrible. It is your dreadful Government that says that.' While she thus went on pouring out invectives against the King, Ministers, the Royal Family and all their adherents, and while I was anxiously waiting for a moment's respite to get away, a carriage passed with M. de Mesnard, who bowed to us. Mme. de Colbert went off at a tangent and cried: 'The wretch, the scoundrel, I should like to strangle him myself,' and turning upon me she said: 'It is his fault.'

"I see that you believe the story and that you know more about it than I do, my dear."

"Mme. de Colbert, somewhat out of countenance, wished me good-day; we parted at your door. And that," said Mme. de Châtenay, "is the reason of my amusement."

Mme. de Colbert was not devoid of common sense, but she was a hot-headed woman and fairly typical of the extravagances of her period.

I do not know how the Duchesse de Berry was informed of her pretended husband's name; she certainly had means of

underground correspondence. Hence, on May 10, 1838, at her orders, in her presence and before official witnesses, M. Deneux brought forward a child of the female sex, born in lawful wedlock of Marie Caroline, Duchesse de Berry, and of Hector, Count of Lucchesi-Palli, Prince of Campofranco. This was the first revelation of the name. The Princess had kept the secret, and those about her, as well as her devoted followers, did not learn it before it was made public. Inquiries were made, and soon the simultaneous laughter of Europe greeted the proclamation that the father was a man who had not left The Hague for two years. Probably the Duchesse de Berry was unaware of this circumstance ; in any case, she pretended to be highly satisfied with her choice. When she was told of the sex of her child she said : " I am very glad ; my good Lucchesi was very anxious for a girl ; he will be greatly pleased."

Mme. d'Hautefort and M. de Brissac refused to sign the report drawn up in their presence. The Princess was extremely angry with them. In any case she had been on bad terms with them for a long time. When they shut themselves up at Blaye with her they thought their course would be devoted to the relief of nobility in distress, and did not hide their vexation, which was increased by the careless behaviour of the Princess and her strange familiarity with the officers of the little garrison of the Château. However, Mme. d'Hautefort agreed to write certain letters at the dictation of the Duchesse de Berry, announcing the birth of the little Rosalie, and representing the house of Lucchesi-Palli as so illustrious and Count Hector as so distinguished personally that all the honour of the alliance really lay with the daughter of kings. This tactless proceeding increased the amusement of the malevolent and the sadness of those who were anxious to throw a veil over this deplorable incident.

CHAPTER IX

Charles X. declines to receive the Duchesse de Berry—The King of Naples offers her a refuge in Sicily—The Princess de Bauffremont—M. de Mesnard returns to Blaye—The Duchesse de Berry is set at liberty—Discomfiture of General Bugeaud—Remark of M. de Chateaubriand—The attitude of the Carlist party—The mistake of the Government—Charles X. demands proof of the secret marriage—Mme. Lucchesi Palli is excluded from the Royal Family—The dignity of Count Lucchesi—Letter from the commander of the *Actéon*—The arrival of the Princess in Sicily

AT Blaye all efforts were directed to accelerating the recovery of the Princess. The promise had been made that she should be taken to Sicily as soon as her health allowed. The first idea had been to take her to Trieste, but King Charles X. absolutely refused to receive her. It therefore became more convenient to put her in the hands of her brother, and negotiations for this purpose were laid before him. He would not have her at Naples, but was willing to receive her in Sicily. Mme. d'Hautefort and M. de Brissac pretended that their own business would not permit them to accompany her. Of this she took but little heed. She had not yet realised how low she had fallen, and again asked for Mlle. de Montaigne, promising to keep her with her. The lady on this occasion agreed with her family in refusing. The Duchesse de Berry, whose correspondence was now under no restraint, applied to the Princess Théodore de Bauffremont,¹ asking her to come to Palermo for the festival of Saint Rosalie, of which she had so often spoken to her. Mme. de Bauffremont

¹ Théodore Paul Alexandre Demetrius, Prince de Bauffremont, born at Madrid in 1793; major, aide-de-camp to the Duc de Berry and to the Duc de Bordeaux; lieutenant-colonel of cavalry in 1824. Married Mlle. de Montmorency, daughter of the Duc and Duchesse née Matignon. (See *Mémoires de la Duchesse de Gontaut*, p. 195.)

hesitated to comply with a request couched in such strange terms. However, she had been so much to the front in all this political intrigue, and her own reputation was so firmly established, that she consented upon two conditions: her husband was to come with her, and far from stopping at Palermo, the Duchesse de Berry would join them in proceeding directly to Bohemia.

M. de Mesnard, who had been acquitted by the jury of Montauban, as had all the passengers of the *Carlo Alberto*, and whom we have just seen at liberty in the streets of Paris, took the place of M. de Brissac at Blaye. Mme. d'Hautefort, who was a very good woman at bottom, showed much interest in the little Rosalie, in spite of her vexation at the incident, and her mother doted on her. The scene changed on the arrival of Mme. de Bauffremont, who regarded the infant with scorn and would not look at her. M. de Mesnard did not hide his own repulsion, and the Duchesse de Berry showed less interest. The curious part of the adventure is that poor Mme. d'Hautefort had been treated with the utmost ill-feeling by the whole of the Carlist party. In her own province of Anjou almost every door was closed against her, and the following winter she was frank enough to tell me through a common friend that she dared not come to my house lest her presence should confirm the rumour that she had been sold to the Government. In spite of the strange part that she made us play, this seemed to me so absurd that I could not be angry with it. I do not know what the particular charge against her was, but no invention was too ridiculous for the hot-heads of the Carlist party.

On June 8, 1833, the Duchesse de Berry embarked on the frigate *Agathe* with her daughter, the Prince and Princess Théodore de Bauffremont, and the Comte de Mesnard. General Bugeaud consented to accompany her at her earnest entreaty. He wrote to Paris saying that he could not refuse this mark of friendship, in view of the filial affection which she showed for him. He was good-natured enough to believe in it, but his mistake was not of long duration. As soon as the coast was far enough out of sight to make all chance of

return impossible, the Princess changed her attitude, and when they reached the roadstead of Palermo she did not deign to take leave of him on the vessel or invite him to come and see her on land. Bugeaud had innocently taken literally the protestations of Marie Caroline that she looked upon him as a father. He was hurt and angered by her treatment of him on the voyage, which he had undertaken purely out of zeal for her. He sent letters here full of sentimental lamentations concerning the ingratitude of the Duchesse de Berry which were often extremely amusing. He must have been very ignorant of Princes, of the great, and of the world in general, to believe in the sincerity of the flatteries with which he was overwhelmed at Blaye, and it must also be admitted that the Duchesse de Berry had no reason for surrounding herself with witnesses of the mournful period which she had spent at Blaye. Her cheerfulness, moreover, never failed for a moment during the voyage. Her chief pre-occupation was the fear of missing the festival of Saint Rosalie at Palermo; she had seen it in her childhood, and preserved a vivid recollection of it. Her affection for the little Rosalie steadily decreased, and the child was entirely set aside when the father who had been invented for her, and whom the Duchesse de Berry did not expect to find in Sicily, appeared on board the *Agathe*. The poor child, scorned by every one, died a short time afterwards at Livorno at the house of a banker, where it had been left as an inconvenient and compromising piece of luggage.

I do not know whether the name of the real father will remain a historical mystery; at all events it is unknown to me. Must we conclude, as M. de Chateaubriand replied to me one day when I questioned him on the subject:

“How do you suppose any one can tell what she does not know herself?”

A regular satellite of the Princess, Mme. de Chastellux, who has well earned the title, in her first outburst of anger against her, used almost the same language. “Imagine, my dear,” she said, “that she had the incredible audacity to call this wretched child the child of la Vendée, and in a sense

she is right," she added in a lower tone. When the first outbreak of fury had died away, word was sent round and the Carlist party with wonderful unanimity proceeded to award the sad honour of this paternity to M. de Mesnard; the earlier connection which he was supposed to have had with the Princess made this version, I know not for what reason, less bitter to the Carlists. Charles X. seemed to believe it, as he showed a great objection to the Comte de Mesnard and obstinately refused to receive him, which, be it said, was a piece of tactlessness, after he had already professed to recognise the authenticity of the marriage. In Brittany no one believed in M. de Mesnard; the most generally received opinion pointed to the lawyer Guibourg. Of two men, equally likely to be well informed, one mentioned to me M. de Charette, the other the son of Marshal Bourmont. Perhaps time will reveal the shameful secret. Hitherto no one has claimed this undesirable notoriety.

The departure from France of the Duchesse de Berry was a great relief to every one. Her own party no longer fixed their hopes on Blaye, and supporters of the Government had been constantly expecting some catastrophe. Her departure was immediately followed by the removal of martial law from the provinces of the west. This amounted to an amnesty, but as it occurred after the courts had acquitted the prisoners by simultaneous decrees, the Government gained no gratitude and their action was rather regarded as a sign of weakness. I may be wrong, but I still think that the deportation of the Duchesse de Berry to Bohemia immediately after her arrest and the declaration of an amnesty at the same time would have placed the new throne upon a better footing. Undoubtedly the Duchesse de Berry would have remained a party leader for some excited imaginations and for a certain number of intriguers. At the same time the extent of her power had been manifested under circumstances most favourable to her. It was not formidable, and the forbearance of the Government and the generosity of the King would have won over many people who were only seeking some pretext to remain neutral. It was known that King

Charles X. and the Dauphine were by no means inclined to encourage the enterprise of the Duchesse de Berry. Once at Prague, and her arrival there could easily have been secured, she would again have become dependent upon them and obliged to be more cautious in her behaviour. It must be recognised, moreover, that the previsions of the most sagacious have their limits. It was impossible to imagine that the captive would so persistently play the game of her enemies; but, I repeat, if the authorities had received assurance, they would have been wiser, in my opinion, not to run the risk. For the small advantage of destroying a petticoat leader, whose weakness, moreover, was fully demonstrated by the course of events, they laid up a store of hatred and legitimate reproach for the persons of the Royal Family. In an age when lack of respect for persons and things is a chief governmental difficulty, they preferred to drag a Princess in the mud who should have been protected from the insults of the vulgar in view of her rank and her many brilliant qualities. It has been repeated with some appearance of truth that royal families have displayed without shame shortcomings which middle-class families are careful to hide, and that political hatred in their hearts can overcome all family ties and all social affection. Such proceedings may have been attempted formerly without risk, when only the great nobles had the right to speak to the people; but at the present time, when their conduct comes under the blaze of publicity, and when the public is inclined to put the worst construction upon their acts, their public and private life must be marked by the uprightness, the modesty, and the sense of shame required of private individuals. I therefore persist in my belief that no one gained anything from the sad drama of Blaye, not even those who seemed to have triumphed.

Mme. du Cayla's task had not been finished. Not only had King Charles X. desired the production of a husband, but he also wanted some proof that the marriage had taken place at the proper time. Mme. du Cayla went to Italy for that purpose, and was enabled, by the confusion in which the

civil registers were kept, to obtain a forged marriage certificate in a little village in the Duchy of Modena. Everybody knew that M. de Lucchesi was in Holland on the date stated on this document. Charles X. either did not know the fact, or it suited him to shut his eyes to it. He declared himself satisfied, and consented to receive M. and Mme. de Lucchesi Palli when he was assured that they were regularly united. The King wished to fetter his daughter-in-law to this husband who brought her political career to an end and deprived her of all rights of guardianship over her children. This by no means suited the Princess: she wished to retain her name, her rank, and even her claims to the Regency, though Charles X. had never at any time admitted these latter, for she never understood how far she had fallen in public opinion. Dissensions in the exiled family involved long negotiations, in which M. de La Ferronnays and M. de Chateaubriand were unsuccessfully employed. It is not my purpose to enter into details, of which I am, moreover, but ill informed. Charles X. long persisted in referring to the Princess as Mme. de Lucchesi. She would not accept this position, and contented herself by showing that she had settled down to married life, by producing an infant annually for public inspection.

At length, by the intercession of the Dauphine, the King relented. The Duchesse de Berry was permitted to spend a few days with the family, but she ceased to be a member of it.¹ It should be noted as an extraordinary event that

¹ On November 27, 1835, M. de Sainte Aulaire, French Ambassador at Vienna, wrote to Mme. de Boigne: "The Duchesse de Berry has just been confined of a daughter. She was *enceinte* at Ischl and by no means beautiful. She lived there in great style and eventually borrowed money. The Swedish Minister was a constant visitor at her house. One day she told him that his master was an adventurer: he replied, 'Your Royal Highness should be well informed on that subject.' A delightful retort." On May 7, 1836: "Charles X. will settle this autumn at Goritz; he is less inclined than ever to receive a visit from the Duchesse de Berry."

Then on May 29, 1837: "The Duchesse d'Angoulême arrived yesterday evening, after spending a week with the Duchesse de Berry in a residence in upper Austria. The Duc d'Angoulême and de Bordeaux have gone again directly to Kirchburg, a château of the Duc de Blacas, where the whole family will pass the summer. The Duchesse de Berry remains provisionally at Gratz and they seem less than ever inclined to accept any of her overtures." (Unedited correspondence.)

could never have been predicted, that this husband, improvised by the intrigues of Mme. du Cayla, bought in hard cash by M. Ouvrard, showing no reluctance to accept so humiliating a position, and likely for several reasons to turn out a blackguard, actually proved himself a straightforward man of good feeling, full of concern for his wife, tactful in his relations with her and with others, and of much natural dignity. Taking everything into account, he deserves and obtains real esteem.

I cannot better conclude this narrative than with a letter which Admiral de Rigny allowed me to copy at the time. I give it in its entirety to preserve its character of frankness and truth :¹

ACTÉON, TOULON ROADSTEAD,
July 11, 1833.

“You doubtless know, my dear Coster,² that I have been sent to Palermo. I have drawn up an official report, but have been unable to insert certain small details outside of my commission. I had thought of sending them privately to the Admiral, but fearing that this liberty might displease him, I have decided to communicate them to you, asking you to inform him if you think it advisable.

“On my arrival at Palermo I made inquiries concerning the approaching landing of the Duchesse de Berry. In the evening I was presented to her brother, Prince Leopold, Lieutenant-General of Sicily and the Prince of Campofranco, Prime Minister. I saw several other people, and eventually recognised that this event made no great sensation in the country. They are accustomed there to the delinquencies of Princes and Princesses, and, as immorality is general, no one is astonished that a Royal Highness should have a child by an unknown father. I say an unknown father; as a matter of fact, Hector de Lucchesi, a handsome young man, arrived at Palermo about July 1. He came from Naples and The Hague, where he was living on intimate terms with Mme. du Cayla. The position of father and husband had been offered

¹ Letter from Nonay, the captain of the corvette.

² M. Coster, harbour superintendent to the Admiralty.

to three or four young Neapolitan or Sicilian princes. M. Ouvrard, with his usual arguments, was able to overcome the scruples of Count Hector, who accepted full responsibility.

"The people of Palermo were chiefly anxious to know how young Hector would arrange matters with the old Princess of . . . whose intimacy he had enjoyed at Madrid when he was Secretary to the Embassy. She is a very jealous woman, and it is supposed that she may cause some scene with the Duchesse de Berry for taking away her favourite lover. In any case the whole affair attracts little attention at Palermo. Every one is preparing for the expensive festival in honour of Saint Rosalie, patron saint of Sicily, which is to last from the 11th to the 15th of July, and no one has any doubt that the heroine of Nantes will take an active share.

"As soon as the *Agathe* appeared I went on board¹ and spent the whole day there; as I had only to wait for Turpin's² orders, I could easily observe the part played by each individual on this historic day. On my arrival I was introduced to the Princess by Turpin. She was very kind, cheerful, and even anxious to please. I offered her and the royal persons about her my services in the name of France. Her health is perfect; she told me that she had suffered at first from sea-sickness, but that to-day she was better than ever. During the day she spoke to me several times with a cheerfulness and freedom which astonished me under the circumstances. During the voyage she went out of her way to make herself popular with the crew, and showed some coldness to General Bugeaud, whom she calls her gaoler. I noticed that this latter, a good and honest soldier, did not show the politeness and courtesy which the officers and the captain of the *Agathe* observed in their relations with the deported persons. It is true that his position at Blaye necessitated a degree of supervision which seems oppressive and becomes unnecessary on board ship; hence the aversion of the Duchesse, who found a great difference in her treatment in the fortress and on board. At the same time

¹ The Duchesse de Berry arrived at Palermo on July 5, 1833.

² The captain in command of the *Agathe*.

General Bugeaud has a strong dislike for the Duchesse, whom he calls an ungrateful woman, and I think to some extent for the crew, who, according to him, had been too obsequious to the heroine of Nantes.

"I never saw the mother kiss her child once, or trouble about it at all. She was in the highest spirits at recovering her liberty, and delighted to arrive in time for the festival of Saint Rosalie, which she greatly feared she might miss. The little girl is strong and well, and always in the arms of a nurse or maid. During the crossing the mother paid her little attention. The child resembles her, and she herself has not grown more beautiful; she is thin, dark, and by no means attractive.

"I shall say nothing about her suite, which includes the little Princess de Bauffremont, a bundle of affectations, with her husband, tall, cold, and entirely ordinary; at Court he is known as Prince Toto. Special mention, however, should be made of M. de Mesnard, in view of his attitude since the appearance of Count Lucchesi. In his face may be read jealousy, scorn, and resignation: his nose was scarlet, which is said to be an indication of anger in his case, but as a practised courtier this is the only trace he showed of his feelings. They say that during the crossing his behaviour to the Duchesse showed the embarrassment of a rejected lover who has exchanged the pleasures of love for the importance and influence of an old friend.

"About two o'clock Count Lucchesi came on board in evening dress, in a ferry-boat and alone. He asked to see the Duchesse, and mentioned his name. He was immediately taken to her, and they were left alone. The conversation must have been curious.¹ The little girl was on deck, but she was not sent for. An hour afterwards the married pair came on deck, arm-in-arm. The little girl was not there; nothing was said about her, nor did the supposed father pay the least attention to her. I carefully noticed this incident,

¹ Count Lucchesi was not absolutely unknown to the Duchesse de Berry. He had been presented at the court of France in 1828 or 1829, and had received a kindly welcome from the Princess as a Sicilian lord. (Note by Mme de Boigne.)

which is of importance in these circumstances. I also noticed that the loyal followers treated the husband somewhat carelessly. I should now give you a description of him: he is about five feet six in height, handsome, dark and sufficiently portly for the post he has accepted. His intelligence is limited and by no means cultivated, though he speaks several languages. He is well known at Palermo as a lady-killer. He was Secretary to the Embassy at Madrid, where he lived with the Ambassador's wife, and at 'The Hague, where he lived with another old woman; so he has finally confirmed his taste for old women by fixing on the Princess. When he came on deck with his wife on his arm they both looked very embarrassed. It was a scene for a clever painter—curiosity on every face, and low feelings veiled by the politeness of Court manners.

“M. de Mesnard's nose immediately turned red; his whiskers, moustache, and the white beard that he has allowed to grow made him a strange figure. He looked like a white cock preparing for battle; his scorn, vexation, and anger were perfectly obvious; when he spoke to the preferred lover his face was smiling; but he assumed another aspect as soon as he thought Hector was not looking. I paid special attention to the father, as I was anxious to see whether he would trouble about the little girl. When I pointed out this incident to General Bugeaud he recalled the mother's words after her confinement, ‘How glad my dear Lucchesi will be, he wanted a girl so much.’

“Prince Leopold, the brother of the Duchesse, and Lieutenant-General of Sicily, did not come on board to see her; he sent Admiral Almagro to compliment her and accompany her to the land. The *Agathe* was surrounded by at least a hundred and fifty boats, great and small, full of curious spectators and musicians, who all spoke, shouted, sang, and played at the same time, making such an uproar that one could hardly hear oneself speak on board the corvette.

“I have not yet mentioned M. Deneux, the faithful doctor, whom the Duchesse overwhelmed with her marks of attention at Blaye, and whom she would not look at on board. When

she disembarked she did not ask him to come and see her on shore, nor did she invite M. Mesnière, the young doctor. Both were deeply hurt, the more so as she showed every consideration to others and she is under some obligation to them. When General Bugeaud came to say farewell, she could not avoid telling him that she esteemed his character and recognised that he had performed his difficult task moderately and politely. At last, about half-past four, she embarked in Turpin's boat: he gave her his arm, the officers drawn up in line saluted, and twenty-one guns were fired as the flags were hoisted. In the first boat, in the following order, were the Duchesse, M. and Mme. de Bauffremont, M. de Mesnard, and Count Lucchesi; observe that the husband entered last and that the little girl waited for the servants' boat. I could not help feeling an interest in this child and her abandonment by her real mother and her supposed father, and I put careful questions to the chief actors to try and draw some conclusion. My suspicions fall on Deutz and M. Guibourg, and General Bugeaud is of this opinion. The whole population of Palermo was on the quays. As soon as she arrived, a boat took a letter to General Bugeaud from Prince Campo-franco, the Prime Minister and father of Lucchesi, formally stating that the Duchesse de Berry and her daughter had disembarked at Palermo in perfect health.

“Such is the end of this affair, which has lasted for fourteen months and has irritated men's minds. It is little known to the masses, who received all the contradictory narratives and conjectures that have purposely been spread abroad and accredited by the chief actors in order to hide the truth, which is no longer obscure to me. The Duchesse de Berry still speaks of her hope of returning to France, and of her intention then to reward those who show any interest in her. She gave twenty days' pay to the crew of the *Agathe*, a sum amounting to about 2500 francs; she showed herself very gracious to the officers when they took leave of her. She has said and announced that afterwards, when she is in France, she will properly reward the staff and the crew of the corvette. In all this she has shown herself grateful, for no one can do

things better than Turpin. He has shown her all the respect and attention which misfortune deserves, while carefully observing the proprieties of his position. For instance, he refused to dine with the Duchesse because he had heard that she would not invite General Bugeaud, and he overwhelmed him with the most distinguished care and attention. Do not imagine that my old friendship for Turpin has blinded me; I would say so much, even if he were not my friend. I love my friends, but I am neither blind nor dumb to their failings and faults; moreover, I am writing what is almost history, and ought therefore to preserve the truth, as you know that I always do.

“One further anecdote. A few days after the departure from Blaye, General Bugeaud’s cap fell into the sea. The Duchess said to him, ‘General, if your cap were carried back to Mme. Bugeaud, she would think you were drowned.’

“‘No matter,’ replied the General, ‘a widow, Madame, can always find handsome fellows to console her.’

“It is almost certain that the Duchesse will go to Prague before long. It is said that upon this condition alone did MM. de Mesnard and de Bauffremont consent to accompany her. This is a statement to impress the party and nothing more, for the observations of these gentlemen have shown that they are not disinclined to support the existing order of things. The former, M. de Mesnard, said to General Bugeaud that the elder branch had dropped the crown, and that Louis Philippe had merely picked it up.

“‘Yes,’ replied the General, ‘but we put it on his head, and we shall be able to fight to keep it there.’ A somewhat military remark, but it must be admitted truthful and well timed.¹

“Such, my dear M. Coster, were the chief events of my voyage to Palermo, which has provided me with many materials for my memoirs. The Consul would like to have a warship constantly here and at Naples, Messina, Catania, &c. He believes and asserts that it would be useful for

¹ General Bugeaud was appointed military commander in Paris at the time of the Revolution of 1848.

commercial and political purposes, but this is out of my scope. The *Actéon* is certainly a fine ship; an additional fifteen men are required to work her; she is a fine sailer, speedy and safe; in short I am enchanted with her and quite ready for anything.

“I trust you are in good health. Give my remembrances to all our mutual friends, and believe me,

“Your old and devoted friend,

“E. NONAY.”

FESTIVITIES AT FONTAINEBLEAU 1834

I

The situation in 1834—The Royal Family at Châtenay—Arrival at Fontainebleau—Entertainment and supper—Inspection of the Château under the King's guidance—The young Duc d'Aumale—Mental suffering of the Queen—The weight of usurpation—Drive in the forest in relays—The great trellis—Melchior de Polignac

I HAD been invited to join the first excursion of the Court to Fontainebleau in 1834, and retain the most delightful recollections of it. It was a kind of oasis in the middle of these seven years of public and private disasters which have assailed me since the July Revolution.

Revolution had died away, assassination had not yet been born, and the terrors of the cholera had been forgotten. The King flattered himself that he had recovered his popularity with the energy which he had shown against the insurgents. The great trial of April 1¹ was proceeding peaceably. The prudent were hoping that an amnesty immediately following the accusation would demonstrate both the culpability of the accused and the forbearance of the Government without exposing it to the risks of a trial which, however cleverly conducted, was only made possible by the repeated mistakes of the accused and their defenders,

¹ A Royal Ordinance had commissioned the Court of Peers to try the authors of the republican insurrection which had broken out between April 7 and 13, 1834, at Lyons, St. Etienne, Grenoble, Clermont-Ferrand, Vienna, Chalon-sur-Saône, Marseilles, Paris, &c. The sentences were passed in December 1835 and January 1836. The discussions had been marked by frequent violent outbursts.

mistakes which could not be foreseen, and upon which it was imprudent to calculate. The Ministry had been recently weakened by the retirement of the Duc de Broglie; the nominal Presidency of Marshal Gérard did not restore the cohesion which it had lost;¹ but MM. Guizot, Thiers, Rigny, and Duchâtel, were a combination which promised some strength.

At that moment tranquillity was therefore complete, since the most violent crises could be regarded as over and the prevailing mental impressions contributed to make the excursion agreeable for all. It was to last for ten days. Invitations were divided into three series, and I was included in the first. I arrived the day following that on which the Royal Family, on their way to Fontainebleau, had kindly stopped at Châtenay and personally renewed the official invitation which had reached me. It was the beginning of October and throughout the excursion the weather was magnificent. I was taken into a very pretty room, arranged with sedulous care, both for charm and convenience; an enormous fire warmed the room and the ante-chamber; five minutes after my arrival the footman came in with a tray full of fruits, cakes, decanters, and iced water. I was unable to do honour to these attentions, and leaving my room while my things were being prepared, I went to pay some calls in the Château.

I saw the arrival in succession of the Ambassadors of Naples and Russia, of the Prussian Minister and some other members of the diplomatic body, also several carriages, the liveries of which were unknown to me. My peregrinations lasted until it was time to dress. Smart dresses were worn, but the simplicity of country life was preserved, except on days when balls were given, when more decorations were worn but no jewels. In the ante-room I found the aide-de-camp, who took me across the throne-room and led me into the so-called family salon; the Queen, the Princess, and a considerable number of ladies were already gathered there imparting

¹ The retirement of the Duc de Broglie took place on April 4. Marshal Gérard replaced Marshal Soult on July 16, 1834.

their royal courtesies to the new arrivals. Soon we went to dinner in the gallery, which is still known as that of Louis XVIII. The banquet was magnificent, the food excellent, and the company select. As a supposed travelling costume the servants wore blue coats slashed with silver, the livery of preceding Kings, and the fleur-de-lys was to be seen everywhere. Throughout this excursion the throne made itself felt. In any case there was an obvious inclination to mount one step of the ladder of royalty. The foreign ambassadors noticed the fact to their satisfaction, and I honestly admit that I shared their feelings. It was the first time since the Revolution that I had seen the King venture to recollect that he was a grandson of Henry IV. The aristocratic residence of Fontainebleau reminded him of the Bourbon blood in his veins. It was with such shades of social distinction that the age made itself felt, and though formalities were more royal than I had ever seen them elsewhere, they were marked by an urbanity and affability, as easy as it was courteous, between the illustrious hosts and their guests. A well-chosen entertainment occupied the evening. Apart from the invited guests there were in the hall all the well-known men of the town, who were delighted to see the recommencement of these brilliant excursions to Fontainebleau which had been interrupted during the Restoration. The King was received with the applause which he met from the people whenever he showed himself in the streets or in the park, as he constantly did and almost alone. He had not yet been condemned to live under those precautions to which the mania for regicide soon afterwards subjected him.

Although refreshments had been widely distributed in the hall, when we left the entertainment we found a tea-table ready in the family salon. Madame Adélaïde sat down at it, the Queen remained standing in conversation, the King and the Princesses, his daughters, withdrew, and each followed the example that he preferred in accordance with his taste or his fatigue. As I was tired, I chose the last alternative. Official notice had been given that déjeuner was for ten o'clock and

that the Queen heard mass at half-past nine; I went. It was in the pretty chapel of Saint Saturnin, which the King's artistic researches had discovered in use as a dining-room for the fourth table of the commonalty. He had restored it to the purpose for which St. Thomas à Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, had consecrated it in the twelfth century. The Queen and the Princesses were in their pew. We found five or six women in the chapel, but no note was taken of those who were there or of those who stayed away. There were no men. The déjeuner was better attended and the ninety-four places were all filled. When we left the table we met in the family salon; some of the women began to work; others gathered round large tables covered with engravings and remarkable works relating for the most part to the Château in which we were and which the King was to show us in detail as soon as he had finished a conference with Marshal Gérard, which the latter had just come to request. Except that there were more people, the salon presented precisely the same appearance as that of a private country house at such a time of day.

When the Marshal had gone, the King came to fulfil his promise. No better-informed, no more amusing or interesting guide could be imagined than King Louis Philippe, showing and explaining the works which had been his only recreation since he had ascended the throne. His admirable memory recollected every moment some historical or artistic anecdote giving life and reality to the spots we passed; although he made us see everything conscientiously, did not spare us the smallest trifle, and kept us more than two and a half hours on our legs, no one felt tired. I was a favoured courtier upon that occasion. In 1828 I had spent a week in Fontainebleau with my uncle, Edouard Dillon, to whom Melchior de Polignac, Governor of the Château, had lent a room for the summer; having seen every detail as it was at that time I could better recognise and appreciate the great restoration already carried out by the King. This circumstance kept him at my side, and he found continual pleasure in pointing out to me the new work that he proposed to

undertake. Work on the beautiful gallery of François II. had already been begun: the ceiling had been unscrewed and was lying on the floor, and we were able to notice the perfection of the cabinet makers' work, I might almost say of the jewellers' work, executed with the care that is given to the manufacture of a snuff-box. M. Alaux,¹ a distinguished artist, had prepared a draft of his restoration of the paintings of the Primatice, for the King's approval; while he was examining it and giving some orders, he entrusted us to the guidance of the Duc d'Aumale, then twelve years old, and as intelligent as he was handsome. He did the honours of the library, showing off his youthful knowledge satisfactorily but without pedantry. He called our attention to the inscription over the door which said that the library was the work of François II., "King of the French." This appellation was then in use under the Valois, and it was from concession to the claims of the citizens that they were called Kings of France. He added a philosophical reflection concerning the change in the series of ideas attached to the same expression. His childish learning made him charming. When the King came back to us the Duc d'Aumale relapsed into the school-boy and began to run in front of us.

As we returned through the gilt door to the apartments occupied by the King, he pointed out a small round table of very ordinary wood on which the Emperor had signed his abdication, and told me to read the inscription that had been placed there during the restoration. I saw engraved upon a copper plate, "Upon this table Bonaparte signed the deed of abdication in the second chamber of the King, which is his dressing-room."

It must be admitted that this inscription was the kind of thing to have been devised under a monarch who dated from the twentieth year of his reign on returning from twenty-two years of exile. I felt grateful to King Louis Philippe, surrounded as we were by foreigners and enemies to the elder

¹ Jean Alaux (1786-1864), of a family of painters, gained the Prix de Rome in 1815; was director of the Academy of France at Rome from 1847-1850 and member of the Institute in 1851.

branch, for directing my attention to this plate in a whisper. As a matter of fact, the Queen had just joined us, and her presence always evokes tactfulness. She herself showed us her room, decorated with all the charm of Marie Antoinette, though the result seemed very bare compared with the magnificence of Louis XIII., Louis XIV., and even with the rococo of Louis XV., but far superior to the stiffness and heaviness prevailing under the Empire.

For a long time I had not seen the Queen so calm. The heartrending incident of the adventures of the Duchesse de Berry had depressed her, and had struck at her as a mother, as a princess, as a lady, and as a woman. These painful impressions were beginning to wear away, and, as I have already said, the political situation seemed comparatively favourable. I remained behind for a moment with the Queen in her boudoir. I kissed her hand and told her how glad I was to see her in better spirits and reconciled to the situation.

"No, my dear, not a day, not an hour, not a moment; here, as in Paris and as everywhere, it is always as it was in my bedroom at Neuilly, always."

She was deeply moved; she embraced me with tears in her eyes, and we rejoined the visitors, when she immediately recovered her calm and cheerful demeanour. Her recollection of the scene at Neuilly,¹ when she had wept so bitterly in my arms on the day when she had been forced to leave her peaceful existence and take up the crown of thorns to which she is condemned, struck me the more at that moment, as I was under the charm of those hereditary grandeurs for which she seemed so well suited, but which seemed to her so heavy to bear. Usurpation, I said to myself, even when most inevitable, most innocent, and most advisable, remains a great burden. The incident made a deep impression on me, and spoilt the rest of my stay at Fontainebleau. Were the smiles that I saw merely hiding cares?

Carriages were announced. Fourteen of them, drawn by four or six horses, were waiting in the court of the White Horse. The order in which the guests were to sit had been

¹ See vol. iii. p. 286.

arranged, and the aides-de-camp took us to our places. The King, the Queen, Madame, the ambassadors' wives, and the ambassadors filled an enormous family coach, which contained sixteen people. A smaller vehicle took the young Princesses with the ladies of their society; most were pretty, all were cheerful, and this flower-bedecked troop was a note of cheerful colour in the more serious procession which preceded and followed it. The bustle of departure, amid the crowds who thronged even to the carriage-wheels, offered an animated and amusing sight, and when every one was in their place the carriages went off at a walk through the town amid the cheers of the inhabitants. We took a very long drive through the forest, and I can remember no scene more picturesque than that afforded by the relays of horses. As the stables of the King could not provide all that were required, relays of post-horses were arranged, which we found at a cross-roads in the forest. They were standing upon a lawn overshadowed by immemorial trees; their wild whinnying and their untamed movements contrasted with the civilised appearance of the comrades whose places they were to take, as the dress of the postillions contrasted with the bedizened liveries of the King's servants. The first carriages were already unharnessed when the last were still rolling noiselessly across the sand, leaving silence behind them, and reaching this scene of bustle, with the shouts, the oaths, and the whinnyings of the horses, and all beneath deep shadow, which was restful to the eye after the cloudless sky. The result was one of the most delightful pictures that can be imagined. There, as everywhere near the villages, numbers of peasants had come up; the King always stopped to speak to them, and often got out of his carriage and stood amongst them for some moments. The need for anxiety had not yet occurred to any of us. We did not reach the Château until it was time to dress for dinner. We had been told that dress was to be quite simple, and we met in the salon in muslin dresses. The evening was to be a restful one, and no one was present but those staying in the Château. Card tables were set out for those who wished to use them in the salon of Louis XIII.

The young people began a kind of round game, macao, I think ; the ladies played or worked as they pleased. Tea and refreshments were served in the family salon, so that the guests were dispersed through these two rooms and the throne-room which separates them. Thus we reached midnight very agreeably and in entire freedom.

The next day, in place of a drive in the forest, we visited the great trellis, when many pounds of grapes were eaten. There is no need to praise them ; enough to say that they came up to their reputation. To bring them to this state of perfection they must not be wrapped in bags or covered in nets, and the gardener therefore enlists a regiment of small boys, who walk from sunrise to sunset before the trellis, armed with long fly-whisks and shout and sing to frighten the birds. All the small boys of Fontainebleau and the neighbourhood come in crowds to take advantage of this windfall, by which they set great store. They were drawn up in line as we passed. The Queen spoke to them with her usual kindness to children of all classes. When I saw them looking so happy, I reflected that many feudal customs, for which modern declamations have aroused our disgust, probably seemed no more cruel to those who were employed upon them. If, for example, the peasants employed in beating the ponds to quiet the frogs whose croaking disturbed the sleep of the overlord's wife obtained some reward, or were paid in some way, they were probably quite as happy as the children of Fontainebleau, for, strictly speaking, one might just as well be philanthropically indignant at the use of children as bird-scarers. Our drive went on through the great Park, but I returned to the Château, our carriage party agreeing that they would rather rest.

Melchior de Polignac¹ had retired with his wife and his numerous family to a little town house where he lived in the seclusion imposed upon him by his want of means, though he enjoyed the prestige which he had acquired in his position as Governor. I have already said that I had spent a week at the Château while he was in office. His name and his position

¹ Youngest brother of the Duc Armand and of Prince Jules de Polignac.

naturally made Melchior and his family very hostile to the supporters of the July Government. I hesitated to pay them a visit, fearing that a guest from the Château might prove embarrassing to them, but I told myself that my visit would be paid with the most friendly intentions. I had known his wife and himself from their childhood and I decided to go. To my satisfaction my visit was received as it was meant. I note the fact with pleasure, because I have often encountered bitterness under conditions when it was much less excusable. Melchior de Polignac spoke to me even with interest and approval of the alterations which the King was completing in the Château where, as I can understand, he no longer entered, though he had held charge of it for so long. I told the Queen of my visit and the manner of my reception. She expressed the sympathy which she always feels for others. I know no one who can better understand other people or appreciate them with greater kindness.

Dinner was more numerously attended than the evening before. There were some invited guests from the neighbourhood, including the Duc and Duchesse de La Trémoille. There was an entertainment in the evening, after which I took leave of the Royal Family, as my invitation did not extend beyond that day. The next morning, after breakfasting in our own rooms, all the members of the first detachment departed and vacated their rooms for the second party. On the road to Paris we passed those who were to take our places.

The Duc d'Orléans and the Duc de Nemours were in camp and did not arrive until the following day for the ball which was given on the King's birthday. It was held in the gallery of Henry II. and was very brilliant. I should like to have seen the spectacle but, reasonably enough, the detachment for the ball was composed of young ladies. It was the third and last. The fine weather held out loyally all through this excursion, with which every one returned enchanted. The beauties of Fontainebleau, to which life and gaiety had been recalled, seemed quite a resurrection which pleased every mind. If any grumbling was heard, it did not reach me.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUC D'ORLÉANS 1837

I

Difficulties of the situation—Attempts upon the King's life—
M. Thiers—Ministerial crisis—The doctrinaires—The Molé
Ministry—Marriage of the Duc d'Orléans—Princess Helena of
Mecklenburg—Her arrival at Fontainebleau—The marriage
ceremonies—Lists of invited guests—Ill-temper of M. Molé

September 1838.

NOTWITHSTANDING the satisfaction which we felt at the marriage of the Duc d'Orléans, we did not return to Fontainebleau, when we were summoned to be present at the ceremony, in the same frame of mind as at the time of the excursion of 1834. For the last two years the sky had been obscured by clouds. The catastrophe in which Fieschi¹ had played so horrible but so strange a part, had been followed by a renewal of attempts upon the King's life. Other attempts were continually asserted to be imminent. Not a day elapsed without some more or less well-founded revelations which kept people in a state of fear. The attempt of Alibaud² in particular, his remarks and conduct during the trial and his

¹ Giuseppe Fieschi, born in Corsica (1790–1836). He exploded an infernal machine on the boulevard du Temple when the King was passing to the square of the Bastille to celebrate the anniversary of the July Revolution (July 28, 1835). The King was not hurt, but there were numerous victims, including Marshal Mortier. Fieschi and two accomplices were condemned to death and executed on February 16, 1836.

² Louis Alibaud, born at Nîmes (1810–1836). On June 25, 1836, he fired a gun-shot at the King but missed him. He was condemned to death and executed on July 11.

attitude upon the scaffold, had terrified the Royal Family and had even shaken the resolution of the King in spite of his previous intrepidity. He regarded himself as a doomed man and had no doubt that July 18, 1836, the day of the review, would be the last day of his life, which he regretted the more keenly as he knew that he was still necessary to his country and his family. M. Thiers observed this general state of panic, caught the King in a moment of weakness, and, on the very evening of the day when the review was to have taken place, himself took the responsibility of countermanding it. As a matter of fact the arrangements made by him were precisely the contrary to those which reason suggested. They placed the King and his family in a position which doubled their danger and aggravated its consequences.

The decision of the president of the council was received with satisfaction at Neuilly. The Queen alone objected and vigorously opposed it. Her noble heart at once anticipated the regret which the King would speedily feel. I wish I could believe that real fear had alone actuated M. Thiers in this conjecture, but in his gestures, his words, and the whole of his attitude on the day when the review was to have been held, when I expressed my sorrow to him, I certainly noticed flashes of delight which immediately gave me the idea that he was chiefly guided by his ambitions. Possibly he had flattered himself that in the future the King, feeling humiliated by a moment's weakness, would no longer venture to offer any opposition to the Minister who had discovered him, favoured him and protected him with the cloak of Government responsibility. So I thought and so I still think. It would be very difficult for me to give any tangible facts as the foundation of this idea. There are intuitions which arrive in a sudden wave and leave a deep impression, however transitory themselves. In any case the King was really and habitually too courageous to have felt himself humiliated by a step which prudence could advise and certainly justify. If he had any feeling towards M. Thiers, it was one chiefly of displeasure on account of the clumsy precautions and

exaggerated anxiety raised about him, and by no means a sense of gratitude for the initiative taken by the Minister in Council. In any case, if M. Thiers, as I suppose, had founded any hopes of domination upon this incident, he speedily recognised their fruitlessness.

No one would admit more readily than myself the high intellect and even the talent of M. Thiers, but with his mobile imagination he conceived himself to be at least an Oxenstierna,¹ a Turenne, a Colbert, or a Richelieu, and wished correspondingly to pursue a policy of diplomacy, war, domestic prosperity, or intimidation. His idea, upon entering office, had been to unite the new dynasty with the thrones of Europe and to cement this alliance by the marriage of the Duc d'Orléans with an Archduchess. Consequently to Switzerland he had adopted the language of a member of the Holy Alliance; then he had treated Austria to some Napoleonic language, and had sent our Prince to Vienna² in the hope that his presence would accelerate an affair which with his ignorance of diplomacy he thought was well started, but which failed disagreeably both for the country and for the Royal Family.³ M. Thiers, furious at this want of success, fell back upon his revolutionary instincts, fulminating against the insolence of sovereigns and high lords. To take vengeance upon the northern Courts, he

¹ Axel Gustafsson Oxenstierna, Count of Sædermøre, Swedish Minister (1583-1654). Counsellor and Chancellor in 1612 to Gustavus Adolphus; head of the regency council after the death of the King and during the minority of Queen Christina. He was afterwards Chancellor of the University of Upsala.

² The Duc d'Orléans and the Duc de Nemours went to Berlin and Vienna in May and June 1836.

³ M. de Sainte Aulaire, French Ambassador at Vienna, wrote to Mme. de Boigne on May 7, 1836: "The journey of our princes must be regarded as a perfectly ordinary event and nothing does me more harm here than the trumpetings of our journalists. However, I am not greatly astonished at the lack of restraint on the part of these gentlemen. Our extreme Vienna patriots are furious. Our friends are neither very numerous nor very bold, but the masses are indifferent and well-disposed. As regards any after feeling that may be produced by the journey, I remain as uncertain as I was in my last letter. Believe me, no one can see the result with certainty or even with probability. We must advance with much reserve and stake as little as possible; especially must we be careful not to compromise the advantages already gained. Surely it is something to have lodged our princes under the roof of Maria Theresa in the room of La Dauphine. . . ." (Unedited correspondence.)

proposed a military occupation of Spain ; as he foresaw that the King's prudence would oppose this step, he attempted to deceive him concerning the content of the orders which he induced him to sign, persuaded that in the last resort the King was too far in his power to venture to resist ; but his hopes were again falsified, and after some very lively scenes, the King and his Minister, unable to agree, parted.¹

I think that if the King ever had a Ministry after his own heart, it was that which he founded at this time with MM. Molé, Guizot, and Montalivet. But before the names were inserted in the *Moniteur*, M. Guizot had secured the elimination of Montalivet's name. Thenceforward he was in direct opposition without counterpoise to M. Molé. I do not propose to enter into all the details of the intrigues upon either side, which within a few months ended in the expulsion of the doctrinaires and of their leader.² His alliance with M. Molé had not been fortunate. This Cabinet had been invariably unsuccessful. The outburst at Strasburg, the deportation of Louis Bonaparte,³ which made him and all his cousins, in a sense, pretenders to the throne ; the acquittal of his accomplices by the jury of Strasburg ;⁴ the disastrous retreat from Constantine ;⁵ the defeat of several important bills ;⁶ fresh attempts upon the person of the

¹ The Cabinet of Thiers had been formed on February 22, 1836. It composed MM. Thiers, Sauzet, Montalivet, Passy, Pelet de la Lozère, d'Argout, Marshal Maison, and Admiral Duperré.

The Molé Cabinet which succeeded it on September 6, 1836, was formed of MM. Molé, Persil, Gasparin, Guizot, Duchâtel, Martin du Nord, Admiral Rosamel, and General Bernard.

² A new Ministerial crisis occurred on April 15, 1837. The representatives of the doctrinaire party, MM. Guizot, Duchâtel, and Gasparin were replaced by MM. de Montalivet, de Salvandy, and Lacave Laplagne.

³ October 30, 1836, Prince Louis Napoleon, nephew of the Emperor and son of the quondam King of Holland, attempted to raise the garrison of Strasburg in revolt. He failed, was captured, released without trial and deported to the United States on November 13.

⁴ January 1837.

⁵ In November 1836, Marshal Clausel, Governor-General of Algeria, marched against the Bey of Constantine. His attack failed (November 21) and he was obliged to retreat on the 23rd. His column reached Bône in a state of exhaustion, after losing heavily. The town was not captured until October 13 of the following year.

⁶ Among others the proposed law dividing jurisdiction of political cases where the military were involved with civilians.

King,¹ &c., were so many checks for each of the two parties composing the Ministry, both of whom attempted to throw the blame and responsibility on the other.

After long and regrettable debates M. Molé remained master of the field. I have reason to think that at this time the King was not well-disposed towards him, and that the doctrinaires only fell from power in consequence of their self-satisfaction, from which not even their intellect could redeem them. They thought that they could certainly march into the fortress with drums beating and dictating their conditions. Like all associations, the doctrinaires will admit no capacity in any one outside their circle, and by dint of repeating the fact, they have persuaded themselves of its truth. Hence they most conscientiously declined to admit the possibility that the ship of State could be in other hands but theirs, and their position, they say, seems to them abnormal when they are not in power. But, as abnormal situations are necessarily transitory, it is logical to conclude that they should speedily come to an end. Hence they refused to offer any help to the new Cabinet. M. Molé was obliged to construct it of nonentities, or of people, at least, almost unknown politically. M. de Salvandy alone had acquired a reputation as a polemical writer, but was not strong enough to be a great help. M. Molé plunged therefore almost alone into this storm, and up to the present time, September 1838, Providence had justified his courage; but at the period of which I am speaking he neither possessed nor had inspired any such confidence.²

Although the attempt upon the King's life by Meunier, and the other attempts, known as the plot of Neuilly and of the Terrasse, had certainly renewed the uneasiness of the Royal Family, the King could no longer resist the weariness of that seclusion to which he had been restricted and he began to emerge. He eagerly agreed to the proposal that he should review the National Guard, and this ceremony, which removed the decree imposed by the last Ministry, took place a few

¹ An attempt was made upon the life of Louis Philippe on the day of the opening of the Chamber, December 27, 1836.

² The Molé Ministry resigned on March 8, 1839.

days before his departure for Fontainebleau for the marriage festivities. One of the chief successes of the Molé Ministry was to have opened the doors of France to the charming Princess whom the Duc de Broglie had the agreeable duty of escorting to us. Princess Helena of Mecklenburg¹ seems to me preferable even as regards her social position to the arch-duchess whom we had desired.² The Duc d'Orléans is a Prince of sufficient importance to make his wife a great Princess, and I think at all times the heir to a powerful realm has nothing to gain by an alliance with preponderant

¹ Helena Louise Elizabeth of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, born January 24, 1814, died at Richmond on August 18, 1858. She was the daughter of Frederick Louis, hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin (June 13, 1778 to November 29, 1819), and of his second wife Caroline Louise of Saxe-Weimar, who died on January 20, 1816.

The hereditary Prince Frederick Louis was married three times; first on October 23, 1799, to Helena Pawlowna, daughter of Paul I., Emperor of Russia; she died on September 24, 1803. Secondly, on July 1, 1810, to Caroline Louise, daughter of Charles Augustus, Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, mother of the Duchesse d'Orléans. Thirdly on April 3, 1818, to Charlotte Frederica, daughter of Frederick Louis, landgrave of Hesse Homburg, born on December 28, 1776.

By the first marriage he had two children; Paul Frederick, born on September 15, 1800, married on May 25, 1822, to Frederica Wilhelmina Alexandrina Maria Helena of Prussia who was born on February 23, 1803, daughter of Frederick William III., King of Prussia; and Maria Louisa Frederica Alexandrina Elisabeth Charlotte Catherine, born on March 31, 1803. By the second marriage, Albert, born February 11, 1812, and Helena Louisa Elisabeth, born January 24, 1814.

The Duchesse d'Orléans was five years old when she lost her father and was brought up by her stepmother, the daughter of the landgrave of Hesse, of whom Mme. de Boigne speaks.

² M. de Sainte Aulaire writes on April 1, 1837, to Mme. de Boigne: "Another good piece of work is the marriage; I can assure you that the diplomatic body is sincerely delighted. Every one tells me that the Princess Helena is the most agreeable and distinguished princess in Germany. Last year you wrote saying that you wanted a teachable little princess. It is certain that quarterings are not wanting; from a hereditary point of view they are the best in the world. M. Metternich has adopted a very correct attitude in the course of the negotiations; he criticised everything that was inspired by our enemies; he loudly proclaimed that he stood by the King of Prussia in this business and as soon as he was informed—which between ourselves was rather late—he wrote to Berlin and to Schwerin on our behalf. I have seen the answers to these letters, which are not complimentary. My neighbour received a shrewd thrust and I did not come off scot free myself. However, this does not prevent me from thoroughly enjoying the success. For the last three years I have thought that a marriage would be to the greatest interest of France, and now it is settled, and in my opinion, as it should be. I expect good results. . . ."

Then on May 29, 1837: "I quite share your impressions about the marriage of the Duchesse d'Orléans and I do not think that *more* would

sovereigns. That is particularly true in our position, as declamations concerning the interests of Austria would certainly have made themselves heard on each occasion. Moreover, the country felt a kind of superstitious dislike for the noble blood of Maria Theresa. It seemed that her issue could only be unfortunate in our country of France and bring disasters and calamities with it. A more rational objection occurred to serious minds; the disadvantages of repeated intermarriage between the same families. The daughter of the Archduke Charles,¹ who was stunted and sickly, did not seem likely to escape the evil influence of these unions; it did not appear probable that her children were likely to continue the outward vigour or the health of the fine family of Orléans. In view of these considerations I was unable to wish prosperity to the negotiations opened at Vienna, or to grieve at their failure.

All accounts of Princess Helena which reached us spoke of her as accomplished, and I was anxious to judge for myself. As soon as she had entered French territory a courier from Paris brought her every day a bouquet and a note from the Duc d'Orléans, to which she replied wittily and gracefully. The Prince, unable to resist his anxiety to see her, became his own messenger for the bouquet that was sent to Châlons. He started in a light carriage, reached the Princesses at lunch time, asked the Dowager Grand Duchess who was accompanying her step-daughter for permission to pay his respects, spent an hour with the two Princesses, escorted them to their travelling carriages that they might continue their journey have implied *better*. It is also a great advantage to have the matter settled. We had nothing to ask of Europe and her displeasure could not have been indifferent to us on this point. To-day we have resumed our entire independence, and if Europe wished us ill, I would defy her to do us any harm. In Vienna there is certainly no question of malevolence but opposition is not energetic either. . . ." (Unedited correspondence.)

¹ Maria Theresa Charlotte (1816-1867), daughter of the Archduke Charles (1771-1847), third son of the Emperor Leopold II. and of Henrietta, daughter of the Prince of Nassau Weilburg (1797-1829). In 1837 she married Ferdinand II. (1810-1859), King of the Two Sicilies since 1830, nephew of Queen Marie Amélie and a widower. His first wife had been Marie Christine, Princess of Savoy (1812-1836). (See vol. iii. p. 195.) They were cousins-german, the Empress of Austria, Maria Theresa, being their great-grandmother as also of the Duc d'Orléans. Nine children of this marriage were born, including the Count of Caserta.

according to the etiquette previously agreed, and entering his own carriage, returned at full speed to Fontainebleau to tell his parents what he thought of his noble fiancée. Two days afterwards the Princesses arrived at Melun. They were received by the Duc d'Orléans who had gone there with all the persons who were to form the household of the Duchesse d'Orléans, and whom the Duc himself presented to her. The Princess soon withdrew to be dressed by the workwomen of Paris, who were to remove any trace of Germanism in her appearance, but her dress differed but little from ours, and it was a matter rather of etiquette than of advisability. Adorned by French hands she entered the State carriages of the Court.

The Grand Duchess, Princess Helena, and the Duc de Broglie occupied the first coach, the Duc d'Orléans followed with his brother, the Duc de Nemours, and the other carriages were filled by members of the suite. The arrival at Fontainebleau had been arranged for four o'clock, but the slow pace of the horses and the necessity of stopping in every village and at every cross-roads, to receive speeches from the mayors of all the communes, upset these calculations, and it was nearly eight o'clock when the procession appeared at the gate of the Château.

It had been arranged that the King should come to meet the Princess as far as the top of the great flight of steps, and that the Queen, hearing the bustle, should come out of her rooms, as though by chance, and meet her in the vestibule. But affection in the heart of the Royal Family is too strong for the laws of etiquette, and King, Queen, and Princesses all ran out to the flight of steps the sooner to see the daughter and sister who was coming to them. The Duc d'Orléans had opened his carriage-door before the procession stopped and was in waiting at the door of Princess Helena's carriage to give her his hand, but she went up the steps so rapidly and eagerly that he could hardly follow her, and curtsied before the King and Queen with inimitable grace and dignity.

"My dear daughter," they both exclaimed, embracing her, and from that moment she was a member of this most united

family. She left the King and Queen to fall into the embraces of the Princesses, her sisters, and after due respect had been paid to the Grand Duchess, whose motherly love did not complain of a moment's forgetfulness, they entered the palace.

This meeting in the open air, amid a vast concourse of spectators of every class, produced a great effect. Every one sympathised with the feelings of the Royal Family. Many tears of emotion were shed, and even the next day the story of the scene could not be told without deep feeling. The Princesses went to their rooms. Soon afterwards they reappeared for dinner, as it was nine o'clock in the evening. Expecting the arrival of the travellers every moment, they had been waiting together since four o'clock in the gallery of François I. and were ready to faint with hunger. When they left the table the most important persons were presented to Princess Helena. She was sufficiently self-possessed to utter a few kindly words which showed her strangely well-informed about her new country. Soon afterwards she retired.

The next morning the two foreign Princesses breakfasted in their own rooms, received and paid visits to the Royal Family, including the King and Queen of the Belgians, but did not come to the salon. The Royal Family dined in private and reappeared at eight o'clock. The King escorted Princess Helena, the Duc d'Orléans the Grand Duchess, and the Queen was upon the arm of the King of the Belgians; the other Princes and Princesses followed according to their rank. They made their way, with all the invited guests, to the magnificent gallery of Henri II. Baron Pasquier, who had just been appointed Chancellor, in his capacity of civil officer united the royal couple according to the law of the State.¹ They next went down to the lower story, where the Protestant ceremony was performed in the gallery known as that of Louis Philippe. They then proceeded to the chapel, where the marriage was celebrated with very little ecclesiastical pomp and even fewer prayers, though as many as mixed marriages permit. The Queen, I am told, obviously

¹ The marriage took place on May 30, 1837.

objected to this course. It was generally agreed that the civil ceremony had been the most solemn and dignified, and, if I may so express myself, the most religious, as it was the most full of meaning. Soon after these numerous trials, which she supported marvellously well, the Princess was taken back to her own rooms, but she had discovered the secret of scattering on her road, as she went through the crowds, kindly words which showed that she had not forgotten those presented to her the evening before, and gracious smiles which were eagerly welcomed. All the Royal Family, except the married pair, were present as usual at breakfast. The King had already been to see his children, and had reminded the Duc d'Orléans of the Mass which was to be said at midday for the marriage. The Duchesse d'Orléans expressed her desire to be present, and begged the King to ask the Queen for permission to accompany her. She also needed to thank God for her happiness.

Consequently there was some astonishment to see her in the gallery by the side of the Queen, her mother-in-law. Her attitude was unexceptionable. The rumour went abroad that she had become a Catholic, and I am sure that if her new family had desired the change as keenly as some desired it, it could have been obtained without difficulty. But the King and the Duc d'Orléans in particular would have considered so prompt a renunciation impolitic. I am not sure whether their judgment on this occasion was sound. The great majority of Frenchmen are Catholics; the prospect of a Protestant Queen is agreeable to none of them, and is saddening to devout hearts; but since the revolution of 1830 it has constantly been thought necessary to sacrifice the feelings of the honest masses of the population to the yelping of sedition-mongers or journalists. Yet these concessions have not made them less hostile. They cannot afford to cease their hostility, for their supposed strength is entirely derived from their declamations. In any case, the appearance of the Duchesse d'Orléans in the chapel made a sensation and gave much satisfaction. Immediately after the service she returned to her own rooms.

So much I heard when I arrived the next day at Fontainebleau, after passing on my way the guests invited the evening before, who were chiefly composed of witnesses to the ceremonies, officials from the two Legislative Chambers summoned to represent their colleagues; such past or present Ministers as were in Paris—in short, all the official guests who were giving way to the second batch of arrivals, of whom I was one. Except Baron Werther, who had been present at the marriage ceremony, as representing the King of Prussia, the Sovereign who had promoted the alliance, all the other members of the Diplomatic Body were divided between the second and third contingent of guests. This division was necessitated by the nature of the accommodation at Fontainebleau, though it is by no means restricted. No one was invited for the whole of the excursion apart from the ladies on duty, except the family of the Duc de Broglie, the family of Prince Talleyrand, and the Chancellor. M. Molé, President of the Council, was also invited, but he was in a bad temper because the authorities had been unwilling to violate the laws of the Legion of Honour by making him a Grand Cross, though he was but a simple knight, before he had passed through the intermediate steps. Moreover, no invitation had been issued to one of his favourites. He made business an excuse for returning to Paris, and Mme. Molé was obliged to follow him.

II

New etiquette introduced by the King of the Belgians—Amiability of Queen Marie Amélie—The Duchesse d'Orléans—Her kindly bearing—Sadness of Princess Marie—The restoration of the palace—Dress of Mme. de La Trémoille—The King of the Belgians secures an introduction to Yusuf—Entry of the Duchesse d'Orléans to Paris

HERE I am then at Fontainebleau, installed in a somewhat wretched little room where I have taken M. Guizot's place. I soon received some calls, and learnt all the details which I have just related. I found that our young Princess had in general made a very favourable impression. Meanwhile my jewels and the finery suitable to my age were being unpacked, and, more gorgeously arrayed than I had been for years, I went down to the salon of Louis XIII., where I found a large assembly of ladies brilliant in gold, pearls, and diamonds. Every one had assumed the utmost magnificence during this excursion. The guests no longer crossed this salon; the throne room and the family salon were exclusively reserved for the Princes. Such was the decision of the King of the Belgians, who always brings to our Court the narrow German etiquette of his own. In this respect his influence is extreme, and those who know her will quite easily perceive the consequent embarrassment of our Queen, who is divided between fear of displeasing "Louise's husband" and anxiety to avoid wounding the feelings of those accustomed to more sociable forms. Queen Louise has been obliged to adopt her husband's habits, but she tempers them by her personal grace; notwithstanding, stiffness, as was inevitable, begins to invade her personality.

Seated upon our stools, after examining and probably

criticising one another, we began to meditate upon the innovation of this unusual etiquette, and to ask whether it was dedicated to our new Princess, though the majority of us were quite able to attribute the honour to King Leopold, when our attention was attracted by the passing of their Belgian Majesties on their way to the inner salon. Almost immediately afterwards a slight whispering at the side door made me turn my head, and I saw a group advancing, at the head of which the Duc d'Orléans was marching much too quickly to display the elegant bearing of his spouse, a tall pale person upon his arm, thin, with no chin, no eyelashes, and to me unattractive. The newly married couple and the Grand Duchesse went alone into the inner room; the ladies of the Princesses remained with us. All the second batch of invited guests, like myself, were seeing the Duchesse d'Orléans for the first time, and our impressions were not favourable to her. We discussed the matter while we were drawn up in line to the right of the door, to be presented when she came out. The Duc de Broglie, who had written and spoken enthusiastically about the Princess, would allow no one to regard her as anything but charming. He was in the act of scolding me for my lack of enthusiasm, when the door reopened and the Royal Family crossed the room on their way to dinner.

The Duchesse d'Orléans followed the Queen, who, notwithstanding the fact that she was upon her son-in-law's arm, stopped to speak to all the ladies, and to welcome the new arrivals with her usual kindness. Although we were supposed to be presented to the Duchesse d'Orléans by her lady of honour, the wife of Marshal Lobau,¹ the Queen herself was

¹ Georges Mouton, Comte de Lobau (1770-1838). Volunteer in 1792. Served in the army of the north and in the army of Italy. Aide-de-camp to Napoleon; General of division in 1807; Comte de Lobau in 1809. He went through the Russian campaign, commanded the Fifth Army Corps at Waterloo, and was a prisoner in England. Proscribed by the Second Restoration he returned in 1818. Was a Deputy in 1828 and General in command of the National Guard at the time of the July monarchy. He became Marshal in 1831, Peer in 1833. He had married Mlle. d'Alberg, niece of the Countess of Albany (1752-1824), wife of the pretender Charles Edward, Count of Albany (1720-1788). (*Vie du Maréchal Comte de Lobau*, by A. J. de Rouval, Paris, 1838.)

good enough to name a few of us with those kindly appropriate phrases which her head and her heart devise so admirably.

For my part, I inspired her with one of these phrases, which procured me a gracious welcome and a sweet smile from the young Princess. I noticed the grace and dignity of her bearing, the elegance of her slender figure, which had been completely hidden in the hurry of her former passing. She was pleasanter to look at in full face than in profile, and her mouth grew beautiful when she spoke; the vivacity of her countenance when lighted by a smile compensated for the want of eyelashes. Already I had begun to revise my opinion, and, in short, before the end of the evening I was able to tell the Duc de Broglie that I thought her as charming as he could desire.

There is nothing German about her. Her pliant figure, her long supple neck, with its noble carriage of a little round head, her delicate limbs, her calm movements, marked by gentleness, grace and harmony, though somewhat slow, like those of a swan upon the water, are indications rather of Polish blood. It is obvious that in her the Slav element has completely overwhelmed the Germanic. But her attitude and her incomparable bearing are the chief points for admiration. Affectionate to the King and Queen, friendly to her brothers and sisters, and properly gracious to the Prince, her husband, she seemed to have become one of the family in a single day. Her kindness and affability to those who had been introduced to her showed that she had realised the part which prudence had assigned to her, and the necessity of making a good impression in public, which every one connected with the new dynasty should remember. She observed the luxury and personal magnificence with which she was surrounded so far as to express her gratitude for the attention of which they were tokens, as though she were flattered but not astonished. In this respect she differed widely from Marie Louise, who, though she was a daughter of the Cæsars, had received the imperial splendours of Napoleon's presents with vulgar delight. Princess Helena seemed to consider herself born to these

splendid dresses and these refinements of luxury without manifesting the least astonishment. The house of Mecklenburg is accustomed to provide sovereigns for the most powerful thrones of Europe, and our Princess did not forget the fact.

After dinner the company remained in the salon of Louis XIII. until the entertainment began. The Princes there showed their politeness and courtesy with a little more animation than before the dinner. The Duchesse d'Orléans displayed her instincts as a princess by recognising the people whom she had seen the evening before at her marriage ceremony. Her chief attentions were for the Duc de Broglie and his family, and thus she expressed her gratitude to the Ambassador commissioned with her escort. The whole Court went to the entertainment; except the first row of boxes the hall was already full, and the Royal Family was received with applause. The Duchesse d'Orléans with her usual tact showed herself without affectation and sufficiently to satisfy the public curiosity. During the first interval between the acts she remained standing in front of the Royal box talking with the Duc d'Orléans quite simply and naturally. She then remained by the side of the Queen, to whom she seemed to put all her questions and her observations concerning the acting of Mlle. Mars,¹ with whom she seemed to be delighted. After the performance another short stay was made in the salon of Louis XIII. The Royal Family entered the throne room, and every one retired to his own apartments.

I had noticed the sadness of Princess Marie, but the next day I was much more struck with it. Her displeasure extended to the choice of her dress. While we were all covered with embroidery, lace, and feathers, she alone had adopted a simple costume, which made a strange contrast with ours. I had seen it on her at mass, and thought that she was going to dress, but she kept it on for lunch. The etiquette of the evening before was repeated at each meal;

¹ Anne Françoise Boutet, known as Mlle. Mars (1779-1847), daughter of the actor Monvel and of Mlle. Mars Salvetat. She was admitted to the Society of French Comedians in 1799 and retired in 1841.

the Royal Family made a momentary stay in the room where we assembled, on their way to the table, where we followed them, and a longer stay on their return. The Duchesse d'Orléans, in a very neat morning dress, seemed to me more attractive than beneath her diamond crown, and quite as dignified as ever. She made great efforts to please, and I could see that already she was beginning to notice differences. As one naturally remembers any personal experiences, I am reminded that she put a question to me concerning the private habits of the Queen, which showed that she remembered the kind phrase with which her mother-in-law had called her attention to me the evening before. In one who had undergone twenty thousand presentations in the previous fortnight such an act implies a very extraordinary power of memory, impossible for private individuals like ourselves, especially at a time of excitement such as that in which the Duchesse d'Orléans must have been living. As for Princess Marie, she was almost constantly to be found leaning against the entrance door, keeping at an equal distance from her own family and from the guests, speaking to no one, and displaying in all her bearing a despondency which she did not trouble to hide. Was she regretting the predominant position which this graceful stranger had taken from her, or had the marriage renewed the regret that she was beginning to feel because no husband had yet been found for her? I do not know. But she seemed obviously out of humour with life. Fortunately her sadness was not contagious, and though Princess Clémentine stood as usual behind her sister she did not share her melancholy air.

There was no general drive, but horses and carriages were at the orders of those who wished to use them, and several parties made excursions in the neighbourhood. I preferred to rest. However, I took advantage of my leisure to see the improvements completed since 1834, especially the gallery of Henry II., the elegance of which equalled its magnificence, and the rooms of Mme. de Maintenon, where the Duc and Duchesse de Broglie were staying at that moment. The King had been at great pains to recover the inventory of

furniture, in order to restore the rooms to the state in which they were when Mme. de Maintenon occupied them. I felt little approval for the gallery of Louis Philippe which had been built on the ground floor. I do not think that this instance of modern taste would inspire posterity with any great admiration for the art of our age. It was another specimen of those heavy massive columns which support nothing and take up space and light, which M. Fontaine¹ lavished upon the palaces and even upon the residences built under his direction.

Again plumed and bejewelled, I made my way before six o'clock to the meeting-ground of the evening before, where the same ceremonies took place. The new arrivals were drawn up in turn near the door and presented to the Duchesse d'Orléans as she went through to dinner. My only recollection of that moment is the dress of Mme. de La Trémoille, who was even better dressed than on the previous day, though she had then carried off the palm. Her costume, which was very simple, was trimmed with rose branches, with a diamond star forming the heart of the flower. Her bouquet, her hair, and her sleeve buckles were in the same style. The brilliancy and the freshness of this scheme was noticeable even amid the rivers of diamonds which shone upon the heads, the necks, and the persons of those round about. During coffee, King Leopold, generally scrupulous on matters of *étiquette*, took it into his head "to be introduced" by the Duc de Nemours to Yusuf² to satisfy his curiosity concerning the weapons which he wore. He walked right across the hall to obtain this valuable introduction to the beard of Israel. Israel observed it and was both surprised and amused.

¹ Pierre François Léonard Fontaine (1762-1853), gained the Prix de Rome for architecture in 1785; returned to France in 1789; architect of the Tuileries in 1800. To him were due the restoration of Malmaison, the palaces of Saint Cloud, Fontainebleau, Rambouillet, Compiègne, Versailles, the Tuileries, the Louvre, the triumphal arch of the Carrousel. All these works were executed in collaboration with Percier.

² Joseph Vantini, known as Yusuf, born at the Isle of Elba about 1810. He was captured by Barbary Corsairs and brought up at Tunis. In consequence of a love affair and through the assistance of M. de Lesseps, French Consul at Tunis, he escaped to Algiers. He was interpreter to Marshal

The united talents of Duprez¹ and of Mlle. Elssler,² the opera stars, whom I heard and saw for the first time, did not prevent me from thinking the performance very wearying. It had begun late and it was more than half-past twelve when we left the theatre. No sooner had we returned to the salon than the Queen sent the Duchesse d'Orléans to bed. Her fatigue was obvious from her paleness. The Queen kissed her as she said "good night." I was greatly struck at that moment with the inimitable grace of the filial affection and respectful tenderness with which our new Princess kissed the hand of the Grand Duchess, her step-mother. The act was as eloquent as a long speech of gratitude and of happiness. This was the last glimpse I had of the Duchesse d'Orléans at this time and I preserve a very keen recollection of it.

When the King had withdrawn, the Belgian couple and the young Princes followed his example. The Queen and Madame Adélaïde, whose zeal always overcomes their fatigue, undertook to do their duty conscientiously and spent a few minutes in polite remarks, and especially in farewells to those who, like myself, were taking their leave. The Grand Duchess did not desert them in this last task of the day. She had won all hearts by the propriety of her behaviour. She seemed to love our Princess as a mother and spoke of separation with tears in her eyes, but only returned the most formal refusals to requests that her stay should be prolonged. She had only intended to remain a few days, and it was not until she was perfectly assured of the sincerity of the requests

Clausel. He organised the Spahis and obtained the rank of Captain and of Major in 1831. In 1836 he was summoned to Paris after the defeat of Constantine and remained there eighteen months. He was Lieutenant-Colonel in command of the Spahis of Oran in 1837, and in succession Colonel, Brigadier-General, and General of Division. He rendered the highest services by his fabulous bravery, his energy, and his profound knowledge of the Arabs, and died at Cannes in 1866.

¹ Gilbert Louis Duprez (1806-1896). After singing at Paris from 1825-1828 and in Italy, he entered the opera in 1837 and remained there until 1849. He was a professor at the Conservatoire in 1842, and composer.

² Franziska Elssler, known as Fanny, a German dancer. Born at Vienna 1810-1884). Her sister Theresa (1806-1878) married Prince Adalbert of Prussia in 1850. The sisters Elssler, after making their appearance at Vienna, visited Italy, Berlin, and London.

made to her that she decided to grant us a few weeks. The stepmother showed such tact in these delicate matters that the hopes already felt for the Princess she had brought up were greatly encouraged. I had arrived at Fontainebleau on the Wednesday; I left it on the Friday, glad to have been, and delighted to go away. At the time of the first excursion I would gladly have prolonged my stay, but on this occasion, in spite of the interest I had felt in the august bride and my satisfaction at finding her so charming, I was weary of toilet, diamonds, and etiquette, and especially of the long performances. This confirmed my opinion that I was not made for court life. Nothing bores and wearies me like this pretended activity, this idle occupation, and the stress laid upon trifles which make up the courtier's life.

The Duchesse d'Orléans made her entry into Paris the following Sunday in marvellously beautiful weather. Nature seemed to have put on her best to receive her. The chestnut trees in the Tuileries were covered with flowers, the lilacs scented the air: the two terraces looking on to the square were full of ladies in brilliant colours and appeared like baskets of flowers, vying in splendour and freshness with the flowers of the gardens. The square, the garden, and the avenue of the Champs Élysées were crowded and every one was in a good temper. The procession was fairly punctual and was received with the loudest acclamations. It was anything but magnificent, but the public was in an indulgent frame of mind. The Duchesse d'Orléans was able to take possession of her new residence with the thought that the gloomy warnings with which Russian policy had harassed her for some months were quite erroneous, and that the crown which she had come to share was not surrounded with as many thorns as she had been told. Heaven grant that it may always seem as light to her. In any case, she has too much common sense and distinction not to feel, amid the intoxicating applause of the whole populace, some hesitation upon entering the palace successively occupied by Marie Antoinette, Marie Louise, and Marie Caroline. They also had been welcomed with loud and enthusiastic applause.

III

Opening of the museum of Versailles—An official personage—The journalists—The National Museum—Banquet—Visit to the galleries—The theatre

AMONG the festivities delayed for the celebration of the marriage of the Duchesse d'Orléans, the most remarkable was the opening of the Palace of Versailles. I had secured an invitation from the King one day when he was talking to me of his proposals for the opening, saying that only official personages would be able to attend. I told him that this decision seemed to me very saddening and distinctly harsh.

"Not at all," replied the King with a smile, "for I regard you as a most official personage."

"I was not aware of the fact, Sire, but I make a note of it for this occasion."

This took place long before the marriage, one day when the King had been kind enough to take me to Versailles, for before the day of opening it was impossible to obtain permission to enter, and the Palace could only be visited in the suite of the King. This, in any case, was the most agreeable and most instructive manner of visiting it. I at once put in a claim to the King for the official position which he had granted me, and I was invited to the opening at Versailles.

I think nothing more magnificent could have been discovered than the ceremonies of this celebration. It was worthy of the locality, and to say that is to give it adequate praise. The company assembled there seemed somewhat heterogeneous; in fact the Palace of Louis XIV. had been stormed by the middle classes; journalists swarmed with the self-assurance which they carry everywhere, and which

they readily displayed in these precincts where they themselves perhaps felt out of place.

“Who is that gentleman staring at the Queen?”

“He writes in the *Constitutionnel*.”

“Who is that tall man talking so loudly?”

“He writes for the *National*.”

“And the other who is gesticulating?”

“He edits the feuilleton in the *Débats*.”

“And that very stiff gentleman?”

“He writes the Paris article in the *Charivari*.”

There were dozens of these fellows and I admit that I was somewhat mortified to see them more official than myself. I suppose it is by thus flattering these careers, improvised upon a feeble foundation of talent, which generally leads to nothing but an irregular life, that some tincture of importance is given to people who for the most part do not deserve a thought. If any of them possessed real capacity they would soon emerge from the ranks of these newspaper-article manufacturers, who should be considered as no more than hired scribblers. No doubt among the Deputies who were invited in a body, even among the Peers, many names were to be found which would arouse the astonishment of the social circles presided over by Mme. de Montespan, but the social customs of our age were the reason of their presence. It was a compliment paid to our forms of Government.

Notwithstanding the coarseness of his manners, I did not mind seeing M. Dupin¹ as a personage of importance at Versailles, but I was scandalised by the admission of M. Jules Janin² and his associates. Members of the academies, scholars and artists, if only those of first-rate eminence had been chosen, seemed to me to be quite in their places,

¹ André Marie Jean Jacques Dupin, known as Dupin the Elder (1783–1865). Lawyer in 1800; Deputy during the Hundred Days; lawyer to Marshal Ney; attorney-general to the Court of Cassation in 1830. President of the Chamber from 1832–1839. Retained his position in the Magistracy under the Empire.

² Jules Gabriel Janin (1804–1874). Began his career on the *Figaro* in 1825; he took up the feuilleton of the *Débats* in 1836 and continued this work till his death. He was a member of the French Academy in 1870.

but I should have preferred invitations to be confined to first-rate eminence of every kind.

In any case, whatever the character of the guests, the opening of the historical galleries in this Palace was actually a compliment to a class, the stubbornness of whose party spirit prevented its appearance in large numbers. The restoration has shown no favour so great to the old nobility as a whole. The opening of this National Museum to the public recalls a recollection of the eminent services which the nobility has continuously performed for its country at all times, and at the cost of its best blood. It brings them, so to speak, before all eyes, and therefore makes them popular.

The Château had been delivered to the will of the anxious guests from ten o'clock in the morning, and most of them had arrived in good time to satisfy the curiosity stimulated by the restrictions hitherto imposed. As my curiosity had been gratified beforehand, I came only a short time before the Royal Family, who arrived at three o'clock. The company was then gathered in the *œil-de-bœuf*, the room of Louis XIV., his studies, and, in short, all the rooms looking on to the court. At four o'clock the doors of the gallery were thrown open, and fourteen hundred people sat down to the banquet. Tables laid for twenty, placed in two rows, occupied the extent of the gallery. The four rooms stationed at either end were also filled with tables. All were served with the same care and refinement and without stint. The table of the Royal Family was distinguished only by its position in the middle of the gallery. His guests had been told to take their places there, that is, to follow the Queen in order to reach this table. Some guests, however, were delayed by the crowd, and were anticipated by the more active. The King happened to be seated beneath the inscription in the gallery which runs in great gilt letters, "The King governs of himself." At this moment the long discussion was beginning upon the theme, "The King reigns and does not govern," and we felt certain that this incident would attract attention and arouse comment. The King himself expected as much, but it passed unnoticed.

Immediately after the banquet, which was too well organised to be lengthy, we returned to the rooms looking on to the courtyard, and after distributing further marks of kindness during coffee, the King, at the head of the Royal Family and his numerous guests, began to walk through the galleries. He began with those on the ground floor reserved for the annals of the Empire; then, remounting to the Salon des Batailles, he came back to the great apartments. The waiting had been so marvellously performed that the rooms in the gallery were completely cleared, and on our re-entry it was hardly possible to believe that scarcely three-quarters of an hour had elapsed since fourteen hundred persons had dined there. Not a vestige of the banquet was to be seen. The weather was magnificent.¹ The sun was beginning to sink towards the great lake at the back of the park, and was casting its rays upon the Château; the fountains were brilliant with the colours playing upon their sparkling waters; the terraces were filled with all the population of Versailles and the neighbourhood. The King appeared on the balcony and all the windows of the gallery were simultaneously occupied, so that to the public was offered a sight similar to that which they presented, though doubtless far less beautiful, for the garden really looked like fairyland. I understood for the first time at that moment the real greatness of Le Nôtre's² talent. The pompous grandeur of Versailles had been conceived as a habitation for this royal splendour, and the festival at which we had been present galvanised it into a life which revealed the intention of its creators. All honour to the King who was able to revive its splendour as far as circumstances allowed. Only the nation as a whole is to-day sufficiently magnificent to take the place of Louis XIV. in his palace. The rest of the day was spent in running round the other galleries. The statue of Joan of Arc, the work of Princess Marie, received the homage which it deserves.

¹ The opening of Versailles took place on June 11, 1837.

² André Le Nôtre (1630-1700). Architect and Director of the Royal gardens. He laid out the parks of Versailles, Trianon, Chantilly, Saint Cloud, Meudon, Sceaux Vaux, the terrace of Saint Germain, &c.

Hitherto the company had been exclusively French. The diplomatic body and some foreigners had been invited to the theatre. They were waiting in the salon which formed an ante-chamber to the theatre where the King and the Royal Family went to join them. They were then conducted to the boxes reserved for them, and we followed the King to the Royal box, which he occupied with his attendants on duty and those who had been invited to dine at his table. The rest of the guests were scattered through the hall, which afforded a charming sight. When the first moment of surprise had passed, it was noticed that few ladies were present, and that the majority of the boxes were occupied by men, which somewhat destroyed the effect; but as all these men wore different coloured uniforms, the result was not so gloomy as evening dress would have been. At the same time, the theatre would have been better decorated by ladies in evening dress. Of these there were too few; there were not more than half a dozen of us, apart from the ladies of the households, the wives of the Ministers, and some foreigners.

The piece was "The Misanthrope," miserably played even by Mlle. Mars. I was exceedingly amused during the performance, and cannot refrain from noting the fact, by a gentleman behind me wearing the epaulettes of a lieutenant-general. A man rather of taste than of learning, he had never made the acquaintance of "The Misanthrope," which did not prevent him from enjoying it immensely, and laughing louder than anybody at the jokes in it; but he could not help inquiring of his neighbours, so keen was his anxiety to learn, what would be the result of the tricks which the wretched Célimène was playing upon the poor Alceste, and discussed them with a simple indignation that was quite delightful. May I be pardoned for thinking that he imagined it a piece composed by M. Scribe¹ for this occasion. At any rate, he was quite amused and quite

¹ Augustin Eugène Scribe (1791-1861). A dramatic author. His first work appeared in 1810. Member of the French Academy in 1836. With the aid of numerous collaborators he wrote some three hundred and fifty theatre pieces or opera or comic opera books.

amusing. For this performance the King had ordered magnificent costumes to be made, and these he presented to the Comédie Française. They had been brought to Trianon in the morning. The Queen told me that the King amused himself by putting them on with the necessary accompaniment of the full wig, and went into the room where she was with her daughters. His resemblance to Louis XIV. was so striking that they could have thought Rigaud's portrait had walked out of its frame to pay them a visit.

The performance concluded with a ballet arranged for the occasion. When we came out we found the whole Château lighted up. The King took the ambassadors, the foreigners, and all who cared to follow, through the great apartments to the gallery des Batailles, and though there were lights in profusion, the theatre was so dazzling with splendour that all else seemed dark in comparison. When this last excursion had been completed, every one went back to his carriage, very pleased with the day, but very fatigued.

DEATH OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND, 1838

I

The danger run by Prince Talleyrand in 1837—M. de Talleyrand does not wish to die at Paris—Mme. de Dino and the Archbishop of Paris—The salon of Mme. de Dino—The *National*—M. de Talleyrand Ambassador at London—The Duc de Broglie brings business to Paris—Mme. de Dino—The Prince wishes to go to Vienna—His resignation—Intrigues against the Duc de Broglie—M. Thiers as Minister of Foreign Affairs—M. de Talleyrand is tricked by him

I HAVE related in detail the insult offered to Prince Talleyrand by the wretch Maubreuil on January 21, 1827, when he was leaving the Church of Saint Denis,¹ his behaviour at that moment, and his anxiety to leave Paris as soon as he could do so without seeming to run away. However, he returned in the course of the autumn. It was then, while he was playing at whist one evening at the house of Princess Tyszkiewicz, that he asked Dr. Koreffe who was there, to feel his pulse. He thought himself a little feverish. The doctor found him very much so and advised him to retire. However, M. de Talleyrand continued his game and did not return home until his usual time. Throughout his life his physical vigour has given him opportunities for showing his moral strength. Though Koreffe was not his doctor, he took the somewhat unusual precaution of going to Talleyrand's residence. He summoned the Prince's valet, and advised him to keep the most careful watch over his master during that night, saying that he thought him in a very critical

¹ See vol. iii. p. 144 ff.

condition and advising that his usual Doctor, Bourdois, should be summoned at once. M. de Talleyrand came in, spent a long time undressing as usual, and went to bed without uttering a complaint. The valet began to doubt the competence of Koreffe, but as he was greatly attached to his master he preferred to err on the side of caution, and instead of leaving the room as usual, he settled himself in an arm-chair behind the bed. Two hours afterwards he heard a kind of suffocating rattle; he hurried to the Prince, and rang all the bells. Bourdois, who had already been warned, promptly arrived and found M. de Talleyrand at the last gasp. Only the most energetic medical treatment restored him to life. It is almost certain that he owed his life to the foresight of Koreffe and to the faithfulness of his valet. In any case the warning was not lost, and from that moment may be dated M. de Talleyrand's anxiety concerning his funeral, which he never relaxed. He made light of this serious incident, and was at home to all Paris two days after, but he left town when he was barely able to endure the journey. I have it from a person who helped him into his carriage at that time, that he said, "Come and see me in the country, for I am leaving Paris never to return."

M. de Talleyrand was too strong-minded and too sparing of words to utter a mere presentiment. It was an act of will that he expressed. He went to Rochecotte to Mme. de Dino. She had recently acquired this estate in Touraine. Personal connections made it a very pleasant residence for her and she had entirely established herself there. I do not know whether Prince Talleyrand there found a priest or whether he sent for one, but I have reason to believe that he came to an understanding with one to avoid the persecutions to which he feared he would be exposed if he expired at Paris. The pious hostility of the Court would have found at Paris an agent inspired with the bitterest zeal in the person of the Archbishop M. de Qu  len; nor would M. de Talleyrand have been spared any humiliation or any bitterness, for notwithstanding all the vicissitudes of his social career, he was anxious to die as a gentleman and a

Christian, if not as a priest. The thought of a renunciation or of a public scandal was almost equally hateful to him, and he had resolved not to risk it.

Life at Rochecotte, however, was not to his taste. The new intimacies of the Duchesse de Dino had populated the establishment with numbers of young Liberal men of letters, giving themselves the important airs which youth has assumed since 1830, with none of the deference towards M. de Talleyrand which propriety would have exacted from men with a greater knowledge of the world. At first he felt this deeply, but as he recovered his health he also regained his energy, and resolved to make use of these youthful talents who thought to lord it over him. Ambition awoke in him and he put his hand on Thiers, whom he had no difficulty in distinguishing from the common herd, and proceeded to use him for his own purposes. In the autumn of 1829 Prince Talleyrand, reassured upon the score of his health, returned to Paris, where he spent the whole of the following winter. But his intentions were never fixed nor did he announce his determination to make so long a stay, and his preparations were ready for departure upon the first signs of illness. He made Mme. de Dino promise to start him on his road if he should himself lose the power of expressing his wishes, even if he were to die in the carriage. At that time she would certainly have obeyed him. She was in too much fear of the Archbishop of Paris to expose herself to his zeal.

Some years previously, at a moment when her heart was empty under the influence of weariness, idleness, and to some extent perhaps of malice, Mme. de Dino had amused herself by turning the Archbishop's head, and he had fallen passionately in love with her. It is said that some treacherous friend of the Duchesse enlightened him concerning the coquetry by which he had been duped, and gave him proofs of his deception before he entirely succumbed. He took his remorse to the altar, for at heart he was a good priest, but he preserved a very worldly feeling of resentment against Mme. de Dino. It was then that he began to speak of the promise which he said he had given to the Cardinal of Périgord on

his deathbed, to watch over the safety of M. de Talleyrand's soul, and to lie in wait to secure this end even against M. de Talleyrand's wishes if necessary.

The salon of Mme. de Dino became at Paris as it had been at Rochecotte, the meeting-point of the Liberal opposition, and even, as far as the times allowed, of the anti-dynastic party. M. de Talleyrand bore the expense of establishing the *National*.¹ Thiers was the editor, supported by Mignet² and Carrel.³ All the writers who had already made a reputation in the *Globe*⁴ contributed articles to the new paper, which speedily became a power.

Perhaps it may be asked what result M. de Talleyrand expected to gain by using such dangerous instruments. I venture to reply that he hoped to return to power. Such expectations form so strange a contrast with the determination to retire to the tomb, if I may so express it, that they may be deemed absurd; still the fact is entirely so. Any one with a few years' experience of the world must have seen similar contradictions that reason rejects and experience confirms. In any case M. de Talleyrand was the life and soul of this youthful and almost seditious party which, like all revolutionaries, desired subversion as a means to clearing its own path. When the inconceivable mistakes of the Polignac Ministry produced results which the pitiable conduct of the Court made irremediable, M. de Talleyrand was naturally the centre of the movement. At the same time he advised the Duc d'Orléans to assume the title of Commander of Paris, and to commit himself as little as possible with either of the political parties. I have reason to believe that he was inclined to support Henri V. and the Regency of

¹ The *National* was founded at Paris on January 3, 1830, by Thiers, Mignet, Carrel, and Sautet.

² François Auguste Marie Mignet (1796-1884). Historian, director of archives at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs after 1830. Member of the French Academy in 1837; perpetual secretary to the Academy of Moral and Political Science.

³ Armand Carrel (1800-1836). A pupil of Saint Cyr. An officer; resigned in 1823 to fight in the ranks of the Spanish liberals against the French army. He was killed in a duel by Emile de Girardin, as the result of a newspaper quarrel.

⁴ The *Globe*, a literary journal in 1824. It became political after the fall of the Villèle Ministry and was in keen opposition to the Restoration.

the Duc d'Orléans, but I can affirm that he endeavoured to persuade him to retain the title of Lieutenant-General of the Realm until the power was entirely in his hands, and at least until Charles X. had left French territory.

The rapidity with which events succeeded one another made it impossible to follow any course of the kind. The Duc d'Orléans was swept away by this rapid succession of whirlwinds, and as he had no party of his own which he could use to gain a footing, he could only maintain his position by surrendering himself to the force of action and reaction. Amid this storm, which could neither be foreseen nor controlled, the crown fell upon his head. Soon afterwards the Press displayed a licence the gloomy results of which are still before our eyes. Mme. de Dino shrank from it, both on her own account and for the sake of M. de Talleyrand, and declared that she would not defy the storm by remaining in Paris. Her anxiety to break off the connection which had kept her for some years at Rochecotte, and of which she was tired, aroused in her a wish that M. de Talleyrand would leave France. He would have liked Vienna, but as England had been the first to recognise the new Government, he took the Embassy of London, and went there with his niece.

This nomination was made against the wishes of M. Molé, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, who would have preferred M. de Barante. M. de Talleyrand showed his vexation and took advantage of the incident to open relations directly with the King. The Minister received none but unimportant despatches, and real business was transacted by means of a correspondence maintained through Mme. Adélaïde and the Princess de Vaudémont. The consequent embarrassment for M. Molé largely influenced his decision to resign. His successor, General Sébastiani, continually complained of these clandestine communications, but could not secure any change in M. de Talleyrand's conduct. In fact, protocols were negotiated and signed before the Minister had even heard of them. The Duc de Broglie was not inclined to endure so unusual a state of things. He did not complain of the Prince de Talleyrand, but sent him despatches as meagre as

those he received, and made Paris the centre of all business. M. de Talleyrand was informed of the fact somewhat brutally by Lord Palmerston,¹ who refused his overtures in a certain matter, informing him that it had already occupied the two Cabinets for three weeks previously and was being settled in Paris at that moment. M. de Talleyrand felt the blow the more keenly as Lord Palmerston had been so tactless as to keep him waiting for two hours before giving him an audience. He went home in a fury, and resolved to leave London, which he did not wish to be the scene of his fall; but he vowed a cruel vengeance upon the Duc de Broglie. The latter, no doubt, had every reason to object when his Ambassador declined to send his reports to the Minister, but he might perhaps have found some less abrupt manner of dealing with a person, in himself of importance, who had just performed great services.

The attitude adopted by M. de Talleyrand at London had immediately raised the new throne very high in the diplomatic scale. All the colleagues of M. de Talleyrand in England were old acquaintances, and were accustomed to treat him with a personal deference which he was able to utilise in the interests of his Government. He kept a very large establishment, the honours of which were admirably done by the Duchesse de Dino. They had both succeeded in taking the lead of fashionable society, and in that exclusive world the Duchesse de Dino had recovered the aristocratic sensitiveness which may have grown somewhat rusty during her life at Rochecotte. The revival of these tastes inspired her with a wish to enter what is known at Paris as the society of the Faubourg Saint Germain. She hoped to attain this end through the family of M. de Talleyrand, but this was precisely the point where she was in the worst odour. To bring M. Talleyrand to an edifying conclusion of his life seemed to her the best means of securing her reception by

¹ Henry John Temple, Lord Palmerston (1784-1865). Member of the House of Commons and Lord of the Admiralty in 1807. Minister of War in 1809; Foreign Secretary from 1830 to 1834, from 1835 to 1841, and from 1846 to 1851; Home Secretary in 1852; Prime Minister from 1855 to 1858 and from 1859 to 1865.

families which were even more enthusiastically religious than legitimist. She had conceived this idea during her stay in England, but could not carry it out with great success. Business life had helped M. de Talleyrand to bear the burden which he seemed ready to lay aside some years previously. His mind and body had together grown younger, and as he had taken a new lease of life, he no longer paid great attention to the manner in which he might leave the world. The death of the curé of Rochecotte, which would have been a great event for him before 1830, occurred during his stay in England, without greatly disturbing him, the less so as at that time he entertained some thoughts of ending his life in London.

At the same time Mme. de Dino attempted to instil into his mind some idea of repentance, but her assaults were repulsed with great loss. She told the Duc de Noailles that one festival-day, when they had been present at the Mass *in fiocchi*, she said to him as she got into the carriage:

“It must seem strange to you to hear Mass.”

“Not at all; why do you ask?”

“I do not know; it seems to me”—and she began to hesitate—“it seems to me that at Mass you can hardly feel like an ordinary person.”

“Quite the contrary; why should I not feel like an ordinary person?”

“But then you have made priests.”

“Not many of them.”

After answers of this kind it was necessary to beat a retreat, but when Mme. de Dino is not carried away by her passions, to which she will sacrifice anything, she is no less clever than persevering, and she promised herself to return to the charge at more opportune moments.

The ill-humour in which M. de Talleyrand had left Lord Palmerston was carefully fanned by her. Several circumstances contributed to make her anxious to leave London. I am careful to quote first of all the most honourable of them. She feared that the friction with which M. de Talleyrand would meet henceforward in the conduct of

business, together with the inevitable weakening of his faculties by age, might lead him astray and diminish his importance. The climate of England had been declared fatal to a friend whose society she highly valued. She had also formed ultra-Tory connections, and, in spite of her expectations, the Whig Ministry remained in power. This circumstance, it may be said, explained the rudeness of Lord Palmerston. She was not rich enough to settle definitely in England, and it suited her to use the last years of M. de Talleyrand's life in order to found for herself an independent position in France, and one upon which might be reflected the lustre of M. de Talleyrand's great European career. Possibly also she began to grow tired of London, although I do not think so. The position of ambassadress suited her perfectly. With her extraordinary cleverness, one might even say talent, if the expression were applicable to a woman, Mme. de Dino adapts herself wonderfully to a life of outward show. When she has covered herself with diamonds, and sat for an hour or two in a front seat in a brilliantly lighted room with a few Royal Highnesses, she thinks her evening very well spent. I have noted that she pushes her taste for diplomacy to the point of intrigue during the rest of the day; but what is known as conversation, the interchange of ideas with no immediately interested object, does not amuse her; yet she should be successful in this respect with such an example before her as M. de Talleyrand.

In any case, the Prince asked for permission to retire, and, after a short stay at Paris, he went to Valençay, where he gathered a number of people about him with the obvious intention of showing that he had lost none of the strength and vigour of his mind. The retirement of the Duc de Broglie, and the nomination of Admiral de Rigny¹ to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, inspired Prince Talleyrand with the desire of being sent to Vienna. He cherished the idea of resuming the proposed triple alliance between France,

¹ The Duc de Broglie left the Ministry on April 4, 1834. He was replaced by the Comte de Rigny, who handed the portfolio to M. Bresson on November 10. He resumed it on the 18th of that month.

Prince Talleyrand left the London Embassy in November 1834.

England, and Austria, which had been prepared in 1815, and the revelation of which had cost him the favour of the Emperor Alexander.¹ I have read a note in his own hand: "I have handed over London to the July throne, and now wish to go to Vienna, and will succeed if I am allowed."

Mme. de Dino, whose connection with Germany could not fail to attract her to the project, entered into it the more zealously as she and M. de Talleyrand at that time were thinking of the marriage of Pauline de Périgord² with Prince Esterhazy, and this was an alliance which she had at least as much at heart as the alliance of Austria with our Cabinet; but M. de Talleyrand was so inconvenient an ambassador that no minister cared to appoint him. M. de Rigny simply declined, and in no long time found himself replaced by the Duc de Broglie.³ The latter contracted a fresh debt in the dislike of the Duchesse de Dino by refusing to promote M. de Bacourt⁴ by a too obvious piece of favouritism. M. de Talleyrand sent a letter from Valençay which he insisted that the *Moniteur* should print. It was a kind of political abdication, of which he speedily repented like other potentates who have vacated their thrones. The salon in the Rue Saint Florentin became a hotbed of intrigue against the Duc de Broglie. M. de Talleyrand did his best to discredit him with the King, which was not difficult, for the King did not like him. He emphasised mistakes of etiquette towards foreign ambassadors, reported their complaints and stirred them up against one another. Meanwhile he and Mme. de Dino were exhorting Thiers and attempting to persuade him that with his great superiority he could take

¹ See vol. ii. pp. 95, 101, 102.

² Joséphine Pauline de Talleyrand Périgord, daughter of Alexandre Edmond de Talleyrand Périgord, Duc de Dino (1787-1872), and of Dorothee de Courlande (1793-1862). She married the Marquis de Castellane.

³ The Duc de Broglie had resigned on April 4, 1834, upon the refusal of the chamber to vote a sum of twenty-five millions for the settlement of a debt claimed by the United States. He returned to power on March 12, 1835, and retained his position until February 1836.

⁴ Adolphe Fourier de Bacourt (1801-1865). Entered upon a diplomatic career in 1822. Secretary to the London Embassy after 1830. Minister at Carlsruhe in 1835, at Washington in 1840. Ambassador at Turin in 1842 and resigned in 1848.

the first place and become Prime Minister. I have often heard him laugh at it when it began, attributing these speeches to their hatred for M. de Broglie; but he soon began to find that they tickled his ears and his heart agreeably. Mme. de Dino and the Princess Liéven, who joined in this intrigue as a pastime and to keep her hand in, sang the praises of Thiers among the diplomatic body, and in the numerous letters which they exchanged with foreign Courts. They secured answers which M. de Talleyrand brought to the King, assuring him that the confidence of Europe would be strengthened by the promotion of M. Thiers, because this act would be regarded merely as an official seal affixed to the orders emanating from the Royal wisdom, and I am afraid that the King was only too accessible to flattery of this kind.¹

M. de Talleyrand, on his side, flattered himself with the idea that he would be supreme in power. Thiers seemed to him so deferential that he would be always bound to recognise M. de Talleyrand's patronage as indispensable for his support, and he regarded himself so certain to be believed that he felt little regret upon the disappearance of the prospects which he had entertained for a moment of being appointed President of the Council without a portfolio. M. de Broglie yielded to these many hostile manœuvres. M. Thiers was appointed, to the delight of the King, the Foreign Cabinets, and especially of M. de Talleyrand.² The latter was the first to discover the falsity of his anticipations. Within a few weeks, mocked, deceived and insulted by M. Thiers, he was forced to abandon his claims. The Cabinets saw the war, which they were all anxious to avoid, brought almost to the point of imminence by the actions of the new Minister, and the few months of his administration overwhelmed the King with personal

¹ M. de Sainte Aulaire, Ambassador at Vienna, referring to this Ministerial crisis, writes to Mme. de Boigne on February 13, 1836: "Here I cannot say that the question is of any great importance. It is believed that the King will do what he likes with anybody and people have little confidence in any one but him, but his reputation increases daily. Progress is perceptible. I cannot precisely see the extent of road that we have still to travel but we have come a considerable distance." (Unedited correspondence.)

² M. Thiers separated from the Duc de Broglie and from M. Guizot to form, apart from the doctrinaires, a ministry which lasted from February 22 to September 6, 1836. (See pages 120-122.)

embarrassments. This strange ministry was the last act of the public life of Prince Talleyrand, nor could he have made a more injurious farewell to the policy of his country. I do not assert that he ceased to interfere with public affairs, but his future action was confined to ineffectual intrigues.

II

The growing weakness of Prince Talleyrand—Conduct of the Archbishop of Paris on the death of the Princesse de Talleyrand—Reply of the Archbishop of Bourges—Illness of Mme. de Dino—The Abbé Dupanloup—M. de Talleyrand delivers the eulogy upon M. Reinhard, at the Academy—Another accident—Negotiations for a form of declaration submitted to the Archbishop—Last illness of M. de Talleyrand—Pauline de Talleyrand—M. de Talleyrand signs the declaration in a letter to the Pope—Visit of the King—Death of M. de Talleyrand—Difficulties at Rome—The funeral

THOSE constantly about Prince Talleyrand noticed that he was growing very weak. Every hour of social appearance was followed by a kind of stupor, and serious accidents frequently occurred, but he used the whole strength of his will to hide them. As his condition grew worse, Mme. de Dino grew the more anxious to watch over his last moments. The death of the Princesse de Talleyrand¹ had provided the Archbishop of Paris with an opportunity of showing his ill-feeling. He caused due apology to be made by the "person known under this name"—I quote his own words—for the scandal she had caused in living with a prince of the Church; but his zeal and hatred had carried him too far, and he was compromised by the fact that he had accepted the safe-keeping of a box containing valuables. Mme. de Dino took advantage of discussions upon this incident to re-open relations with him, and probably recovered something of her old ascendancy, for thenceforward he showed himself more amenable in his relations with the Rue Saint Florentin.

At the same time M. de Talleyrand would have preferred

¹ The Princesse de Talleyrand died at Beauséjour, at Auteuil, some years before the Prince.

not to have recourse to his good offices, and I know that the Archbishop of Bourges¹ was questioned as to the attitude which he would adopt if the Prince fell dangerously ill within his diocese. He replied, with all the other bishops in France, that he could not possibly authorise the Prince to receive an absolution which would permit of his interment with the prayers of the Church. The Archbishop of Paris was the only Gallican prelate commissioned by the Pope to receive M. de Talleyrand's declaration, and to accept it or to refuse it, as his conscience and his intelligence might guide him. M. de Talleyrand heard of this answer during his last stay at Valençay in 1837. He then went to Rochecotte, where Mme. de Dino prolonged her stay for the visit of her sister, the Duchesse de Sagan. The proposed marriage between Pauline and Esterhazy had been abandoned, and the Prince de Chalais, head of the house of Périgord, had lost his wife, formerly Mlle. de Beauvillers. This alliance, which M. de Talleyrand had always desired, had become the most earnest wish of Mme. de Dino. This circumstance increased her desire to lead M. de Talleyrand to a Christian death, the credit of which would fall to her.

In the month of January 1838 she was very ill at Rochecotte, and was in danger for a moment. She took advantage of the opportunity to reproach M. de Talleyrand the next day for his failure to warn her. She pointed out that they had promised to tell one another the truth in any crisis of the kind, gave her view of the procedure to be adopted, and finally regretted that he had not sent for the priest.

"What! That drunkard!" growled M. de Talleyrand, and would not say another word.

Mme. de Dino confided this set-back to the Duc de Noailles, her warm admirer and zealous confidant in this pious work. However, M. de Talleyrand was preparing of his own initiative to avoid a scandal. Pauline de Talleyrand had made her first communion, was as religious as a little

¹ Guillaume Aubin de Villèle, born in the diocese of Toulouse on February 12, 1770. Consecrated Bishop of Soissons on September 24, 1820 and appointed to the Archbishopric of Bourges in 1825.

angel, and often talked to her uncle of her confessor, the Abbé Dupanloup.¹ One day when she was speaking of him, soon after their arrival in Paris, M. de Talleyrand said :

“Mme. de Dino, we must ask the Abbé Dupanloup to dinner.”

Mme. de Dino readily agreed, and the Abbé came. It happened that the company at dinner was far from serious, and their conversation worldly. Some days afterwards he was again invited, and refused. When M. de Talleyrand heard of it he said :

“You told me he was a sensible man, but your Abbé is only a fool after all. That sort cannot understand.”

Mme. de Dino, taking advantage of this slender opening, and not having the courage to attack the question in conversation, wrote a long letter to M. de Talleyrand, which she told me was a masterpiece of logical reasoning, pointing out to him the necessity of a reconciliation to the Church. M. de Talleyrand replied by sending her a form of declaration, which he authorised her to send to the Abbé Dupanloup, and through him to the Archbishop. This occurred on March 10, and on the same day M. de Talleyrand delivered the eulogy upon M. Reinhard² at the Academy. His mind was full of this performance, which he obviously regarded as a public farewell. According to his custom he had his speech prepared for him. M. de Talleyrand never wrote anything himself, but he made several people, whom he employed for

¹ Félix Antoine Philibert Dupanloup (1802-1878). Ordained priest in 1825. Priest of the Madeleine and then of Saint Roch. Almoner to Madame la Dauphine, confessor to the Duc de Bordeaux. Director of religious instruction to the children of Louis Philippe, lecturer at Notre Dame in February 1834. Director of the little seminary of Saint Nicolas du Chardonnet from 1837-1845. Canon of Notre Dame. Bishop of Orléans in 1849. Member of the French Academy in 1854. He resigned in 1871 after the election of Littré. Deputy to the National Assembly in 1871. Perpetual Senator in 1876.

² Comte Charles Frédéric Reinhard (1761-1837). Born in Wurtemberg. Entered the French diplomatic service in 1792. Secretary at London and Naples in 1793. Chief Secretary to the Ministry in 1794. In residence at Hamburg in 1795. Minister at Florence in 1798. Replaced Prince Talleyrand as Minister of Foreign Affairs in July 20, 1799. Minister in Switzerland in 1800, in Lombardy in 1801, in Saxony in 1802, in Westphalia in 1808. Made a Count by Louis XVIII. in 1814. Member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. Member of the Academy of Moral and Political Science.

the purpose, produce different drafts which he fitted together, adjusted and changed, until he had given them the impression of his own personality. He worked steadily at the preparation of this little speech, and gave readings from it to his friends, but the members of his family circle were alarmed by the fatigue which this session had in store for him, and after making every effort to dissuade him they had recourse to Cruveilhier,¹ his doctor, who went so far as to say that he would not answer for the consequences.

"Who wants you to answer for them?" replied M. de Talleyrand in his slow phlegmatic manner.

The eulogy, though not a very brilliant performance, was loudly and most sincerely applauded. The grace with which it was delivered, and M. Talleyrand's marvellous power of impressing an audience, evoked an enthusiasm which astonished the auditors themselves when they read the work in print. M. de Talleyrand was intoxicated by his success. He compared his delight to that which he had felt at the success of a thesis in the Sorbonne. It was the first and the last triumph, but at every time of life the heart of man is equally open to vanity. After his return to Paris M. de Talleyrand had gone into society a great deal. He dined with the King, the Ministers, the Ambassadors, and everywhere where he had been invited. On leaving the table after dining with the English Ambassador his legs gave way, and he fell face forward upon the floor. He was picked up unconscious. His first words when he came to himself after several seconds were, "What has happened to me?"

He was told, which was not true, that he had caught his foot in the carpet. He went back to the salon, and talked with his usual and ready wit until his carriage arrived. Then he called his grand-nephew, the Duc de Valençay, to take him home, reached the ante-chamber without showing any signs of pain, but was hardly in the carriage before he began to groan in the most pitiable way. With great difficulty he was brought back to his room, where he spent several days in a

¹ Jean Cruveilhier (1791-1874), Doctor in 1816. Agrégé in 1823. Professor of Anatomy in 1835. Member of the Academy of Medicine in 1836.

dreadful condition. This accident put an end to his social life, but he speedily resumed the custom of inviting people to his house, and of giving great dinners, of which he did the honours with the traditional grace that is fast disappearing. Neither luxury nor magnificent surroundings are evidence of high rank ; the true indications are a certain outward refinement, a manner calm, easy, and naturally noble, putting every one in his place while retaining its own, and amounting to good breeding. This M. de Talleyrand possessed to perfection. When M. de Barante delivered in the Chamber of Peers the eulogy on my father,¹ I sent a copy of it to M. de Talleyrand. I still have the note in which he answered me in his own handwriting,² and marked by the good taste to which I have just referred.

The declaration handed over to the Abbé Dupanloup, and duly examined by him and Monsignor Garibaldi,³ had aroused some objections upon their side. Mme. de Dino, taking advantage of the acquaintanceship which she had renewed with the Archbishop, opened long discussions with him, and tried very reasonably to prove that he should demand no more than could be obtained. Her intimate knowledge of M. de Talleyrand's character gave her arguments considerable weight. These negotiations continued for some time. At length the Duchess brought back the documents to her uncle with some slight changes in the terms to which he immediately agreed, and with a request for a supplementary article, which he refused to insert, but which he consented to incorporate in a letter which he was willing to send simultaneously to the Pope. This compromise was accepted. The two documents, drawn up and copied, were left in the hands of M. de Talleyrand, as yet unsigned. Matters had reached this stage. On Thursday, May 10, some twenty people had dined at M. de Talleyrand's residence, when the next day the Prince was seized with a terrible shivering fit at the table. He was put to bed. His doctor, Cruveilhier, who had been uneasy about him for some time, considered him seriously ill.

¹ Session of April 16, 1838.

² See Appendix.

³ Monsignor Garibaldi, papal nuncio at Paris.

The next day an enormous tumour appeared on his thigh it was thought necessary to open it, and Cruveilhier told the invalid that, as he had ceased operating for some time, he would prefer to call in Marjolin.¹ "I understand, you would rather there were two of you." And from that moment the conviction of his danger never left him, but could not move him. M. de Montrond, who had been sent by him to the King on Sunday, informed him that he had spoken of him to the King as very poorly. "Very poorly! Very bad you ought to have said," and after this he continued to talk upon all subjects with a readiness the more astonishing as he seemed to be in great pain. Terrible fits of choking, which almost reached suffocation, prevented him from lying down, while the wound caused by the tumour would not allow him to be seated. He was leaning on his side over his bed with his legs dangling, supported by two valets, who relieved one another, holding his head upon their chests; and from this position he would get up to express his gratitude to his numerous visitors, enjoy their conversation, and find in it some distraction from the pain which he suffered with that patience which is born of courage. I saw that the Chancellor was greatly affected by this sad sight. He remembered M. de Talleyrand in the splendour of his success, displaying his high capacity, and holding in that very room, in 1814, councils at which the fate of Europe had been decided. The contrast provided matter enough for melancholy reflections, which our poor human nature can always afford to observant minds.

However, the danger increased from hour to hour. The rooms in the house were full of people of every rank and every shade of opinion, and the family never separated. Mme. de Dino was in a painful situation, divided between those who reproached her for not extorting from M. de Talleyrand a renunciation of the illegalities of his past life, and others who accused her of wishing from personal interest to disturb the sick man's last moments. At length, on Tuesday evening, she resolved to speak to M. de Talleyrand

¹ Jean Nicolas Marjolin (1780-1850). Physician of the Hotel Dieu. Professor of Pathology to the Faculty of Medicine. Member of the

of the intentions he had expressed, and to urge him to sign the declarations already prepared. He received these overtures very badly, and told her that he would sign when it was time. The doctors did not hide the fact that the danger was critical. Mme. de Dino thought that all her long and careful attempts were wasted, and was honestly in despair. The sincere and pious soul of young Pauline was more successful. She was indeed the child of M. de Talleyrand's old age. She waited on him tenderly and devotedly; she spoke to him of this signature, so earnestly desired by her innocent heart, which could not understand the temporal importance of it. M. de Talleyrand told her that he would think of it seriously, and on the Wednesday, after the visit of the doctors, he announced that he would sign the declaration the next day at four o'clock in the morning. Then he continued to see visitors, but in less number than in preceding days. Mme. Adélaïde has told me that she had spent part of the evening there: after some expressions of gratitude for her kindness, he began to talk about ordinary subjects without any kind of affectation, and not even pretending unusual cheerfulness. Had it not been for the painful position that I have described, one might have thought him in his usual health; but the doctors were under no delusions, and uttered gloomy forebodings for the night. Pauline came at nine o'clock to claim his promise to sign.

"I shall sign at four o'clock to-morrow morning," he cried impatiently; "go and rest till then."

However, at eleven o'clock she reappeared in the room.

"Is it four?" he asked. He was told it was only eleven.

"Go away, Pauline; do not be anxious. I have never been in a hurry in my life, and yet I have always been in time."

As a matter of fact, when four o'clock struck he sent for Mme. de Dino. She had taken the precaution to bring MM. Molé, de Sainte Aulaire, and de Barante to witness his desire in case he should be incapable of writing; but these gentlemen were not called in, and in a firm hand he signed his name, Charles Maurice, Prince de Talleyrand.

presence of the Abbé Dupanloup, his servants, and his doctor, Cruveilhier, from whom I have these details. Before signing, he asked for the document to be read over. He missed certain phrases which he remembered inserting; he was reminded that they were in the letter to the Pope. "Quite so; I shall have to sign that too." Then he wished the declaration to bear the date of the holograph document which he had sent to the Abbé Dupanloup. The latter could not precisely remember the date.

"It is very easily found," said the Prince; "on the second shelf of the book-case you will find some copies of my eulogy upon M. de Reinhard which was delivered on the same day."

This clearly proved that the speech at the Academy, a very unusual effort for M. de Talleyrand, was undertaken to show that there was no moral weakening of his faculties at the moment when he had drawn up the declaration, and that it was the work of his own will. M. de Talleyrand attitudinised to his last gasp.

The little Marie de Talleyrand, the Baron's daughter, was to make her first communion on the very day when these documents were signed. The invalid remembered the fact, and asked for her to be brought. She fell on her knees before him sobbing. "I bless you, little one," he said, placing his hands on her head, "and wish you every kind of happiness. I will share it, if it is permitted." Would any one venture to affirm that at that supreme moment the sceptic was not for a brief time a believer. He then asked his valet for a watch and chain he had procured as a present for Marie on that occasion. When the Abbé Dupanloup told him with some simplicity that the Archbishop would give his life to alleviate his sufferings, M. de Talleyrand replied in the slightly ironical tone that he was so well able to assume, "He has something better to do with his life." About eight o'clock a visit from the King was announced. He was immediately preoccupied with the task of arranging his room according to the forms of etiquette which he alone knew. He gave minute instructions to his servants, to his nephew, and to Mme. de Dino about the manner in which the

King was to be received, brought to his room, and shown out. I do not know whether this anxiety exhausted his strength, but Mme. Adélaïde, who accompanied her brother, told me that she was struck by the terrible change that had occurred during the night. He seemed suffocated and overwhelmed, and could hardly articulate a few words in reply to the King. When, however, the King was about to withdraw, after a short visit, M. de Talleyrand made a great effort, raised himself, and uttered in a strong voice, "It is a fine day for this household when the King enters it." Then he fell back, and Mme. Adélaïde, who stayed somewhat longer, did not hear his voice again until she was about to take her leave. He clasped her hand, and said in a low and choking tone, "I like you." Monsignor Garibaldi had gone to the Archbishop early in the morning; both were waiting impatiently for the Abbé Dupanloup. He gave them full details of what had happened, and obtained their authorisation to restore M. de Talleyrand to the bosom of the Church. Apparently these formalities caused some delay, for he did not return until eleven o'clock. M. de Talleyrand could no longer speak. The Abbé gave him absolution, and then extreme unction. The Archbishop called at the house, but he did not see the dying man. About midnight his head was affected, and the Prince expired at four o'clock in the afternoon on May 17, 1838. •

In spite of his sallow face and his unfortunate figure, M. de Talleyrand always showed his distinguished breeding amid all the vicissitudes of a stormy life, which drove him into paths where he neither obtained nor deserved credit. He stood face to face with the Revolution and the Directory, the Empire and the Restoration, the crowd in the salon of M. de Lafayette and the English aristocracy. He stood face to face with death. The family quarrels aroused by M. de Talleyrand's will, in which Mme. de Dino played a leading part, do not belong to my subject, but the despatches which arrived from Rome a few days after the funeral do require mention. The Pope refused to recognise the declaration as

completer form than M. de Talleyrand would probably have agreed to make. The delay of the messenger avoided all scandal and was a fortunate occurrence. The Roman Court scolded the Archbishop and Monsignor Garibaldi for their indulgence, and our Chargé d'Affaires, M. de Lordes, was commissioned to smooth them down. In spite of its vexation the Court showed itself diplomatic; the facts had been accomplished, and it resolved to accept the declaration as valid and adequate, but was careful not to publish it. I have never read this declaration, but the terms of it have been communicated to me by persons who had knowledge of them. I think I am correct in saying that it was drawn up in vague and general terms. M. de Talleyrand testified his regret that he had been drawn into the errors of the age in which he lived, and also his desire to die in the bosom of the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church in which he was born, but of his abjuration, of his orders, of episcopacy, of marriage, and of private scandal there was not a word or even a hint. In his letter to the Pope he accused himself, and repented of his momentary refusal to acknowledge the legitimate and salutary authority of the Papal Chair, in reference to the civil constitution of the clergy admitted and sworn to by him in 1791. This alone of his misdeeds was conscientiously stated.

The funeral of the Prince de Talleyrand passed off quietly and decently. Some disturbance had been predicted, but there was none. There was, however, a great crowd to see the procession pass. When M. de Talleyrand fell ill on May 11, he was preparing to start for Valençay on the 15th. The object of the journey was to receive the body of his brother, the Duc de Talleyrand, better known under the name of Archambaud de Périgord,¹ who preceded him to the tomb by

¹ Archambaud Joseph, Comte, then Duc de Talleyrand-Périgord, born on September 1, 1762, son of Charles Daniel, Comte de Talleyrand-Périgord (1734-1788) and of Victoire Eléonore de Damas d'Antigny, died in 1809; Field Marshal in 1814; succeeded to the peerage of his brother, the Prince de Talleyrand, by Royal Ordinance of December 25, 1815. Made Duc in 1817. In 1779 he had married Madeleine Henriette Sabine Olivier de Senozan de Viriville, daughter of the Marquis de Viriville; she died during the Terror. He was the father of the Duc de Dino, of the Comtesse Juste de Noailles, and of Archambaud Marie Louise de Talleyrand-Périgord, who died unmarried in Berlin in 1808.

some few weeks, and who, though his younger brother, was a far older man than himself. For some years he had been in his dotage. M. de Talleyrand was very anxious to be present at this ceremony, for which he had given detailed orders. The bodies of the two brothers travelled together, and a common funeral service was held over them at Valençay. It is impossible not to be struck by incidents of this kind, which show once more how constantly human calculations are overthrown by Providence.

DEATH OF PRINCESS MARIE D'ORLÉANS, DUCHESS OF WURTEMBERG, 1839

I

Childhood of Princess Marie—The artistic temperament—Education of the children of the Duc d'Orléans—Marriage of the Princess Louise d'Orléans—Mme. Mallet—Her death—The Princess Marie's scorn of popularity—The Princess Clémentine—Works of the Princess Marie—The Count of Syracuse—The King of Naples—The Princess Marie's vocation for marriage

WHEN so recently I amused myself by writing the story of her childhood,¹ the Princess Marie was in all the splendour of her brilliant youth, and I little expected that I should be allowed to speak of her last moments; but the life and death of this young woman are so unusual in the rank in which she was born, that it is impossible not to dwell upon them. I have avoided using the word admiration which rose to my mind, because I reserve it for those who, with the same qualities and the same virtues, submit them to the will of society and accept the fate that God has given them without exhausting their lives in futile combats against destiny. Such was the life of Princess Marie, and in twenty-five years she succumbed to the struggle. I do not propose to write a eulogy of her—quite the contrary. It was not because she was too gifted, but because something in her was wanting, that she found the sweetest of fates so bitter. When this concession has once been made to the demands of reason, we can devote ourselves to the contemplation of her brilliant qualities which attracted both mind and heart.

¹ See vol. ii. p. 159.

The children of the Duc d'Orléans fell into groups according to their years. The Duc de Chartres, the Princesses Louise and Marie, and the Duc de Nemours were sufficiently of an age to live together and to follow the same studies under the same instructors.¹ Princess Marie was the life and soul and the cherished tyrant of this quartette, whom she dominated, though neither they nor she suspected the fact. More often punished, and yet more often admired, than the rest, she was the despair and the delight of her masters, whose favourite she remained when all was said and done. Notwithstanding the perfection of Princess Louise, who was never scolded for anything, the outbreaks of Marie were so graceful, and she made amends for them with such feeling, that she was only the more beloved. Like all persons upon whom genius has laid its hand, she was subject to fits of helplessness, which were known as idleness, and which were the despair of her mother and her governess; but soon she would make a fresh start and rapidly outstrip those whom she had allowed to leave her behind. It is somewhat remarkable how many minds, even those extremely distinguished, are subject in early youth to these fits of moral stupefaction when everything within them seems benumbed. I think the fact is to be ascribed to a morbid state of imagination, to which educational theorists cannot pay too much attention. It appears as a certain discontent with everything earthly, with the world as it is and its society, with acquaintances that seem too narrow-minded, and affections that seem too feeble. It is, in short, an aspiration towards the infinite, a desire for the fruit of the tree of knowledge, which has been recently entitled the artistic temperament for want of some better term, and which should be dealt with as soon as it appears. Princess Marie was seriously stricken with this malady. No one recognised it; it grew up with her, and she succumbed to it.

The desire of the Duc d'Orléans for popularity was

¹ The Duc de Chartres was born in 1810; Princess Louise in 1812; Princess Marie in 1813; the Duc de Nemours in 1814. Then came Princess Clémentine, born in 1817; the Prince de Joinville in 1818; the Duc d'Aumale in 1822; and the Duc de Montpensier in 1824.

perceptible in the education given to his children. Not only were his sons sent to college, but their instructors were so chosen that every one about the young Princes spoke the liberal jargon of the age; instead of discoursing to them upon the duties which their high rank involved, attempts were made to degrade this rank in their eyes as a worn-out chimera which all distinguished men would spurn. Princess Marie soon regarded the ties of rank as nothing more than so many fetters upon the wishes of her heart and the superiority of her intellect. Long before any one suspected it, she felt profoundly grieved that she had been born a Princess and was restricted to what she called a life of deception, as if any social position did not require the sacrifices of some tastes. She had instinctively discovered the disagreement which had divided the Tuileries and the Palais Royal. While Princess Louise readily submitted to the affectionate caresses of Madame la Dauphine, Princess Marie coldly drew away from marks of affection which she would have thought it a kind of cowardice to seek. Hence the July Revolution produced very different effects upon the two young Princesses. Princess Louise received it by sharing her mother's tears and allowing the absent and the victims to fill her mind. Princess Marie found food in it for her imagination, and became for a moment enthusiastic. Soon, however, she was disgusted by the spectacle before her eyes; her independent mind refused to pay court to the multitude, as the recently exiled Court refused, and she again retired to the seclusion of her ideal world.

During the last years of the Restoration the Duc d'Orléans gave a series of lectures upon modern history for his children, which were delivered every Saturday. This family meeting took up the greater part of the morning. It provided work for the following week, while the analyses of the preceding lectures were also examined. I have heard that the notebooks of Princess Louise were the better, but that the answers of Princess Marie to her father's questions showed greater sagacity. The superiority of the Duc de Chartres was indisputable, and was not disputed by his sisters, and

these mornings charmed both pupils and the father who acted as professor. They had no idea of the terrible lesson in practical history which they were all to receive. The taste for serious study entertained by the Princess Louise received only a brief check at the July Revolution. The Queen, with her usual common sense, was anxious to remove her daughters from the prevailing feverish atmosphere; she sent them back to their usual occupations and to their peaceful lives whenever these were not too violently interrupted by the course of events. At the same time it was impossible for young and intelligent girls of seventeen and eighteen years of age not to take a greater share than perhaps was desirable in the troubles and anxieties of the parents whom they adored. However, the lofty and sensible piety of Princess Louise, comparable to that of the Queen, helped her to overcome this agitation. She had gone back to her professors, whom she astonished by the depth and modesty of her learning.

In the same summer of 1831 Princess Marie abandoned the career of pupil, left the route marked out by her drawing-masters, and began a series of compositions which aroused their admiration. Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," the first novel which she was allowed to read, inspired her youthful talent. I have seen the sketches which this novel inspired, and they were remarkable for their intelligent choice of subjects. They led her to study the costumes and manners of the Middle Ages. She soon abandoned fiction for history, and chose as a subject for numerous designs the Joan of Arc whom she afterwards reproduced in sculptures which the most distinguished artists would be glad to have executed. It is somewhat remarkable that all the King's children should have strong leanings to drawing, painting, and sculpture. The Prince de Joinville would have modelled as well as his sister Marie if he had had the time for it. It is also remarkable that they were all completely unmusical, and that music was actually disagreeable to them. Ordinarily a taste for art makes any art welcome to an organism which becomes the common centre of art.

The negotiations for the marriage of Princess Louise were

conducted entirely under her observation, though she paid little attention to them.¹ Entirely devoted to her family, the thought of leaving them at these troubled times was cruel to her, and the husband who was offered to her, to whom she afterwards became deeply attached, could not then take the place in her young heart of the affections from which he removed her. To say that compulsion was brought to bear would be absurd in the eyes of those who know the domestic life of these princes and their tender affection, but it is certain that all about her did their best for three months to obtain her consent by dint of reason and love. Princess Marie worked hard. The King alone asked that her choice should be left free, and, the evening before the marriage at Compiègne when he found her in tears, he told her that there was still time to break it off, and that he would undertake the responsibility if she felt any repugnance for the King of the Belgians. She replied that the only cause of grief was removal from him, and that any husband would be equally disagreeable to her. The Queen scolded, persuaded and consoled her, and the marriage took place. People were greatly astonished by the attitude of Princess Marie during this journey to Compiègne. Her apparent complete carelessness at the moment of separation for the first time from this angelic sister, whom she had never left for an hour since her birth, seemed evidence of unusual want of feeling. A young lady, Mlle. de Roure,² a friend of the Princesses' childhood, was more scandalised than any one. She wiped away the tears of Princess Louise, and sympathised with her while Princess Marie was jesting, romping and laughing about them.

She continued to play this part until the carriage which was taking away her sister had left the courtyard. Then she ran and shut herself up in her own room. Some hours afterwards Denise de Roure came in and found her in a flood of tears and despair. Princess Marie fell into her arms, saying

¹ The marriage of the Princess Louise d'Orléans and the King of the Belgians, Leopold I., whose first wife had been Princess Charlotte of Wales, was celebrated at Compiègne on August 8, 1832.

² Daughter of the Marquis de Roure, lady to Queen Marie Amélie.

that her happiness was at an end and her life shrouded in gloom. She drew a lively picture of all that Louise had been to her and of her loss. Denise listened with surprise, and could not help asking why, if she felt the separation so deeply, she had assumed an indifference which had astonished every one and certainly hurt her sister's feelings.

"I knew," she replied, "that Louise would never consent to marry if she guessed the hundredth part of the grief I feel. I had promised mother not to dissuade her, for I think as she does, that marriage is not only proper, but is a woman's duty, and that attempts to avoid it are failings in one's duty towards God."

Princess Marie faithfully followed these principles, for not only did she raise no objection to any of the marriages proposed for her, but she showed much willingness to agree to every successive project. Her grief-stricken heart at that time demanded help from her imagination. She became a close friend of Mlle. Antonine de Celles, and both plunged into a state of ecstatic devotion which bordered upon mysticism. Her governess, Mme. Mallet, took alarm and warned the Queen, whose sensible piety would not countenance these aberrations. She kept Princess Marie more constantly with her, and took advantage of the marriage of Mlle. de Celles with M. de Caumont to break off her intimacy with her daughter.

I think that Mme. Mallet was beginning to grow uneasy concerning the future of the young Princess, of whom she was extremely fond. Though a highly educated person, Mme. Mallet had little common sense, which was replaced in her case by sympathy and devotion. Her two august pupils could not have been in better hands for the purpose of becoming equally virtuous and distinguished, but only a really dominant personality could have issued prohibitions to the Princess Marie herself, and Mme. Mallet was not equal to this task. For a long time she had been completely dominated by her pupil, whom she adored, and was more inclined to be led by her and to sympathise with the weaknesses of her heart than to help her to correct them.

However, she gave useful support to the Queen in the task of regulating the religious sentiments of the Princess. The tendency to mysticism gradually disappeared, and, though her religion preserved a somewhat more enthusiastic character than that of her mother and her sisters, she had abandoned the exaggerations which she had almost reached. Deprived of the outlet for her feelings which she had found in her sister Louise, her sentiments reacted with renewed force upon herself. From that time I should date the beginning of the ravages which her inward struggles caused in her at the expense of her life. There was no constant progress to be marked, but there were crises of mental suffering which found no outward means of alleviation. She thought it a feeling exclusively her own, and complained that she was unable to inspire anything like it. When she was reminded of the many family ties by which she was surrounded, she would reply that her parents loved her as their eighth child, that her brothers and sisters had seven others upon whom to pour their love. "Louise was the only one," she added, "who identified herself with me, and now she has a husband and children who naturally absorb her affection." The death of Mme. Mallet was the last drop in the cup of her bitterness. She breathed her last in the arms of the young Princess, who attended her as a daughter, as a nurse, and as a saint, never leaving her night or day, supplying all her wants, and exhorting her like a pastor of souls. When she had herself closed the eyes of her old friend she threw herself into the arms of Olivia de Chabot,¹ who had watched her pious work and shared her deep affliction.

"Now," she said, "there is no one on earth who loves me more than all the world."

Olivia protested in the name of the warm faithful friendship that united her to the Princess.

"Oh, my dear Olivia, you have your family, and you will get married, and you ought to prefer your husband before anybody."

¹ Comtesse Olivia de Chabot, lady-in-waiting to the Princess.

This idea of married life was ever present to Princess Marie as the only type of real happiness. Her family life, indeed, was likely to maintain her in this idea which the Queen had always striven to inculcate, passionately desiring as she did the marriage of her daughters. So there was always some one in prospect; but one after another they all failed, and Princess Marie regarded this circumstance as one of the restrictions inherent to the life of a princess. For these there seemed to her to be no compensation; the many advantages in respect of comfort and pleasure which were due to her station in life were so familiar that she never thought of noticing them.

At the same time, no etiquette was ever less troublesome. The Queen did her best to give the Princess such freedom as was compatible with a society in which the press assumes the licence of attacking all that it should respect as soon as it is visible to outward view. However, Princess Marie had succeeded in acquiring a certain popularity, though indeed not by seeking for it. I remember that one day, when I had dined at the Tuileries, she was standing in front of the fire, leaning upon a tall screen placed before her, at the end of which I was also leaning. The salon was full of Deputies, some of whom had dined at the Château, while others had come to call—parenthetically I may say that “to call” is the term in use now; eight years ago I should have written “to pay their respects.” The Queen was going from one to the other with graceful words and smiles. Princess Marie said:

“I have been watching for a quarter of an hour to see if that man would escape mamma’s notice,” and she pointed to a little man, insignificant and plebeian in appearance, who had taken refuge between a table and an armchair. At the same time we saw the Queen moving towards him. The Princess looked at me with a smile: “I should have been greatly astonished if mamma had not unearthed him.” Though I was not particularly intimate with Princess Marie, I had constantly seen her from her childhood, which fact, together perhaps with my character, allowed me to speak freely with her, and I replied:

"If Madame would give the Queen a little more assistance, her task would be less difficult."

"I should be very sorry to try ; I know nothing about it."

"So much the worse, Madame ; every one has his profession in this world, and I need not tell you how a kindly word and a gracious smile from people of your rank, arouse popularity and attract supporters."

She put her hand on my arm and cut me short, half laughing and half seriously.

"Ah, dear Mme. de Boigne, those two words have spoilt your lesson : popularity ! and supporters ! It is degrading to humiliate oneself before people for whom one does not care or whom one despises to obtain their support. The custom is not of our time. Moreover, believe me, it is quite useless."

I denied this assertion. Our conversation continued for some time, and I again quoted her mother's example. She admitted the veneration and the love that she inspired. "But then," she said, "mamma is perfection. Who would venture to flatter herself that she was taking her place ?"

I had too much respect for the truth to reply, "You, Madame," but I said that she might at least try to imitate her. She replied, with a smile, that she could never begin by going to talk to all those gentlemen in black. Then she drew an inference with much grace and with more wit than reason, that in the present age princes were no longer so surrounded by illusions as to be obliged to dispense politeness ; that each was judged by his intrinsic worth, and she said in conclusion :

"After all, the Queen is beloved and respected, not because she went to talk to that little man behind the armchair, but because she is an excellent mother, an excellent wife, and a woman who more than performs all the duties which heaven has entrusted to her."

Thus it is clear that in the case of Princess Marie the idea of the joys and duties of married life was ever prominent in her mind. I would not venture to affirm that—possibly in spite of her professed liberalism, and certainly without her

knowledge—her old Bourbon blood was showing itself and aroused in her some moral repugnance for the people with whom the July Revolution was forcing her to rub elbows, while it increased her disdain for popularity. In any case she carefully avoided commonplace forms of politeness and court receptions seemed to her forced labour. Even the balls became disagreeable to her as soon as the invitations extended beyond the limits of close intimacy. The poor Queen now says, “Marie was too perfect for this world. We did not understand her, she soared far above us.” But at the same time she would have preferred her daughter to live a more mundane existence in her drawing-room, and I have often seen her hurt by her discourteous silences. The idea that Princess Marie was unconsciously influenced by the Royal instincts that she undoubtedly possessed, was suggested to my mind by the fact that she was never so happy as during the prolonged visits that she made to the Queen of the Belgians, who was surrounded by the narrowest and minutest etiquette owing to the German habits of her husband. Madame Adélaïde has often told me that she was ready to die of boredom at the end of four days; but her niece, who was much younger, more active and more ready to take dislikes, prolonged her stay for weeks with keen satisfaction, and returned to us obviously more cheerful than she had gone away. The fact indeed may be explained by the tender affection uniting the two sisters.

I have not spoken hitherto of Princess Clémentine;¹ as long as her education lasted, namely, until 1836, her governess, Mme. Angelet, an unusually clever woman, who was under no illusions concerning Princess Marie, and at least saw the worst side of her character, feared the influence which she might exert upon a youthful imagination, and kept her sister entirely away from her. I have reason to think that the Queen shared the idea that it would be advisable not to hand Clémentine over to the attractions of

¹ Marie Clémentine Caroline Léopoldine Clotilde d'Orléans, born at Neuilly on June 3, 1817, married in 1843 Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (1818-1881). She survived all the members of her generation and died in 1907.

Marie until she was able to think for herself. In any case success justified the precaution. Princess Clémentine is an accomplished Princess from every point of view. She does not despise her position, for which I esteem her all the more.

During the winter of 1834 the Duc d'Orléans gave some balls to his sisters in his apartments. A group was there noticed representing Joan of Arc at her first battle. The warrior girl was passing over the body of an overthrown enemy, and shared the reluctance of her horse. The expression of candour and pity upon her face, conjoined with her inspired look, was conceived and rendered with unusual talent, and the modelling of the figures and the horses was perfect. Lovers of art grew enthusiastic over this beautiful work by an unknown author. At the second ball some indiscreet persons mentioned the name of Princess Marie; thus it was that her remarkable talent for sculpture was revealed. It had hitherto remained hidden in her studio, and only at the expense of much trouble had the Duc d'Orléans secured permission to take a cast of this group. She was working at the same time upon a magnificent panel which the Duc d'Orléans was having made in Renaissance style, and which may rival the finest works of Benvenuto Cellini. Princess Marie did not confine her artistic efforts to one style, but also designed stained-glass windows, of which a specimen may be seen in the chapel of Saint Saturnin at Fontainebleau. She had already made some designs for her private room and for a Gothic pavilion in the Château of Laeken. Many others remained in her portfolio when it perished in the conflagration of which I shall speak later. I do not know precisely at what time the King ordered her Joan of Arc statue for Versailles. The secret was kept even from intimate friends, and the statue was in position even before any one suspected its existence. I do not think there was any flattery in the general admiration which it aroused when it was subjected to public inspection at the opening of the Palace of Versailles. Women do not secure much flattery in the present age, and Princesses none. By special favour I saw at the same time the Princess's studio. Her statue

of Moore's angel carrying a tear of the repentant sinner to heaven in the hollow of his hand, I thought charming, and better than the Joan of Arc. It has not yet been given to public inspection, and I do not know what will be thought of it.

Prince Léopold of Naples¹ quarrelled—for, in spite of the rank of the personages, no more appropriate term can be found—quarrelled with the King, his brother. He came to seek refuge in the Court of France, where he was received as a member of the family. The Queen appeared as mediator between her two nephews. Prince Léopold soon showed a keen desire to contract with Princess Marie an alliance which had already been mooted. The Dowager Queen of Naples was extremely anxious for it.² King Ferdinand offered no formal opposition, but declined to enter into any of the arrangements necessary for the accomplishment of the project, and recalled his brother. Much vexation was felt here when he took his departure without any definite result, and after his attentions had been sufficiently marked to attract universal notice. The Princess was deeply hurt, and the Queen, who accused herself of encouraging her to hope for this family alliance, was profoundly saddened. The Prince had promised to gain the consent of his brother, but the Queen Mother explained that he would not be firm enough to exhort it. Admiral de Rigny was sent to Naples to oblige the King to give a categorical explanation.³ Ten minutes' conversation between the Ambassador Extraordinary and his Neapolitan Majesty ended in an open breach. The Admiral embarked in a frigate which was waiting for him, and the Ambassadors were withdrawn by the two courts. A few months afterwards the Queen of Naples, to whose influence was attributed the King's objections to an alliance with France, died in child-

¹ Léopold, Count of Syracuse (1813–1860), son of the King of the Two Sicilies, François I. (1777–1830). Brother of King Ferdinand II., of the Duchesse de Berry, of the Queen of Spain, Maria Christina, of the Empress of Brazil, Theresa, wife of Dom Pedro II., &c. He married in 1837, Marie, Princess of Savoy-Carignan, daughter of Joseph Chevalier de Savoy and of Mlle. de La Vauguion. (See vol. i. p. 327 and vol. ii. p. 19.)

² Isabella, Infanta of Spain (1789–1848), second wife of the King of the Two Sicilies, François I., and mother of Prince Léopold.

³ See in the Appendix letter from Admiral de Rigny, under date October 28, 1835.

birth,¹ and three months had not passed before the widowed Sovereign was in search of another wife.

He visited the Catholic courts of Germany in succession, and came at length to Paris, though his relations with us were so far from friendly that he had not even an Ambassador in residence. I think I am correct in saying that our Queen and her daughter feared a marriage with the King as much as they had desired one with Prince Léopold, and if policy had begun negotiations for such a purpose, it would have encountered great obstacles within the palace. At the same time, the attitude of the King of Naples was alike strange and surly as regards our Princesses; for Princess Clémentine was old enough for him to think of her. He spent three weeks at Paris, apparently examining them, and almost paying them court, and the day after his return to Naples he issued an official demand for the hand of the Archduchess Theresa.² No greater discourtesy could have been devised. It was keenly felt by the Princess Marie, and her sadness increased. I have it from one of her most intimate friends, who advised her to adopt the attitude of one refusing to marry, pointing out the pleasures of her position in so united a family, with the unusual talent which would enable her to avoid all boredom, that she suddenly cried, "And when I appear before God with my sculptures in my arms, what shall I say when he asks me, 'Was it for that that I sent you upon earth?'"

Afterwards, when she complained as usual that there was nothing exclusive in the sentiments she aroused, her friend pointed out to her that exclusiveness was very rare in any kind of intimacy.

"You do not understand me, my dear; you are speaking of love, and I of conjugal affection, a very different thing. A husband has but one wife, and a wife but one husband. Such is the divine command, and from this union come all the good, all the happiness, and all the duties for which we have been created."

¹ Maria Christina, Princess of Savoy (1812-1836), daughter of Victor Emmanuel I., King of Sardinia.

² Maria Theresa Charlotte, daughter of the Archduke Charles, who had been considered in 1836 for the Duc d'Orléans (see pp. 121 and 125). The marriage took place in 1837.

II

Journey to Belgium—Marriage of Prince Léopold of Naples—Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg—The Princess refuses a settlement in France—Marriage of the Princess Marie at Trianon—Her happiness—The burning of the Princess's country house at Gotha—Birth of Prince Philip—Travels in the south—Death of the Duchess of Wurtemberg—Her last moments—Funeral at Dreux—"For Joinville"

THE Queen's care had been ever directed to the preparation of her daughters as good mothers and good wives. The seed sown in the heart of Princess Marie had grown far more rapidly than she would have herself desired, for the delay of her marriage made her very unhappy. Her health suffered, her moods and her sadness increased. The Queen was greatly worried, and as some distraction Madame Adélaïde took the Princess to Brussels and left her there. She only returned to Paris for the marriage of the Duc d'Orléans in company with the Queen of the Belgians. Her deep melancholy was obvious to all during the festivities then held.¹ An additional vexation was the news which she heard at Fontainebleau itself, of the marriage of Prince Léopold of Naples with Mlle. de Carignan, daughter of a Carignan who is not recognised by the Kings of Sardinia, and of Mlle. de La Vauguyon;² an overwhelming insult to the house of Orléans. The Queen and Princess Marie, who perhaps thought with reason that they had shown their desire for this alliance too strongly,

¹ See pp. 133, 134.

² Joseph, Knight of Savoy, had died in 1825, and his claims had never been admitted by the elder branch. But Charles Albert, who had been King since 1831, had recognised the right of the children born of the marriage with Mlle. de La Vauguyon. Eugène became Prince of Savoy-Carignan, and Marie his sister married in 1837 Prince Léopold, Count of Syracuse. (Royal Decree of April 28, 1834.)

were equally hurt, but the Princess, who was younger and less resigned, displayed the more irritation. Her gloominess increased and her temper as well as her health sensibly changed. The Queen then began to beat the coverts of Germany for a suitable husband. The King of the Belgians proposed Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg,¹ the sixth son of a younger son, but a member of the Royal household. Even this very moderate alliance was not arranged without some difficulty. The Prince, a cousin-german of the Emperor Nicholas, had all his interests in Russia² and not only was the direct consent of the Emperor required but also an undertaking that he would not use his influence to gain a refusal from the King of Wurtemberg. The difference of religion became an obstacle everywhere and especially at Rome. The Princess would have earnestly desired that all her children, like those of her sister, Queen Louise, should be brought up in the Catholic faith. The members of the house of Wurtemberg were entirely opposed to the plan. These difficulties involved considerable negotiations with St. Petersburg, Stuttgart, and Rome; at length they were overcome and the marriage was announced towards the middle of September.

Public opinion agreed that Duke Alexander was of no particular mental distinction, but spoke loudly of his high character, and no one could dispute his splendid appearance.³

¹ Alexander, Duke of Wurtemberg (1804-1881). He was a son of Alexander Frederic Charles (1771-1833), fifth son of Frederic Eugène (1732-1797) and of Antoinette (1779-1824), daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. Duke Alexander was cousin-german to the King of Wurtemberg, William I. (1781-1864).

² The Emperor Paul I., father of Nicholas I., had married on October 13, 1776, Sophia Dorothy Augusta Louisa (Maria Feodorowna) of Wurtemberg, born October 25, 1759, and sister of Alexander Frederic Charles, Duke of Wurtemberg, Cavalry General of the Russian service, father of Duke Alexander, married to Princess Marie d'Orléans.

³ M. de Sainte Aulaire writes from Vienna on September 21, 1837: "Is the marriage of Princess Marie certain? The sister of Prince Metternich, the Duchess of Wurtemberg,* speaks very well of her nephew, Duke Alexander.

* Baron Blomberg, the Wurtemberg Minister, has come into my study

* Maria Pauline, born on November 22, 1771, daughter of Francis George Charles, Prince Metternich. She had married on February 23, 1817, Ferdinand Frederic Augustus, Duke of Wurtemberg, Austrian Field Marshal, uncle of Duke Alexander and brother of the Empress Maria, wife of Paul I. of Russia.

In any case the Princess seemed entirely satisfied and when I went to offer my official congratulations at Saint Cloud, she received them most graciously. Her countenance had resumed its sweetness and cheerfulness; she was carefully dressed and she turned towards Duke Alexander, who was standing behind her chair and was apparently much absorbed in her, with looks expressing her satisfaction. On speaking of this marriage with Madame Adélaïde some time before, I had expressed the thought that it was intended to keep Princess Marie in her family by settling the young couple somewhere in France.

"We should like that very much," she replied, "I have even offered to give them my house in the Rue de Varenne, but Marie will not hear of it. As she is marrying a German she intends to become German. 'If,' she says, 'the King does not think it a suitable match, he should not consent to the marriage.' But when it is over she claims to be no more than her husband's wife, dependent only upon him, to have no other rank, no other fortune and no other fate than his. It would be hateful to her to see him regarded as the husband of Princess Marie, and this is what would inevitably happen in France, so she proposed to go away immediately after the ceremony."

It is clear to what an extent this young Princess had been brought up in the spirit of the gospel and of the sacred rights of husband over wife. Since the Prince had arrived her satisfaction with his person had not weakened her intention to efface herself, and she saw the moment of her marriage approach with a satisfaction which she did not attempt to hide. The marriage took place at Trianon before the family, the officials on duty, and persons officially summoned.¹ No other invitations were issued. The Princess seemed radiant during the two days that she spent there. On the third day she went away, and parted with all her family with less emotion than they showed. Whenever she thought she was

as I am writing these words, and confirms the news of the marriage officially. He also speaks of a beautiful castle near Bayreuth which would be a suitable residence for our Princess during the summer. I flatter myself that during the winter we shall keep her at Paris in the Rue de Varenne. . . ." (Unedited correspondence.)

¹ The marriage took place on October 17, 1837.

accomplishing a duty, she preserved such a command over herself that it was impossible to infer from her appearance what she was feeling; but the spectators were angry with her for the indifference with which she seemed to receive the tearful embraces of her family and the anxiety with which she hurried into the carriage which was to take her away. The sentries saw her smiling at her husband as she passed. The sobs of Princess Louise on her departure from Compiègne were remembered, and the impression was not favourable to Princess Marie, especially in the household, where all had been daily witnesses of the love which her family felt for her. As a matter of fact this marriage crowned her aspirations; there was nothing absolutely out of harmony with her rank, it was authorised by the assent of her family, and the example of Princess Louise reconciled her to the thought of a Protestant husband. The husband pleased her greatly, and the independent wandering life which she foresaw seemed to her taste far preferable to the sharing of a throne. I do not know whether the lapse of years would not have brought other ideas, but for the moment she was completely satisfied.

The Princess, like all people of artistic taste, had a mania for travelling. The projects which she was already forming for visits to Italy, Greece, and the East, as no duty would oblige her husband to reside in one spot rather than in another, seemed to her a complete compensation for her lack of social importance. She gave ready expression to her delight that his only possession was a country-house in Saxony bearing the singular name of "Fancy." The King and Queen, who placed the happiness of their child before all other considerations, appeared satisfied. The Duc d'Orléans did not succeed in hiding his opinion that the marriage was a poor alliance, and that Duke Alexander was a very heavy brother-in-law. He would have preferred Princess Marie to remain unmarried, and had expressed his wishes to her, while showing his desire to revive an example of that tender brotherly love which the King and Mme. Adélaïde displayed before them every moment. I have even

reason to believe that he went so far as to point out that the Prince to whom she was about to give herself seemed to him hardly capable of appreciating her worth. The fact remains that the Princess was deeply wounded by her brother's attitude, and that a perceptible coolness between them was always apparent.

The German lady who was to accompany the Princess happened to be too ill to start. The young couple made no mention of this fact. In the evening the Queen learnt that in her anxiety for independence the Princess had been travelling entirely alone with the husband she had married four days previously. Her progress was stopped by telegraph, and the Duchesse de Massa,¹ lady of honour to the French Princesses, was hastily despatched to rejoin them and to accompany the Duchess of Wurtemberg as far as the residence of her new family. The Princess displayed some vexation, but her entry to Germany was the more properly made. She was most kindly welcomed by the Duchess of Coburg, the sister of Duke Alexander, near whom she had a residence.² Though Princess Marie was so entirely bored by the restrictions of her position in Paris, she submitted with wonderful readiness to the narrow etiquette of the little German Courts which she visited in succession to make the acquaintance of her husband's relations; but love is a great incentive, and her passion had grown so keen that she wrote one day to the Queen, her mother, saying that nothing could be more delightful than a sledge journey of fifteen leagues in snow six feet deep with fifteen degrees of cold. Her sleigh companion must have been very agreeable to enliven such a

¹ The Duchesse de Massa had been appointed Lady of Honour to the Princesses on May 4, 1832. (*Moniteur*.)

² Antoinette Augusta Maria Anna of Wurtemberg, born on September 17, 1799, married on December 23, 1832, Ernest I. (Antoine Charles Louis, 1784-1844), Duke of Saxe-Saalfeld-Coburg from 1806 and of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha from 1825. His first wife had been Dorothea Louisa Pauline Charlotte Frederica Augusta of Saxony, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha. Of this first marriage was born Prince Albert, who married his cousin Queen Victoria, daughter of a sister of Ernest I., who had become Duchess of Kent. Leopold I., King of the Belgians, was a brother of Ernest I. Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, who married Princess Clémentine, and Victoria, who married the Duc de Nemours, were the children of another brother, Ferdinand (1785-1851).

journey. In any case, all her letters were thoroughly happy, and full of hymns in honour of Duke Alexander.

However, her independent tendencies were not suppressed. When the little court of Coburg moved to Gotha she refused to live in the palace, and set up house in an adjoining pavilion which she furnished. It was so small that the Royal household could only find room for two valets. For a long time the Princess had had a fancy to prepare with her own hands the chocolate which she took in the early morning. As she could not light her own fire in the German stove as she did in France, she was given a small spirit lamp which was placed on a bedside table. One day the lace on her pillow caught fire; while the Princess and her maid were trying to put it out, they upset the spirit lamp. The flaming spirit ran over the bed which was in an alcove draped with muslin. The conflagration was so rapid and furious that the Princess had only time to escape in her slippers and her dressing-gown which her maid threw over her shoulders; their cries brought Duke Alexander to the spot, but already it was hardly possible to enter the room and the isolation of their quarters caused such delay in bringing help that everything was soon consumed. In any case, it would have been very difficult to extinguish so furious a blaze at a time when eighteen degrees of frost offered no prospect of getting water. The pavilion was therefore burnt to the ground and the whole possessions of Princess Marie were buried in its ruins; her jewels, her dresses, and the more irreparable and to her sadder loss, her albums, her works of art and her papers. The diamonds and precious stones were recovered from the ashes; I saw them when they reached here almost calcined. Still, a considerable number of them could be used, but all the settings and the magnificent pearls given by the King were completely lost. With her usual self-command Princess Marie showed no fear and but little regret, but I cannot help thinking that such an event in her condition caused some injury to her health. Hitherto her letters had boasted that she was growing stout; yet some weeks afterwards when she arrived, we saw her greatly changed and very thin, a change attributed to her position.

The King gave himself the pleasure of placing in the pavilion which he had most carefully built for her at Neuilly, everything which could replace the losses which she had suffered from the fire at Gotha. The first days of her visit passed joyfully and pleasantly in the bosom of her family; soon, however, she shut herself up in her rooms with Duke Alexander and showed marked impatience at any disturbance of their conversation. No one, even of her old friends, was admitted to her rooms. Only Olivia de Chabot saw her at rare intervals. This was the more astonishing, as among the advantages arising from her marriage by which Princess Marie seemed to set most store, was the possibility of living in society unrestrained, and of paying calls, which appeared to her imagination as the crowning pleasure of a rational existence. To seek any desired distraction at any time that she pleased and for as long or as short a time as she liked; to take her chance of finding what she wanted as well as to set out with a definite object; to talk with every one without restraint and without responsibility; such was her theory of paying calls. I have often heard her explain this theory while regretting that she could not put it into practice, and she was astonished when we smiled at her Utopia; but her independence, far from making her more sociable, had made her more solitary. Two reasons will explain the fact: the first was her health which, as succeeding events proved, was very far from satisfactory, though she never complained: the second cause was mental dissatisfaction of which I have been accurately informed. Love had depicted Duke Alexander to her as endowed with all perfection and all distinction, and she was too far-sighted not to see that in the eyes of her family he was a handsome young fellow, but a great bore who was highly esteemed but not greatly liked; and she would not pardon her family for what she thought an injustice, and very probably the Prince, who was devoted to her, and was more at his ease in their rooms, appeared to greater advantage there than among his brothers-in-law, whose superiority overwhelmed him. It is certain, however, that the old intimacy between Princess Marie and her brothers was never

restored. Though very unwell towards the end of her time, she was successfully confined on July 30, 1838,¹ of a child so large that her previous suffering was attributed to its size.

Though her health was unsatisfactory, it caused no alarm for some weeks, but far from recovering, she grew weaker and weaker and her feebleness increased. The King was the first to take alarm and demanded a consultation. To this the Princess objected; she asserted that a few months in the pure air of Germany would set her up again. However, the King's fears were confirmed by the Faculty of Medicine and Dr. Chomel warned the Duc d'Orléans that his sister was in imminent danger. The rest of the family were not greatly disturbed. A doctor was called in from Brussels who encouraged their hopes, but like his French colleagues, ordered a change to the milder climate of the south. With great trouble Princess Marie was induced to consent. She was most anxious to spend the winter at her country seat, "Fancy," which she had not yet seen. At length the entreaties of her family won the day. Duke Alexander supported them, more out of deference than conviction, for his wife told him that she was not ill and in this, as in all things, he believed her, and the idea of vexing her was very painful to him. It was desired that she should make a stay in the south of France. The Queen begged her to take this course saying that she would come and pay her a visit during the winter, but could not secure her consent. Madame Adélaïde offered to accompany her wherever she liked to go and she refused with equal petulance. Her character had completely changed. Though her self-command had formerly been so great, she had become excessively irritable, and her dislike of everything that was not German reached the point of mania. She sent for a doctor from Coburg to attend her; he wrongly diagnosed her condition and perhaps accelerated her death by some weeks, but in any case it was impossible to save her life, and the encouraging words concerning the excellent results of the

¹ Philip of Wurtemberg, who married in 1865 Maria Theresa, daughter of the Archduke Albert of Austria.

treatment to which the German proposed to subject the Princess during the journey at any rate made the separation less heartrending for her family. As soon as she had consented to go to Italy, the Duchess of Wurtemberg showed such anxiety to start that she could not hide her vexation when the arrival of the Queen of the Belgians delayed her departure for forty-eight hours, and received this dear half of herself almost with coldness.

Her family accompanied her to Fontainebleau. She took leave of them kindly but very calmly, arranging to meet in the following autumn at the same palace of Fontainebleau. However, while embracing the Queen of the Belgians, she said to her very softly, "Louise, never forget me." This was the only incident which might arouse the idea that her cheerfulness was assumed. When the King went up the steps after putting her in the carriage, he could not restrain his tears. The Queen went to hide her grief at the foot of the Cross, her usual refuge, but she entertained greater hopes than the King. The journey was comparatively successful. The German doctors sent off a scientific bulletin every day, from which little could be learnt. The Prince, in accordance with his wife's wishes, wrote that she was improving, and this she confirmed in a few lines. At length a long letter in her own hand from one of the towns on the Genoese Riviera, written under the influence of the fair sky, beautiful sea and scenery, the sight of which aroused her artistic feelings, brought delight to the Tuileries; but hardly had she reached Genoa than the weather changed for the worse and her desire for movement, the last and saddest symptom of lung disease, reappeared. After changing her palace three times and her room seven times in ten days, the Princess insisted upon leaving the place. M. de Rumigny, the French Ambassador at Turin, who was very devoted to the Royal Family, had gone to Genoa and informed the Minister of Foreign Affairs that after carefully weighing all considerations, the vexation of remaining at Genoa seemed to do the Princess so much harm that they had resolved to let her go, though the doctor had little hope of seeing her reach Pisa. He said that he had

ventured to leave his post to accompany her, as he thought the case most urgent. The King assigned to Comte Molé the sad task of communicating this despatch to the Queen, which fell among the Royal Family like a bombshell. Hitherto their anxieties had been for a future which was still believed to be very remote. The Queen abandoned her wish to go and see her daughter; she felt the difficulty of a journey across Italy in her case. The Duc de Nemours started alone, hardly hoping to see his sister again, but contrary to all expectations the journey had done her good, and two days after her arrival at Pisa she wrote several long letters. In a letter to the Queen she said that she felt as though she was born again, so sweet and pure was the sky. She sent instructions to Olivia de Chabot concerning presents intended for some who were dependent upon her charity. She asked the Duc d'Orléans to send her albums, pencils, brushes, and a stool, to sketch from nature, as the weather seemed likely to allow her to do so before long. These letters revived hope. It was thought that the crisis had been successfully surmounted and that this was the prelude to a cure. There had been some fear that the unexpected arrival of the Duc de Nemours might frighten the Princess, but an invalid can always be deceived, and some pretext was invented to explain it to her. She welcomed her brother with delight, and did not seem to him as ill as he had feared. She got up and spent three hours sketching with him, and this incident contributed to reassure all minds at Paris. The illusion was complete. The New Year's receptions were held as usual.

However, the letters from the Duc de Nemours became less and less satisfactory. One received on Thursday, January 3, seemed so alarming that it inspired the Queen with the keenest anxiety to start, while the King was equally anxious to dissuade her, being certain that she would not arrive in time. To this objection she replied that they had opposed the journey of the Duc de Nemours on the same grounds, and that he had been at his sister's bedside for a fortnight. The King raised no further objection; orders were given at Toulon

to prepare a steamer to take the Queen to Livorno, whence she could easily reach Pisa without crossing other States, and the Queen of the Belgians was summoned by telegram to accompany her mother. The departure was fixed for the Monday; Queen Louise arrived on the Sunday, but the reports were so bad that the voyage was countermanded on the Monday, and on Tuesday M. Molé had the painful task of announcing the death. The Queen exclaimed:

“Lord, thou hast an angel the more, but I have lost my daughter.” She shut herself up in the Chapel, which only the King could persuade her to leave at the end of some hours. In spite of her great courage, her unusual piety, and her admirable resignation, her inward grief made such ravages that I was shocked to see the change two days later.

The details which she soon afterwards received concerning the last hours of her sainted daughter, as she calls her, greatly alleviated her grief and changed her bitterness into a kind of passionate admiration. She invokes her daughter while she weeps for her. The Christmas celebrations had provided a pretext, or a motive, for the Duchess of Wurtemberg to seek the consolations of religion. The Bishop of Pisa, summoned to her side, had been both touched and edified by the mental attitude of the “sainted Princess,” as the letter of a Legitimist expressed it informing me of the incident. A new form of treatment, adopted after the consultation demanded by the Duc de Nemours, had brought some slight relief; but the disquieting symptoms reappeared, and on December 30 she had a very prolonged fit of weakness. The next morning, finding herself alone with her brother, she said to him:

“Nemours, you know me well enough to know that I can bear the truth, and that I wish to bear it. Tell me, am I very ill?”

“Not very ill, but since yesterday evening the doctors are uneasy.”

“Thank you, brother; I understand.”

At that moment she saw Duke Alexander come in, who had been out of the room for a moment. She put her finger on her mouth, saying “Hush,” but did not seem in any further

uneasiness. It was noticed that she showed increased affection for her brother and her husband, but from that moment she no longer asked for her child. She sent for her Lady-of-Honour, Frau Spietz, a Catholic like herself, and gave her full instructions on religious matters with a self-command that never failed in spite of her frequent fainting fits. Soon surrounded by the help which she had asked, she added the most lofty and touching words to the prayers of the priests in which she did not fail to join. Recollections of her family were tenderly mingled with the farewells which she addressed to those about her, and during the last two days of her short life she showed herself as expansive as she had usually been reserved. Her pious and ardent soul seemed to understand that it was about to wing its way to its true home. On January 2 she was so exhausted that for more than three hours it was necessary to lean close to her to discover if she still breathed. But she suddenly revived; the Duc de Nemours says that he never saw her so beautiful; her eyes recovered their brightness, her face cleared; she sat up on her death-bed, looked around her, smiled at her husband and her brother, drew them up to her and embraced them tenderly. Then she said, in a strong but natural voice:

“See the power of religion. I am twenty-five years of age. I am happy, quite happy,” she resumed, taking her husband’s hand, “and I die content. Nemours, do not forget the fact, and tell Chartres.”

These were her last words. For some time her face retained its beatific expression; her eyes were open as if she saw some vision of sweetness, then fainting fits followed until life had ebbed away.

Such was the life and such the death of Marie d’Orléans, Duchess of Wurtemberg. Though she had many fine and noble qualities, they lacked the amalgam of some vulgar clay, and to their internal warfare she succumbed. I think that such a temperament is rarer upon the steps of a throne than in other classes of society, but in every case it leads to want of balance, and should be suppressed from early youth. The despair of the Royal Family was great. The Duc d’Orléans,

to whom her last message had been sent, grieved bitterly. The narrative of the Duc de Nemours, and the impression which he had received of so edifying a death, were the greatest possible consolation to the pious mother. A further consolation also were the smiles of the poor little Prince Philip, too young to know his loss, whom she received with true motherly tenderness. Duke Alexander brought him to her, and put him in her hands with a confidence by which she was deeply moved. After showing every care and tenderness to the Princess, his wife, his grief for her was so heartfelt as to secure him the affection of the whole family. The body of Princess Marie was brought back from Marseilles and taken across France, and the funeral procession was everywhere met with tributes of respect and regret. It was wished, as the Ministers desired, that she should be buried at Saint Denis, but the Queen's wishes prevailed, and her daughter was taken to Dreux, where she had already two children returned to the God who gave them. The King, the Princes his sons, and the Duke of Wurtemberg who had arrived the evening before, came to receive the remains of this brilliant and beloved woman. The grief that they were unable to restrain made the ceremony most touching.

When the prayers of the Church were concluded they descended to the vault, and, before abandoning the coffin to the solitude of its last home, each of them knelt and placed his lips upon it, uttering a long farewell. They had already gone up the stairs, when the Duc d'Orléans suddenly stopped and turned back, knelt again with bitter sobs, and kissed the coffin once more, saying, "For Joinville."¹

This recollection of the absent brother—the Duc de Joinville was then helping at the capture of Saint Jean d'Ulloa—from one who was to be one day the head of the

¹ In consequence of difficulties with Mexico the French squadron had sent an ultimatum to the Mexican President on March 21, 1838. As the President refused to entertain the demands of the Government, Vice-Admiral Baudin, under whom the Prince de Joinville was serving, bombarded the fort of St. Jean d'Ulloa before Vera Cruz, and forced it to surrender in four hours (November 27). After the capitulation of the town negotiations were opened and ended in peace. (March 9 to August 6,

family, seemed to me to be too kindly a sentiment and too good an omen to be omitted here, and the few persons present were deeply moved.

Apart from the Joan of Arc, Moore's angel carrying a tear to heaven, and the figures on the panel of the Duc d'Orléans, of which I have already spoken, the Duchess of Wurtemberg left a statue of an angel opening the gate of heaven,¹ some bas-reliefs from the poem of Ahasuerus,² a bust of the Queen of the Belgians, and that of her eldest son. Her portfolio of designs was lost in the conflagration at the palace of Gotha.

¹ This figure of the kneeling angel, added with great art to the recumbent statue of the Duc d'Orléans by Miquetty, is now to be found in the funeral chapel of the Sablons, erected to the memory of the Prince on the spot where he died. (Note of 1843 by Mme. de Boigne.)

² "Ahasuerus," a mystical prose poem published in 1833 by Edgar Quinet (1803-1875).

DEATH OF THE DUC D'ORLÉANS 1842

I

Prophecies for the year 1840—The year 1842—Note from M. Pasquier—The last words of the Duc d'Orléans to his mother on July 12, 1842—The Duc d'Orléans demands a speedy carriage—M. de Cambis—The horses bolt—Fall of the Prince on the road de la Révolte—The King's optimism—Death of the Duc de Orléans—The King and the Queen—The Duchesse d'Orléans learns her loss on the Plombières road—The Duc de Nemours

CHÂTENAY, *May* 1843.

THE discovery or invention of old-time prophecies, used for party purposes and repeated by the credulous, had frightened a considerable number of people concerning the year 1840. We were assured that the result was bound to be favourable to the Legitimist party, but amid these dangers even the most zealous were alarmed. They were willing to see their country and their fellow citizens subjected to these perils, but they themselves preferred to reside at a distance. Many of them left France, and Paris in particular. I know not for what reason, being no student of prophecy, they had fixed on Paris as the centre of the cataclysm. However, this formidable year of 1840 passed by quite peaceably and very prosperously. But the year 1842 was very different, and deserves a black mark. Fatal accidents, inundations, conflagrations which swept away whole towns, and earthquakes, were cruel marks of its progress. Of all these calamities, that which left the deepest traces, and the consequences of which cannot be foreseen, is undoubtedly the death of the

Duc d'Orléans. To the credit of the country, it must be said that his loss was profoundly felt; the public mourning was as lasting as it was heartfelt.

No loss could be more disastrous to the country than that of this brilliant heir to the throne, full of experience in spite of his youth; of the respectful son who took the lead among his brothers as the future head of the family, and of the best of fathers to his children. The keystone of the arch has been violently wrenched away; will the scaffolding by which the structure is now supported hold firm? Time alone will show. But time is pregnant with events which the death of the Duc d'Orléans makes far more alarming. In recalling my recollections of this disastrous incident, I shall follow my usual method of relating what I have seen and what I believe. I shall not go out of my way to harmonise facts or to discover their consistency with the views entertained by public opinion. Truth is full of inconsistencies which can only be avoided by drawing upon the imagination. At the same time, without employing these resources, it is possible to speak in very different terms of the Duc d'Orléans, according to the point of time at which one may place oneself. The lapse of years, and even of months, had done very much for him. Only outstanding characters can thus be improved by experience; of this experience the Prince made every use, and at the time of the gloomy catastrophe of which I am to speak he was an accomplished man in every respect.

On Wednesday, July 13, 1842, I was staying in my country house with some friends, when I was informed that the secretary of the Chancellor, Baron Pasquier, wished to speak to me. I had a presentiment of some misfortune; previous sad experiences frightened me. My first idea was that some assassin had raised his arm against the King, and when M. Lalande told me that the Duc d'Orléans had been hurt in a carriage accident I felt a sense of relief. But this was not of long duration. The note which M. Pasquier sent me gave no grounds for hope. After spending five hours with the Prince, he had left him at the point of death to collect the officials and the registers required for the sad

formalities which it would be his duty to perform. In the course of the evening the news of the death was confirmed. I can only describe the impression produced in my little circle as one of stupefaction, and such was the general impression throughout France. People could not think; they were overwhelmed. There was a vague sense of the enormity of the loss, but amazement prevented any appreciation of its true significance.

I went to Paris. The following details I gathered from the Chancellor, the Queen, Madame Adélaïde, and other eye-witnesses. The Duc d'Orléans was to start on Wednesday, July 13, for an absence of some weeks.¹ He had dined the evening before at Neuilly, and had been walking in the gardens with the Queen until eleven o'clock. When he left her she asked whether he was coming to lunch at Neuilly the next day.

"I cannot," he replied. "I have audiences which will keep me until it is time for me to start, or at any rate until the King reaches Paris."

"Do try, Chartres, to hurry on your audiences a little, and come, if only for a moment. In any case, I shall not say good-bye to you this evening. If you do not come I shall go to Paris with the King to-morrow, but you will not see either Clémentine or Victoire,² and they will feel hurt if you go without saying good-bye to them." The Princesses had already retired.

"Well, dear Majesty"—the Queen's children had adopted this very Italian custom of thus addressing her—"Well, dear Majesty, since you insist I will come to-morrow morning."

These cruel words resound continuously in the heart of the poor mother, and she repeated them to me with lamentations. Punctual in keeping his engagements, the Duc d'Orléans hurried on the business which occupied him till mid-day, left himself an hour to go to Neuilly, and asked for a swift

¹ The Prince was going to the camp of Saint Omer.

² Victoire de Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld (1822-1857) married the Duc de Nemours on April 27, 1840, the second son of King Louis Philippe. She was a daughter of Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld (1785-1851), brother of Duke Ernest I. and of Leopold I., King of the Belgians.

carriage. Unfortunately his equerry, M. de Cambis, was in the stables when the order arrived. Some of the horses had been sent to the camp of Saint Omer, others to Plombières for the service of the Duchesse d'Orléans and to Eu for the Comte de Paris; others had also been left at Villiers.¹ M. de Cambis gave orders to harness two young and fiery horses to a very light carriage. The postillion, one of the best in the stable, pointed out that they were not yet fit to be used for the service of Monseigneur.

"That is to say that you are unable to drive them," replied M. de Cambis. "Call John, he will raise no difficulty."

Naturally the horses were harnessed, mounted, and driven into the court of the Tuileries. It might be added in passing that the postillion went mad with grief, and that M. de Cambis bitterly complained that the Queen and the Duchesse d'Orléans refused to see him.

When the Prince saw this little carriage drawn up before the steps he was greatly vexed. He never crossed Paris in an open carriage when he was in uniform. He gave orders for it to be changed, but on looking at his watch, he countermanded these instructions, the performance of which would occupy more time than he could spare. The aide-de-camp of the day was busy, and those who were to accompany the Duc d'Orléans on his journey had not yet reached the Palace. Unaccompanied, he entered the carriage which fate had predestined for him. It was a kind of low phaeton, with four wheels and no doors, upon C springs, with a seat behind so small as to provide room only for a child. It was only intended for driving about the park. Destiny would have it that this carriage happened to be then at Paris, as the saddler had sent it back after performing certain repairs; that the Duc d'Orléans asked for a light carriage; that M. de Cambis

¹ The residence of the Duc d'Orléans. The château of Villiers formed a continuation of the park of Neuilly, following the course of the Seine. It became the property of Mme. de Gouvion Saint Cyr, and was then divided and formed part of the Commune of Levallois Perret. The château, which was pillaged in 1848, has been restored, and has become the Greffuhle hospice.

was on the spot to choose it and see it harnessed ; and that no one was at the Tuileries to accompany the unfortunate Prince. At the Barrière de l'Etoile the horses began to grow excited. The Duc d'Orléans had given orders to drive rapidly, and it is not known whether he noticed it. When they reached the Porte Maillot they took the Villiers road,¹ instead of the diagonal road which leads straight to Neuilly. It would seem that the Prince then wished to give some instructions to the postillion, or to examine the harness for himself. At any rate, the little groom on the seat behind saw him stand up in the racing carriage. The boy was frightened himself, and dismounted. When he was on the ground, he saw the Duc d'Orléans lying on the pavement. A municipal guard stationed at the cross-roads had seen the carriage pass and the Prince fall.

Nothing more has been discovered for certain concerning the catastrophe ; at first it was thought that the Duc d'Orléans, trusting to his skill and activity, had attempted to leap forward to stop the horses, and had been entangled in a cloak and by his spurs. It was shown that he was wearing neither cloak nor spurs ; moreover, he would have fallen forward, whereas the position of the fracture shows that he fell backwards. It seems more probable that while he was standing up in his carriage bounding on its springs, it encountered some obstacle with a jolt which threw the Prince out. The least help would have saved him, and if, against his usual custom, he had not been alone, this fatal accident would have been avoided. The postillion, who did not know what had happened, succeeded in gaining control over the horses ; he turned his head, and seeing the carriage empty, went back again. He arrived at the moment when his unfortunate master was being placed in the cabin of a seller of vegetables and groceries. This building was composed of a shop looking on to the road, of a little tiled room with no furniture, lighted by a window looking on to a dung-heap ; and of a third dog-hole, with no window at all, opening on to the same court. In the

¹ The road de la Révolte, to reach the present Rue de Villiers, instead of taking the Rue de Chartres.

middle room the Duc d'Orléans was laid upon a wretched mattress, and there, six hours afterwards, he breathed his last, surrounded with all state grandeur in this wretched dwelling.

The news of his accident reached the Palace of Neuilly at the moment when the Queen and Mme. Adélaïde had given up all hope of seeing the Duc d'Orléans, and were getting ready to accompany the King, who was going to the Tuileries to hold a Council of Ministers, at which the Prince was to be present before his departure for Saint Omer. As the carriages had not yet come up, the Queen started on foot, immediately followed by the King and Mme. Adélaïde. Fast as they went, the carriages caught them up before they reached the park gates. While they were getting in, another gendarme reported that a doctor was with the Prince, who spoke of a fractured shoulder. The Royal carriage soon reached the shop. The King was the first to rush in. He came back at once.

"It is nothing serious," he cried to the Queen. "There is no fracture, and he has already been bled; the blood is excellent."

During these few words the two Princesses entered and examined the sufferer in their turn. Mme. Adélaïde whispered to the King:

"But Chartres is unconscious?"

"No doubt," replied the King aloud; "that is always the effect of a severe shock. When I was thrown from my horse at Villiers-Cotterets, you will remember that I did not recover consciousness for seven hours and was none the worse. I was quite well the next day. I saw Beaujolais¹ in the same condition after that great fall in Scotland."

The King derived some confidence from these family recollections, and inspired his sister with a kind of hope. The Queen had fallen on her knees by the mattress, her eyes never leaving the Prince's face. She looked only at his

¹ The Comte de Beaujolais, younger brother of King Louis Philippe, of whom Mme. de Boigne has spoken in vol. i. pp. 116 and 320.

countenance, and told me that she felt no illusion for a single moment.

However, the fracture of the skull, which was at the back of the head, had not been immediately discovered by the doctors, who came up every moment. They asserted that no harm had been done to the spine, as there was no paralysis of the lower extremities. The limbs moved convulsively, and the respiration was panting. With the help of glasses borrowed from a neighbouring public-house, and a cheap razor, they succeeded in improvising cupping-glasses. Of all the remedies attempted during these six hours of suffering, this alone seemed to do any good. The breathing grew calmer. The Prince d'Orléans sat up, and, speaking in German, ordered the door to be opened in a fairly strong voice; then he fell back, asking, also in German, for some air. His use of this language is very naturally explained by the fact that he was in the habit of speaking it with a German valet-de-chambre who had not left him since he was seven years old. The heat was excessive, and the doctors asked that those present should stand away from the bed. The Queen retired to the door; perhaps a little hope had crept into her heart and deprived her of the strength given by despair, for this was the only time during this dreadful event that she felt faint. She leaned exhausted against the door. The Chancellor supported her in his arms for more than a quarter of an hour; at the end of this time the doctors had resumed their melancholy looks. The King alone ventured hopeful remarks from time to time, which were lost in the general silence. The Queen was again upon her knees, and general despair prevailed around this sad pallet-bed, above which death was hovering. It was clearly approaching, and the King at last understood it.

The Prince de Joinville,¹ the Duc d'Aumale,² and the

¹ François d'Orléans, Prince de Joinville, born at Neuilly in 1818, died in 1900. Married in 1843 Françoise (1824-1898), daughter of Dom Pedro I., Emperor of Brazil (1798-1834).

² Henri d'Orléans, Duc d'Aumale, born at Paris in 1822. Died in 1897 in Sicily. Married in 1844 Marie Caroline, Princess of the Two Sicilies (1822-1889), daughter of Léopold, Prince of Salerno (1790-1851), and of the Archduchess Marie (1798-1881), daughter of the Emperor François I.

Duc de Montpensier¹ joined the distressed family in succession. The Queen prayed aloud to God to have mercy upon her beloved, her first-born. She begged that he might recover consciousness for at least a moment to admit the power of his Creator, adore His grandeur, and beg His mercy. The Duc d'Orléans was not inspired by the religious sentiments which his tender mother would have wished for him. It was the only grief he had ever caused her, and at this supreme moment it was the most bitter grief that her pious soul could feel. The priest of Neuilly,² hastily summoned, had administered the last sacraments to the Prince, but the Queen had watched in vain for a gleam of consciousness. For more than an hour the silence of death had prevailed in this humble abode, occupied only by the family, the priest, and two doctors, who made no further attempts, when the Queen uttered a terrible cry which warned those who were crowding outside the house that the event only too clearly foreseen had come to pass. She had seen the young head fall back, had drawn near, the last breath had touched her face, and her mother's heart had replied by this lamentable outcry which would never be forgotten by any one present. It brought to the death chamber the official personages who were waiting in the little shop looking on to the road at the moment when the King himself was closing his son's eyes and embracing him. The Queen put her lips to the bruised forehead, then raising her eyes and her hands to heaven she said in a strong voice, "Lord, pardon his faults."

The young Princesses rushed towards the bed. Madame Adélaïde kept them back. "My children," she said, pointing to the King and Queen, "we must not be selfish in our sorrow; give place to theirs." These were fine words from one who lost in the Duc d'Orléans the object of her most tender affections and her dearest hopes, and who will never be consoled for so cruel a loss. The King attempted to lead the Queen away; she allowed him to take her to the next

¹ Antoine d'Orléans, Duc de Montpensier, born at Neuilly in 1824, died in 1890. Married to Louise de Bourbon (1832-1897), daughter of Ferdinand VII., King of Spain, and sister of Queen Isabella II.

² The Abbé Deleau.

room, then she sat down and said resolutely, "I will not go without Chartres. I wish to take him with me." The Princesses and their brothers had rejoined their unhappy parents after imitating their example and kissing for the last time the brow but a short before so bright with hope.

I do not know how requirements that could hardly have been foreseen were so suddenly improvised, but a few moments afterwards the body, placed upon a bier and covered with a black pall, was on the road to Neuilly escorted by the priests. The Queen followed immediately, supported by the King, Madame Adélaïde, the young Princesses, the Princes, the ladies, the Ministers, and the personages of every kind who had made their way into the square, formed by the waiting troop before the miserable hovel in which the sad event took place. The road was crowded, and the people followed sympathetically to the entrance of the park. The Queen had herself given orders for a couch to be prepared in the chapel to "put Chartres there." How she and the King found strength to bear this mournful procession I cannot undertake to explain, but it was accomplished without failure on the part of any one. As soon as the body was placed in the chapel the Queen allowed herself to be led to her own rooms. There her tears, her sobs and cries redoubled in intensity. She had fallen on her knees, and remained prostrate on the floor with her face to the ground. However, the thought of the Duchesse d'Orléans restored her strength of will. This unhappy woman was in the minds of every member of the family. It was feared that in her weak state of health she might succumb to so sudden a shock. The Queen kept repeating, "It will be the death of Hélène."

It was resolved that Princess Clémentine and the Duchesse de Nemours should go to meet her, to break the dreadful news, for which she was to be prepared by M. de Chabaud Latour¹ accompanied by Dr. Chomel. The presence of the Princesses would be enough to confirm it. When they had

¹ M. de Chabaud Latour, Major and Orderly Officer to the Duc d'Orléans.

gone the Queen glanced at her remaining hostages to fortune and was horrified to see the change in the King's face. She observed how entirely he had been overwhelmed and crushed. Calling upon her strength of mind, which never abandoned her when affection or duty claimed her, she of all others supported the courage of the King. For three days she never left him for a moment, inspiring him with the supernatural power which she had derived from on high. The King had gone into the chapel immediately after the departure of his daughters, had uncovered the lifeless body of the son so worthy of his love, and covered it with his tears and caresses. Madame Adélaïde had come to lead him from this sad contemplation, advising him that the Queen was looking for him. It was on his return that the great change in his face struck the bereaved mother and showed her that she had other misfortunes to fear.

Such was the situation when I went to Neuilly the next morning. The road was thronged with a long line of carriages and passengers, all in spontaneous mourning. The outer gates were closed and the sentries were so strict that no one could even enter the courts. However, I succeeded in sending a word to the Queen which I wrote in the sentinel's lodge. She sent old Lapointe, her confidential valet-de-chambre. She was with the King and saw no one.

"Her Majesty has commissioned me to tell you, Mme. la Comtesse, that you cannot be too sorry for her, for she is the most unhappy woman in the world." From him I learnt the details that I have just given of the scenes within the palace. He was the first to speak to me of the heartrending cry uttered by a mother's love, the deep impression made by which has since been confirmed by several persons of my acquaintance. His face was streaming with tears. "Our poor Queen," he said, "will never recover. He was her favourite; she loves all her children, but him more than any. Ah, Mme. la Comtesse, he was such a good fellow." This simple praise in the mouth of an old man who, as he told me afterwards, had taught the Prince to spin a

top, seems to me no unworthy testimony to the brilliant Duc d'Orléans, whose talents and attraction were so widely known. In any case there was not a dry eye about the Royal residence. People put their questions in tears and were answered amid sobs.

Public interest was not exclusively centred upon this spot; it was also attracted to the poor Princess who was still enjoying to the full a happiness now destroyed for ever. People calculated at what moment her hopes would be shattered, and thought of her only with horrified pity. Her children were summoned from the Château d'Eu where they had gone for the sea-bathing. They were expected in the course of the day. Provided with this sad information and unable to be of any help to the Queen, I returned to Châtenay. I was far from well at the moment and felt the need of a little rest.

For ten days the Duchesse d'Orléans had been at Plombières where her husband had taken her. He was to join her there on the 24th of this month, the terrible 13th of which had been marked by so dreadful a calamity. The news was telegraphed to Nancy on Thursday morning. It was immediately and abruptly communicated to the Duc de Nemours. Overwhelmed with grief, his only thought was to see once more the lifeless body of his beloved brother, and he hurried away to Paris after ordering that a messenger should be sent to Plombières. When he arrived the Duchesse d'Orléans had gone out for a drive; the Prefect had time to prepare a less crushing despatch than that sent from Nancy, and the Princess's servants to make preparations for departure. She gave orders to that effect as soon as she heard that the telegram described the Duc d'Orléans as indisposed and unable to start for Saint Omer; "I shall be scolded," she said half smiling, "I expect it, but I shall make my peace by assuring him that anxiety would be far more harmful to me than the fatigue of the journey." Her words were heartbreaking to those about her. They made no objection to her precipitate departure, which took place almost at once. This celerity and the consternation painted on

every face which could not be hidden, should perhaps have enlightened her, but there are griefs too great for the heart to divine. Those who have to undergo them must receive them with crushing force. Though the Duchesse d'Orléans was exceedingly anxious to start, she did not neglect her position as Princess Royal. She considered the souvenirs which she wished to leave at Plombières, took leave of every one with her usual grace, promising to return promptly to a place which had done her so much good. She undertook to come back with the one whom every one else except herself knew would never be seen again.

However, hardly had she started than her alarm seemed to increase, nor did any one indeed attempt to combat it. At length, about midnight the carriage stopped and M. de Chabaud Latour opened the door; the lanterns lighted the face of Dr. Chomel behind him. The sight of the Duc de Orléans' doctor, who would never leave him if he had been merely ill, revealed the whole truth.

"M. Chomel," she cried, "he is dead."

The sobs of those present were the only answer to this heartrending cry, and the scene of despair to which it was a prelude may be imagined. At daybreak the journey was again interrupted by the arrival of the two Princesses, who had come to meet their unfortunate sister-in-law. They entered the carriage and continued a journey upon which they were escorted by the sympathy of the whole population.

The Duc de Nemours on his side, who is ordinarily very calm, arrived at Neuilly in such a state of excitement that his brothers, d'Aumale and Montpensier, were obliged to restrain him by force from bursting open the door of the room where the physicians were about the sad duty of a post-mortem examination. The noise of his cries resounded through the silent palace and attracted the King and Queen, who were to have been spared the horror of this cruel detail. The Queen alone had the credit of leading the Duc de Nemours away from the door which he wished to force.

"I wish to see Chartres," he was crying, "I will embrace him. It is not true, he cannot be dead."

The Queen took him by the arm and led him to her room. Nothing has been spared her. Never was depth of grief more expressive than in the case of this Prince, outwardly so cold, nor did the outburst decrease its intensity. The death of the Duc d'Orléans left in his heart a sense of loss which nothing could supply.

II

General mourning—Popularity of the Duc d'Orléans—The Legitimist party—The Dauphine goes into mourning—The reason why mourning for Charles X. was not worn—The *chapelle ardente* at Neuilly—The Queen refuses to permit a lying-in-state at the Louvre—The arrival of the Duchesse d'Orléans—Notes left by the Prince—Visit to Queen Marie Amélie—Mme. Adélaïde—Remark of the Duc d'Aumale

GRIEF was not limited to the Palace, but was universal. The theatres were spontaneously closed and no one appeared at their doors. For some years the Duc d'Orléans had busily sown the seed and the harvest was now more abundant than we had thought. Clever, talented, of wide and deep knowledge, he was an even more charming personality, liberal, generous, and commanding. The Paris shopkeepers liked him as a sensible customer, the artists owed much to his encouragement and munificence, manufacturers to his enlightened patronage, and every one had been charmed by his graciousness and anxiety to please. By the army he was particularly beloved, and there he never spared himself. Deferential to the leaders and courteous to the officers, on terms of good fellowship—if the expression may be permitted—with the corporals, he was friendly with the soldiers and a good comrade with all round the bivouac fire or the enemy's camp. Precedence he never claimed except in the post of danger, and he had so established his influence upon the troops as to be idolised by them and to secure their ready and trusting obedience on every occasion. It must be admitted that his ideas were of a distinctly warlike nature. He professed the theory that war was necessary to strengthen the new dynasty. To his military tastes were added an unusual capacity for the art of war, and his desire for war was stimulated by a

considerable irritation against the sovereigns of Europe to whom he thought he owed a personal grudge in view of the obstacles raised by them to his own marriage and the marriages of his sisters, the Princesses. No doubt his accession to the throne would have produced a change in his ideas. The lapse of years, reflection, fatherhood, and the domestic happiness which he enjoyed had greatly changed him. In all probability the fiery Duc d'Orléans would have proved as prudent a King as his father if he had succeeded to the throne.

Meanwhile, the country readily pardoned the excessive energy which sometimes passed the bounds of prudence, and which the army was ready to impute to him as a virtue. In a word, his popularity with all classes was complete, and it may be said that he had won this victory by sheer merit, for in the early stages of the Revolution of 1830, prejudices, not unfounded, had been entertained concerning him. The theories of false liberalism, due to the manner of his upbringing and crudely entertained, school friendships yet more ill-chosen, which he was obliged to break off, had drawn him into false situations from which he had cleverly extricated himself; but at the same time he had aroused severe comment, and the anxiety of prudent people. All these obstacles he had overcome, and had consolidated his position upon the best and most useful basis at the moment when the inscrutable designs of Providence removed him from France.

The Legitimists were the only party in the kingdom to utter a cry of delight at this dreadful catastrophe, and the same evening the *Gazette de France* gave expression to it. The general disgust which it aroused forced this paper to disavow its declaration, but it had faithfully represented the feelings of its party. Some wretched doggerel on the theme that the son of Louis Philippe was destined to perish by a paving-stone upon the road of La Révolte went round the salons during these first days, and met with general approbation. The ladies who frequented them made a point of appearing in their brightest dresses. Possibly, however, the more sensible leaders of the party gave other instructions,

for, ridiculous as the party is, it is excellently organised; possibly it was afraid of arousing too much animosity against itself; in any case, these demonstrations of delight were speedily abandoned, and dresses assumed a more sober character. Their first attitude caused considerable indignation among the foreigners, whose influence upon the Faubourg Saint Germain is increased by the hopes there entertained of support from beyond the frontiers. The proprietors of the public halls throughout France simultaneously refused to open for the banquets arranged for the Feast of Saint Henri on July 15, fearing some hostile outbreak of the populace; these facts were so many hints, together with the general mourning which Paris assumed. All classes spontaneously went into mourning. If, however, the Legitimists thought it prudent to express their delight less loudly, their inward satisfaction could hardly be hidden. I saw the Duchesse de Maillé arrive at Châtenay, better dressed and smarter than she had ever been. She came to gather some details from me which she thought I would know, having heard that I had been at Neuilly the evening before. I at once understood the object of her visit, and resolved not to satisfy it. I poured out the most insignificant commonplaces, but she had no intention of making so long a journey to return to her own circle empty-handed. She assured me that she had thought a great deal of me for the last two days. She was very kind. Did she not think that my turf was considerably sunburnt? Was her garden in Paris in the same way? As she certainly did not wish to meet with any check to her efforts on the main question, she leaned over to me and said, in a low voice without other preface:

“They say that the poor mother has gone mad. Is it true?”

I replied as indifferently as possible:

“I do not know, but it seems very probable.”

“Ah, I assure you, dear cousin, that all party spirit has been laid aside. Every one is sorry for her. It is very sad for her. Every one understands that. A tall fellow, and quite strong.”

At this strange panegyric I felt an access of anger which I could not hide. My respect for the laws of hospitality would only allow me to turn suddenly to another person without deigning to reply to the Duchesse. I felt my voice trembling with anger. "A tall fellow, and quite strong." To what a point the false expression of their pretended sympathy could lead them! I should have been less irritated, I think, if Mme. de Maillé had spoken honestly of the hopes aroused among the Legitimists by this catastrophe. They may have been very wild and very objectionable at that moment, but they were intelligible in the case of people accustomed to live upon illusions, and constantly manufacturing them. The Duchesse was obliged to take her departure without the smallest item of plunder to carry back to her friends, much to their mutual disappointment, I dare say, for it should be noticed that a certain society exists for which courts, even those which they most loudly abuse, are to such an extent a fatherland, that they never lose an opportunity of learning the details of any event which there takes place. I observed this tendency in the case of the Tuileries under the Empire, and it has revived since the Revolution of 1830. Mme. de Maillé and myself have never referred to this evening, but neither of us has forgotten it. I have sometimes heard her boast of being as "impartial as history." I think that history will find in the Duc d'Orléans something else than "a tall fellow, and quite strong." Yet it must be said that the Duchesse de Maillé is not devoid of intelligence; not only does she think herself perfectly moderate, but is reproached by the members of her party for her moderation. Hence it may be imagined with what eyes they regarded an event which two days later inspired a person so to speak who claimed to show some kindness of heart and complete impartiality.

With the great-heartedness that never fails her, above all in misfortune, the Dauphine conducted herself very differently. She went into mourning for the Duc d'Orléans, held a service for him in the Chapel of Kirchberg,¹ and sent a message to the Empress of Austria that she could not appear as usual at

¹ Kirchberg, near Waidhofen in Lower Austria, the residence of the Royal Family.

Vienna for her birthday. "I am overwhelmed," she said without further explanation, "by the event at Paris. To us it is a family sorrow." A copy of this note, sent by M. de Flahaut, aroused much emotion at Neuilly. The King immediately sent an answer to his Ambassador, and certainly in the proper sense, for he was deeply touched. I think I am correct in saying that his words were officially transmitted to Kirchberg. There are gulfs which nothing can fill, but it is always well to see the slopes which lead to them made less steep. It was another reason for deploring more keenly than ever the concession which false policy had extorted from the Royal Family, and which prevented them from wearing mourning for King Charles X. Let us give every one his due; if mourning for Charles X.¹ was not worn, it was not the fault of the Royal Family, nor of the Prime Minister at that time, M. Molé. The following is my own experience: I was going into Madame's room by way of the Queen's apartments, and was obliged to cross the King's anteroom, where I met a Minister, M. Guizot, on his way to the Council. He stopped me and told me of the very unexpected death of Charles X. I repeated his words to Mme. Adélaïde as I went into her room, and was thus the first to announce the news to her, which had only just been telegraphed. After some small talk upon the political consequences of this event, and of its family importance to the august exiles of Goritz, I asked Madame whether mourning would be worn for a relative or for a crowned head. She reflected for a moment: "Doubtless for a crowned head; mourning for his degree of relationship would not be long enough." Obviously the question did not raise a shadow of doubt in the mind of the Princess. This form of mourning was resolved at the Council. M. Molé told me so in the evening; but the same evening M. Dupin, President of the Chamber of Deputies, Marshal Gérard, who always appears when any pitiable act of weakness is committed, and M. Jacqueminot,² came on duty at

¹ Died on November 6, 1836, at Goritz.

² Jean François, Vicomte Jacqueminot (1787-1865). Subaltern in 1803; Colonel in 1814; resigned after Waterloo; Deputy in 1827; one of the leaders of the march upon Rambouillet in 1830; Brigadier-General and

the Tuileries and asserted that any outward mourning would produce the worst effect upon the National Guard and the Deputies. Some of these latter were stirred up to speak to the Ministers the next morning upon the subject. The Bonapartist party showed particular warmth, arguing that the elder branch had not gone into mourning for the Emperor Napoleon, a crowned head if ever there was one, anointed by victory in all the capitals of Europe and recognised by the whole world. The resolution that had been passed was challenged, and the Cabinet was divided. M. Molé, strongly supported by the Queen, fought for three days; but at length the man who had destroyed the fleur-de-lys triumphed,¹ and the most despicable and least political party won the day. Not so sensible as his aunt, surrounded by bad friends and ill-advised, the Duc de Bordeaux appeared at a public concert on the day when the post informed him of his cousin's death. His presence and that of the Frenchmen with him attracted the greater notice as the room was almost empty, for the majority of the different foreigners who were taking the waters of Töplitz had stayed away.

I return from this digression to speak of the appearance of Neuilly when I went back there on Monday, the 18th. My heart still sinks at so mournful a recollection. It was a palace of death peopled with ghosts. Numbers of clergy relieved one another day and night around an immense catafalque erected in the little chapel where it occupied two-thirds of the space: a sad monotonous chanting of psalms alone broke the silence and could be heard everywhere; the excessive heat made it necessary to keep all the shutters of the Château closed, except those of the chapel, where a multitude of candles exhausted the air, and from the court this sign of death was the only indication of human presence. While I was kneeling at the foot of the catafalque I felt rather than heard a movement in the tribune. Two persons

Chief of the Staff of the National Guard in Paris; Vice-President of the Chamber in 1837; Lieutenant-General in 1838; in command of the National Guard of the Seine in 1842; Peer of France in 1846; showed complete incapacity during the Revolution of 1848.

¹ See vol. iii. p. 296.

were there upon their knees; I hardly ventured to look at them but I think it was the Queen and Princess Clémentine. The Royal Family almost lived in this tribune; they followed one another there all day and often met there. At night only the King and Queen entered the chapel; they then came to kneel before the catafalque itself and spent hours there in loneliness, as they avoided meeting together. Sometimes the Queen interrupted these dreadful hours of watching with long walks in the park; she could neither sleep nor rest. Such was her life for seventeen days without relief.

When I had finished my sad duty, I went to the Queen's rooms; while I was asking Lapointe about her she passed in front of me, looking at me without seeing me, nor did I wish to put further questions; she was a diaphanous spectre. I cannot understand how the lapse of a few days could produce so great a change or have made her so thin. I felt heart-broken. Madame Adélaïde was with the King, and I could not see her. As the Royal Family kept exclusively to itself and was almost constantly gathered about the King, no one was admitted to their privacy, not even the ladies of Neuilly; the Ministers saw only the King, and the Chancellor alone entered the Queen's salon.

Convinced as we all were that neither the Queen nor the other members of the Royal Family could bear the grief continually revived by these long funeral ceremonies, with which the family was, as it were, enveloped, M. Pasquier, in agreement with the Ministers, asked that the body should lie in state at the Louvre according to the customs of monarchy. The Queen, however, refused, and somewhat angrily. She remembered visiting the catafalque of Louis XVIII. and of the Duc de Berry, which the public regarded only as an outward show. Her recollections of the scene were painful and she would not expose the remains of her beloved son to such an exhibition. She would have preferred, if possible, her son's coffin to be taken directly from Neuilly to Dreux. At length she yielded in favour of a ceremony at Notre Dame, but it was impossible to deprive her of one of those July days which she had claimed at the outset. In vain were

the sufferings of all about her pointed out ; in vain were fears for the King's health expressed ; for the first and last time in her life excess of grief made her selfish.

As a matter of fact the necessity of attending to business had occupied the King's mind and so far distracted him as to allow the Queen to enter into full possession of her despair. The arrival of the Duchesse d'Orléans, accompanied by her two sisters-in-law and preceded by her children, had completed the royal circle. The Princess displayed a strength of mind which supported her feeble health. She had borne the cruel journey better than had been expected, and far from desiring rest when she reached Neuilly, she underwent further affliction by visiting the chapel and asking for details of the dreadful catastrophe which had so unexpectedly destroyed her happiness. Before taking the Plombières road Princess Clémentine had handed to the King certain papers entrusted to her care by the Duc d'Orléans. They were rather in the nature of notes than an actual will ; the first was dated 1832, when he was starting for the siege of Antwerp. Before undertaking any long journey or fresh campaign, and also when he became a husband and father, he had added instructions and was accustomed to place them in the hands of his sisters. Princess Clémentine had been the last to receive this trust. The latest paper had been handed to her when the Duc d'Orléans went to Africa in 1840. These notes, which were read in the Council of Ministers, were considered of too intimate a nature to be published. It must also be admitted that they were written at a time when the ideas of the Duc d'Orléans had not reached the maturity of his later years and therefore would not have done due honour to his memory. In the most recent of these last wishes expressed by the Prince, he asked the King to entrust the education of his children to the Duchesse d'Orléans ; upon her behalf he solemnly pledged that they should be brought up in the most orthodox sentiments of the Catholic Church ; at the same time he vigorously and categorically declared his objection to a woman as regent, his words being, if my information is correct, "For a

long time to come the head of the government in France should always be ready to mount his horse in a quarter of an hour." These notes were immediately communicated to the Duchesse d'Orléans. She agreed to recognise them and regulated her conduct accordingly. It is probable that she did not know of these arrangements made by the Prince, for before she reached Neuilly, her mind, among the other anxieties which this great misfortune brought upon her, was troubled about the question of a regency; remembering the disturbances during the minority of Louis XIV. and the difficulties which Anne of Austria had to encounter, she compared this so-called age of agitation with the very different disturbances of those times and discovered a further reason to justify the mortal grief with which she was stricken. It may therefore be conjectured without rashness that the regency came before her mind as one of the duties which she would have to fulfil. Did she feel any relief at the removal of the possibility? No one can say, but she showed no regret and accepted without comment the place which her husband's wishes assigned to her.

As I was unable to see the Princesses, I returned to the country, and, fearing to seem importunate, I did not reappear at Neuilly until the following week. I was sorry for it when Lapointe told me that the Queen had not recognised me on my last visit. Her failure to do so is explained by her agitation, by the mourning in which we were all alike enveloped, and by the darkness which the hot weather necessitated. He had orders to inform her when I appeared. I had not come with the idea of seeing her, and I was tempted to withdraw upon the plea of discretion; Lapointe would not allow this, and I therefore waited for Queen Christina to take her leave, who had been admitted to her aunt's presence for the first time; I was then led into the salon. It would be impossible for me to relate the first moments of this cruel interview; I was too agitated to remember any details. I supposed that the Queen of Spain had been attempting to induce the Queen to cut short the dreadful life to which she was condemning her family, for

I found her in a state of irritation, and she continued to refuse requests which I had in my heart but had not had time to express.

"It was all very well for them to talk; they would not induce the King to break his word to her, and she would not give up one of the hours during which he had allowed her to 'keep Chartres.' It was too much to expect that for three days he should be made a show to amuse the multitude."

I ventured to say that this expression was hardly worthy of her usual sense of justice, and that her too well-founded grief found an echo in every heart.

"Yes, my dear, it is true they loved Chartres; I know it. I am wrong, but what do you expect? And then it is what Chartres would think. He always hated outward show and etiquette among ourselves, and what can be more a family matter than such a misfortune as this?"

When her vexation had abated somewhat, she gave me an account of the dreadful morning of the 13th, and also of the walk during the previous evening, when she had urged him to return to Neuilly.

"I can still hear Chartres saying, 'Well, dear Majesty, since you wish it, I will come back to-morrow morning'; and I wished it, and he came back, and there he is," pointing towards the Chapel.

The Queen wept bitterly from time to time, but these convulsive tears were obviously no relief; her excitement was too great. She sat down for a moment, and got up again almost immediately to resume the continual walking to which her agitation urged her. A message was brought that the Council was concluded, and she left me hurriedly. I asked if I might come back the next day, as she told me that what I had said had done her good.

"No, my dear, do not come. It would be known and would cause difficulties. I will not and cannot see anybody from obligation. Do not return before the departure of Chartres."

These words, betraying the constant pre-occupation of

the Queen and pronounced in a perfectly simple tone of voice, made me shudder.

I was again unable to see Mme. Adélaïde on that day. She had also gone to the King for the reception of the Council. As my acquaintance with the other Princesses did not authorise me to present myself to them, I returned to Châtenay. In view of the Queen's prohibition I did not return to Neuilly, but thinking that she would accompany the King to Paris on the day of the opening of the Chambers, I called at the Tuileries. No sooner had the cannon announced the departure for the ceremony than I entered the palace. I had only intended to ask some details concerning the Queen's health from the staff, but all the doors were open and I saw the Queen herself walking about in her room, absorbed in the search for a portfolio which I was told by those who were helping her contained drawings made by the Duc d'Orléans in his childhood.

"No," she said, "the blue one is Joinville's portfolio. The one belonging to Chartres was bound in red."

I escaped unnoticed by her, but much struck by this exclusive pre-occupation which absorbed her thoughts upon so trifling a matter; in other years upon such an occasion she trembled for the King's safety, who that very day was to undergo a severe trial. On the other hand, I found Mme. Adélaïde in a state of grief, prostration and anxiety impossible to describe.

"Do not form any opinion of me from my behaviour to-day, dear Mme. de Boigne," she said. "I am generally more courageous than this." Each noise made her tremble. A valet-de-chambre came to tell her that she was required in her study, and she rushed out crying in an accent of terror, which communicated itself to me, "Good heavens, what has happened?"

Her secretary had brought her some business letters to sign. Incapable of holding a pen, she dismissed him until the Session was over, and returned to me.

The cannon soon announced that the King had left the Chamber of Deputies. Madame fell on her knees in fervent

prayer. I remained standing somewhat embarrassed as to my proper attitude, but I thought it was better to leave her alone with the God to Whom she prayed until He had brought back her brother. I went out quietly and waited for the King's return to the Tuileries in the rooms of Mme. de Dolomieu, for the fears of Mme. Adélaïde had infected me.

"The calamity which has rent our hearts," she said, "is by no means all. It inevitably increases our apprehension for the safety of what remains to us." It is certain that, speaking logically, the attempts at assassination, which were too frequent, were more readily utilised by party spirit owing to the death of the Duc d'Orléans. As Mme. Adélaïde had told me, she rarely gave way to these paroxysms of grief. Her courage, her devotion, her self-denial had been admirable in the distressing circumstances which crowded upon the King, the Queen, and the Duchesse d'Orléans, and one might have thought that her exclusive care was their health. Her own health, which had been enfeebled, had greatly improved, sufficiently to support her in her devotion, and she put into practice the principle of "unselfishness in grief" which she had professed from the outset.

The touching speech delivered by the King at the opening Session was entirely his own composition. He had shown a draft of it in his own handwriting to the Chancellor the day following that upon which the convocation of the Chambers had been decided, that is to say, the 16th.¹ His delivery, the emotion in his voice, his attitude and that of his sons, especially the great change in the Duc de Nemours, produced a great effect, and evoked much sympathy in the assembly. The carriages which took back so many broken hearts to Neuilly were saluted with marks of respect which had often been refused to them in their prosperity. One

¹ The Ordinance for convoking the Chambers is dated the 14th. The speech delivered by the King at the opening session on July 26 began thus :

"My Lords and Gentlemen—In the grief which overwhelms me, deprived of the dear son whom I had thought was to take my place upon the throne, and who was the pride and comfort of my old age, I felt it necessary to hasten the moment when you were to gather round me."

strange outcome of this grief may be mentioned. The persons who were living, so to speak, beneath the very pall of the bier, who bought the hovel in which the Prince had died in order to raise a monument there to his memory, who had entertained the idea of rebuilding the little house stone for stone in their own garden, who would have no other sound in their dwelling than that of the prayers for the dead, these persons, I say, issued orders, carefully and directly communicated through the King, to lengthen their route leading to Paris by one-third in order to avoid the road by the Porte Maillot, which would take them more than five hundred paces from the spot where the catastrophe had occurred. So true it is that no one can foresee the strange repugnances aroused by great grief.

Referring to the expressions in the King's speech, one of my friends said to the Duc d'Aumale, the next day, that the sight of the four brothers still around the throne had produced a good effect.

"Alas," he replied, with that early maturity of judgment which distinguishes him, "it is true, alas, that there are four of us, but before we were only one. None of us had any individual thoughts; we all worked for Chartres. We attempted to do our duty, and to distinguish ourselves if possible, but no idea of interest, ambition, or even of personal glory, could enter our hearts; all was given to him. Now what will be our common centre? Hardly that poor child, whose precedence may perhaps become a stone of stumbling among us."

It is certain that, notwithstanding the unanimity which always prevailed among the brothers, their instincts, their tastes, and their ideas were very different, but they all deferred to the Duc d'Orléans. Though brotherly love and friendship had made him entirely their comrade, he had, however, so far established his authority as head of the family that they were prepared to recognise him as their King, and to submit to his orders. He was well aware that these four brothers, distinguished by their moral qualities, their handsome appearance, their brilliant and gallant youth, would

add much lustre to his throne; and they realised no less the importance of forming a united whole in view of the circumstances. Possibly this unity will be maintained under stress of necessity, but the chief tie has been irrevocably broken, for it cannot be denied that the elder of the four remaining brothers by no means possesses that influence over the rest which all were ready to recognise in the case of the Duc d'Orléans, and cannot claim to exercise the same authority.

III

"The departure of Chartres"—Moving scenes—From Neuilly to Notre Dame—The lying-in-state—The Duc de Nemours—The procession to Dreux—Another visit to the Queen—Her grief—The Duchesse d'Orléans and the little Comte de Paris—The Queen and the Princesses go to Dreux—The Queen is changed—The Duchesse d'Orléans

At length the sad day arrived for the "departure of Chartres," so dreaded by the Queen and so desired by all about her. The King and Queen spent the night in the Chapel; the Duchesse d'Orléans arrived at six o'clock, and she was soon followed by the other Princes and Princesses. The clergy repeated the prayers for the dead. At nine o'clock all was ready for the removal of the body. The procession was waiting in the courtyard, but the members of this despairing family grouped around the bier seemed rooted to the spot, and repeated hints did not seem to reach their minds. At length it was resolved to proceed with the sad preparations in their presence, in the hope that they would withdraw; but the King seized the urn which contained his son's heart, the Queen threw herself upon the coffin when it was withdrawn from the bier, and their cries could be heard above the sobs of the rest. When the preparations had begun, the inconsolable widow had fainted. After further and useless exhortations, it was instinctively resolved to use force: the Archbishop of the Peers¹ took the urn from the King's hands, in spite of his resistance; the Bishop of Évreux² lifted the Queen from

¹ Denis Auguste Affre (1793-1848), Professor of Theology at Saint Sulpice, Vicar-General at Luçon and Amiens; Coadjutor at Strasburg; Archbishop of Paris in 1839; mortally wounded in the Faubourg Saint Antoine during the days of June 1848. He died on the 27th saying: "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

² Nicholas Théodore Olivier, born at Paris on April 28, 1798. Priest of Saint Roch; consecrated Bishop of Évreux on August 16, 1841.

the coffin, to which she was clinging, and carried her away in his arms. A group was formed around each of them, and the Queen's outcries induced the King to follow her. The body was hastily removed, accompanied by the four young Princes, and the doors of the Chapel thus bereaved were closed upon the Duchesse d'Orléans, who remained in a swoon upon the pavement. She was taken to her room before she recovered consciousness. These distressing acts of energy, which had only been adopted as a last resource, had not prevented a long delay. The procession had been waiting for more than two hours. It now started. The Queen had expressed a wish to follow it as far as the park gates, but her condition made this last effort impossible, though otherwise she would certainly have made the attempt.

The young Princes, with the full approval of the King and of their mother, wished to accompany the body on foot from Neuilly to Notre Dame. The poor Queen did not think that human strength could oppose the expression of so great a grief, but the Ministers formally objected to this family desire. In the present age, alas, it would perhaps have been imprudent to expose these four young men so long and so persistently to party attacks. But I prefer to think that their pious grief would have protected them even against the most fanatical criminals. However, apart from this political danger, so fatiguing a journey under the hottest July sun that I can remember, would have been most exhausting, especially for the Duc de Nemours, in the state to which sorrow had reduced him. They therefore entered their carriages when they reached the high road. Paris observed with sorrowful surprise the passing from its walls of the brilliant Prince who had left them eighteen days before full of life and hope. The disaster was the one theme of conversation. No one spoke of any other subject, yet all found it difficult to realise. I am told that the respectful and amazed silence of the multitude was most impressive. The crowds opened spontaneously to make way for the procession. Two hundred priests, bearing candles, chanted the prayers for the dead. This sight, absolutely unknown to the present

generation, for it had not been seen at the funeral of the Duc de Berry nor at that of King Louis XVIII., was respectfully received by the general grief which filled all hearts and shared in the religious demonstration. The chief artistes in Paris had spontaneously offered to perform a choral Mass and a requiem. Their zeal had been welcomed, and rehearsals were proceeding, when the Queen, who insisted upon full details of the preparations, was informed of the fact. She protested vigorously against this profane music. It was necessary to insist, for fear that a refusal might be attributed to the Duchesse d'Orléans, and that party spirit would then discover some tendency to Protestantism. The Queen had many objections to overcome, but she persisted, and, as no one felt sufficiently courageous to increase her deep sorrow by opposition, she won the day. In any case, circumstances so distressing seem to disarm even the most obstinate hatred. I do not think that the comments which had been feared were ever expressed, even by any of the usual organs of the most fanatical opposition, although the plain-song alone resounded beneath the arches of the Cathedral, the mourning decoration of which was most impressive. As black materials were wanting in consequence of the general and unexpected demand for them, the architect conceived the idea of covering the flat surfaces with black paper, leaving in white the mouldings, the coving, the small pillars, and all the architectural details of this imposing monument. I was told that the effect was infinitely more striking than could have been produced with drapery.

During the two days of lying-in-state at Notre Dame, the Church was constantly visited by orderly and silent people, who showed their respect and their regret no less than the crowd which watched the passing of the procession. The Church was entered by the door on the left of the portico, and visitors walked slowly round and emerged by the door on the right. This procession went on uninterruptedly from six in the morning until night without the smallest disturbance or disorder, without any bustle or confusion, as the crowd obeyed the silent gestures of the attendants in waiting

to guide them. I am informed that this was an equally impressive and touching sight. Of these ceremonies I myself saw nothing.

As on the day of the opening of the Chambers, the Duc de Nemours won all hearts. The grace and dignity of his bearing was universally noticed as he went up for the absolution, and his depression, his profound sadness and his greatly changed appearance aroused the more sympathy as people were generally accustomed to the impassivity of his countenance. It must be added that those who were brought into communication with the Prince by their positions in these first moments, were struck by his admirable mental balance and soundness of judgment. He realised the new situation and accepted it with deep grief but without despondency. No spark of personal ambition was ever observed in him; he thought only of the painful duties which he had to fulfil in the high position which death had created for him.

On Tuesday, August 2, the body of the Duc d'Orléans was taken from Paris to Dreux, accompanied by his brothers. The King went there to receive the remains of the son of whom he was rightly so proud, and to lay them in their last resting-place. The return of the King and the Princes to Neuilly in the middle of the night and their reception by the sorrowing Princesses who had met to await their return, concluded these funeral ceremonies which, as far as the inmates of the palace were concerned, had lasted twenty-one days and had exhausted every one's strength except that of the Queen, who was supported by her feverish agitation; her strength gave way immediately afterwards.

I did not return to Neuilly until the end of the week. The Queen was alone, and I went into her room. I found her surrounded with papers, plans, portraits, models, proposals for statues and monuments, and overwhelmed by her sorrow. She was in no way resigned but bent beneath the weight of her grief. The phrase is accurate even from a physical point of view. She was leaning her head upon her knees, her tears were dropping to her feet, and she was in

a state of collapse. The sofa upon which she was sitting was covered with letters ; she was arranging all those which the Duc d'Orléans had written to her since his childhood, which her motherly love had carefully preserved. She had reached those belonging to the tour in Germany in 1836. She made me read some that were very tender and charming ; I recollect this phrase, "Dear Mother, I claim to love you more than your other children, for I am the eldest and I owe you several years more of happiness."

"Alas !" cried the poor mother, "I loved him so much, too much perhaps. I have often said to him, 'Chartres, when I stand before the Throne I shall have to answer for my fondness for you.' But he was also very fond of me. We understood one another upon every subject, for Chartres and I always agreed."

The Queen continually let expressions fall as though the Duc d'Orléans was still alive. She also told me that recent events seemed to her like a dreadful nightmare, from which she would some day awake.

"I know it all ; I have seen it all. Heavens, yes," she said shuddering, "I have seen it all," and she clasped her hands and closed her eyes as though she could see the dreadful spectacle in her mind's eye. "I have seen it all, and I cannot believe it."

She again went over the story of the fatal morning, once more emphasising the sad words of the evening before : "Dear Majesty, I will come since you wish it," the last words which that beloved voice had spoken to her. But this time at least her tears flowed abundantly and seemed to relieve her. She spoke a little of the King and a great deal of the Duchesse d'Orléans, but only of their relations to the Duc d'Orléans. The name of Chartres was often on her lips, and ideas were suggested to her only by this memory which absorbed her every thought.

I remained a long time with the Queen, and then went to Mme. Adélaïde. She confirmed my impression : the Queen was less agitated and more overwhelmed. On the King's earnest representation she had allowed Doctor Fouquier to be called

in. He thought her feverish, and she promised to submit to his treatment. Madame expressed a great desire to leave Neuilly. They had had some idea of settling at Saint Cloud, but the hope of an early move to the Château d'Eu had caused the abandonment of this plan. Another reason was the objection of the Queen to leave the place sanctified by her grief, an objection shared by the Duchesse d'Orléans. The health of the latter to the general surprise seemed to improve. The first impression of the whole family, Madame told me, had been that "poor Hélène would perish under the shock." They had been almost astonished to see her reach Neuilly alive. However, she spared herself in no respect; grief gave her courage, and the little Comte de Paris¹ continually re-opened the wound by his childish talk. On the day of the funeral, when the cannon announced the arrival of the body at Notre Dame, though the signal had been fully expected, it provoked an outburst of grief from the Princess. The child was there: accustomed to see his father appear in every difficulty, he began to cry loudly, "Call papa, go and fetch papa; mother is crying, mother is ill." As a matter of fact she was ill, for this painful scene was followed by a fresh fainting fit sufficiently prolonged to cause alarm. A few days afterwards the Duchesse d'Orléans sent for the German valet-de-chambre of the Duc d'Orléans, whom she knew was in despair. When her children² came into her room she asked the eldest:

"Paris, did you see poor Bechre?"

"Yes, mother; he came to us."

Then after a moment's silence, during which he probably remembered that he had always seen Bechre in his father's room, the child came up to his mother and said, "But, mother, why is not papa in his own room here?"

The poor mother could only clasp to her heart the treasure which remained to her from her lost happiness, and explain to him that papa's room was henceforward in heaven.

¹ Louis Philippe Albert d'Orléans, Comte de Paris, born at Paris on August 24, 1838; died in England in 1894.

² The Comte de Paris and Robert Philippe Louis Eugène Ferdinand d'Orléans, Duc de Chartres, born at Paris on November 9, 1840.

This, however, was far from being all. The same morning the two little cousins, the Comte de Paris and Prince Philip of Wurtemberg,¹ were playing together at one end of the drawing-room in which the whole family was gathered. Prince Philip went straight up to the Queen and said :

“ Is it not true, grandmother, that Paris has no more father, and that I have no more mother ? ”

To this question, put with the simple and cruel carelessness of youth, the Queen remained dumb. The Prince de Joinville picked up the little Philip in his arms and took him away. The rest moved away to hide their agitation. Mme. Adélaïde was still under the impression of this incident when she told me of it. The Queen had not spoken of it.

It was an incident that passed without notice in her general grief. A more painful trial awaited her. The Queen announced her determination to visit the vaults of Dreux ; the Princesses wished to accompany her upon this mournful pilgrimage. The departure for Eu was further delayed by the health of the Duchesse d'Orléans and the indisposition of one of the children. When it was fixed for the evening of the Monday after the pilgrimage to Dreux, I made a farewell call the same morning. I was astounded to see the change in the Queen's condition. She had recovered her erectness, was trimly dressed, and no carelessness was to be observed in the cold solemnity of her behaviour. Instead of admitting me to her room, she received me in her salon. Nothing about her recalled the profound depression in which I had left her but a few days previously. Her speech was as self-possessed as her appearance was careful. There were no more tears or disregard for appearances ; she had forced herself to play her part, and was accomplishing her duty with a very painful effort. She spoke to me chiefly of the King and her children, hoping that the stay at the Château d'Eu would do them good. The only word regarding her previous conversation was : “ Chartres thinks that sea-bathing is very healthy for his children.” And this was spoken with dry eyes, and without

¹ Philip Alexander Marie Ernest, Duke of Wurtemberg, son of the Princess Marie d'Orléans, born at Neuilly on July 30, 1838.

a trace of emotion. Disconcerted by this unexpected change, and not knowing what tone to adopt in harmony with a manner so obviously assumed, and not regarding myself as sufficiently important to have incurred the Queen's displeasure in view of the isolation from affairs in which she lived, I cut my visit short, and the Queen did not attempt to retain me. I expressed my surprise to Mme. Adélaïde at this prompt change.

"You cannot be more surprised than we are," she said. "The change took place in the vault of Dreux."

She then told me the story of the day. The Princesses had started early, and had left their carriages at the church. The Queen was then as I had previously seen her, exhausted, overwhelmed, careless of everything except her recollections and her regrets. While the Catholic Princesses were hearing Mass, the Duchesse d'Orléans, accompanied by the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, went down to the vault, from whence it was soon necessary to carry the young widow, who had fainted at the foot of the coffin. The Queen went there after Mass, followed only by Mme. Adélaïde. She told me that she shuddered when she saw this poor mother enter the vault, which already contained three of her children, and had been opened a fourth time to receive the remains of her first-born, the object of her dearest affection. She prostrated herself upon the marble, uttering cries and sobs; at the end of a certain time they were suddenly stilled, and the silence became so great, so solemn, and so prolonged, that sinister fears rose in Mme. Adélaïde's mind, and she approached near enough to hear a long-drawn respiration. Though somewhat reassured, she hesitated to interrupt this long, motionless meditation, when the Queen rose, drew herself up, and left the vault with a firm step. Her daughters were awaiting her return to perform this pious duty.

"Do not go in there, Victoire," she said (the Duchesse de Nemours was recovering from her confinement¹), "without putting on a shawl."

¹ Of Louis Philippe, Maria Ferdinanda, Countess of Saxe-Coburg.

All exchanged glances. It was the first time since the fatal catastrophe on July 13 that the Queen seemed to think of any one or anything not directly connected with it. From that moment the Queen resumed her habitual self-denial and consideration for others. As the Duchesse d'Orléans had a violent nervous attack in the carriage on the way home, she did her best to calm her, and was anxious lest the King's fears should be aroused through the delay which this accident caused. What had happened in the vault? No one can say. Did the mother sacrifice for the salvation of her beloved son the selfishness of grief to which she had abandoned herself hitherto, and had this immense offering alone seemed to her worthy of so dear a victim? Or had some personal revelation announced to this most pious and Christian soul that "his faults were pardoned," as she had so ardently and passionately desired at the moment when the Prince breathed his last? It remains a secret between the Queen and her God, but I am inclined to the latter alternative. The thought that her unhappy son had not been granted a moment to make his peace with God, was the cause, I am certain, of the feverish agitation to which she was a prey; I am the more inclined to believe it when I remember the strong consolation which I saw her derive from the piously catholic death of the Princesse Marie. Undoubtedly the loss was not the same, nor her grief parallel, but the Princess was also a dearly loved child.

I saw the Queen on her return from Eu. She was better; her face had recovered its natural and kindly expression; she had lost the assumed rigidity of feature and bearing which I had noticed at our last interview. She wept a great deal, speaking freely to me of Chartres, of her love and pride in him and of the confidence with which she had looked forward to the fate of her family and of France in his hands. Her tears flowed bitterly but resignedly.

"Well," she said, after explaining every reason for her just regret, "well, my dear, it is God's will." In spite of these expressions of pious resignation, the poor Queen was utterly down-stricken. She said to me, "One person in me has been killed for ever. The other person will try to

perform the duties of my position to the end, and that person alone will be seen by the world."

Many months have elapsed since these words and the Queen has not made the least progress. Even her anxiety at the danger to which her other children are exposed, passes over the surface of her grief and does not remove the weight of that recollection under which she is crushed. But the fact will only be noticed by those who are in her confidence and capable of divining it.

I have not yet had the honour to see the Duchesse d'Orléans, who lives in the deepest retirement. She sees only members of the Royal Family. She is surrounded by the most anxious attentions and the Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg never leaves her. I am told that her health is improved, no doubt in consequence of the regular life which she is obliged to lead. Formerly her anxiety to accompany her husband and to please him often obliged her to abandon the treatment recommended by the doctors. She is exclusively occupied with her children, whom she will not allow to be out of her sight for a moment, finds in them her only consolation, and perhaps instinctively foresees her future importance. Her grief is intense, but is proudly and courageously borne. She has lost everything and knows and appreciates the fact. The Duc d'Orléans was the tenderest of husbands; love, esteem and mutual respect united this family which was in harmony upon every point. I think, moreover, that the Duchesse d'Orléans, and I am far from reproaching her, set much store by the high rank to which she was called. It was easy to be seen that she desired everywhere to be recognised as the second lady in France until she became the first. She cannot but feel the loss of these prospects. It must also be admitted that she cannot feel so entirely identified with the Royal Family and so intimately united with it, as not to suffer a great sense of isolation now that the powerful tie between them has been cruelly broken. I have no intention of attempting the ungrateful task of prophecy, but it is not difficult to foresee

will not be content with the position of nurse to her children, and that if she is not given a political status in the realm, she will be influenced by ambitions to which her environment will stimulate her. I was greatly touched by the following remark of this Princess : M. Rémusat, who had recently been admitted to her presence, told me that she said in reference to the past :

“ When I decided to come to France, it was after long reflection. I had been very fully warned of the difficulties to which I should be exposed. On the other hand I knew the brilliant qualities of the Prince Royal, the virtues and the unanimity of the family into which I was to enter. I had carefully thought the whole matter out and considered myself prepared for all these eventualities. One thing only I had not foreseen ; that I should become the happiest woman in the world.”

DEATH OF MADAME ADÉLAIDE D'ORLÉANS

1847

I

Development of French society—Progress or decadence—Former influence of the Duc d'Orléans—The Duc de Nemours—M. Guizot—A glance at Mme. Adélaïde's mode of life—The King's signature—The Queen's habits—The marriage of the Prince de Joinville—"The sailor's wife"—The Princesse de Joinville—Marriage of the Duc d'Aumale—M. Thiers and Marshal Turenne—Acquisition of a villa at Trouville—M. Pasquier—Attempted assassinations by the gamekeeper Lecomte at Fontainebleau and by Henri at Paris

1862.

I HAVE often heard it said that if Mme. Adélaïde had lived the revolution of 1848 would not have taken place. That is a mistake. In the first place, the transition period in which we live is disturbed from time to time by storms which agitate all minds. Nothing can stop them until they have accomplished their work. Nations instinctively feel their approach. They are heralded by a general uneasiness, but those in high place, and especially those in power, do not see the danger until it has become irresistible. The comparison seems obvious between this revolutionary century and the navigation of the Nile. After passing a rapid where destruction seems imminent, we reach comparatively calm water. The banks grow more remote, and the prospect becomes smiling; a certain calm and prosperity follow, and art provides its luxury for a social life which again attempts to develop. Uneasiness is still predominant, and there is a general desire to return to the practice of social virtues; but no starting-point can be found. People abandon themselves to the daily enjoyment of material pleasures. Some call this

state of things progress, others decadence. It may continue for a greater or less period of years, and eventually we are drawn before we notice it into the current which sweeps us to a new cataract, and the danger is unobserved until we are surrounded by it. Then all the vital powers of the country come to the aid of society to prevent its complete disappearance. Convulsions last for a certain length of time, another stretch of calm water is entered, and the same drama is begun once more ; but we have reached a lower level, the waters are less pure, life is more material, and aspirations almost exclusively sordid.

When the eighteenth century undermined religion, it replaced its influence by the idea of honour. Offences against honour were the terror of all classes alike, from the peasant to the Marshal of France, and society punished them severely through the force of public opinion. To-day there is neither society nor public opinion, and the terms honour and faith have become meaningless ; enjoyment and profit have taken their place. Honour has fled for refuge to the army, and is to be found only beneath its flag ; our soldiers are the most honourable and estimable part of the nation, the only part with any loftiness in their ideals, but there also these ideals are weakening, or at least influence only the sphere of military life and military duty.

What will be the result of these successive catastrophes, separated perhaps by a number of years, but years which are very short in the life of a nation ? Shall we eventually reach the level where the increased material welfare of the masses will take the place of the intellectual distinction hitherto sought ? Or shall we pass through a period of barbarism and return to higher ideals ?

This it is impossible to foresee. I am, however, inclined to think that mind will one day recover its superiority over matter. The resources of our globe will not suffice to enrich every one, and, unless chemistry succeeds in turning stones into bread, we shall have the poor always with us, always agitating to deprive the rich of their possessions, unless some moral barrier be raised before them, to calm their

anger and secure their hopes. Here, however, I will stop. I am not fond of indulging in these generalisations or attempting the profession of prophet, but some licence may well be granted for twaddle of this kind, seeing that I am more than eighty years of age when I now take up my pen after laying it down for so long. I prefer to speak of what I have seen and the people I have known.

Let us return to Madame Adélaïde. Her political career ended long before her life was concluded. She owed her position to her force of character and her soundness of judgment, and both gave way before the weakness of her health. The poor Princess never recovered from the superhuman efforts which she made to help her grief-stricken family after the death of the Duc d'Orléans. The Queen's obstinate despair induced her somewhat to neglect the King, and Madame Adélaïde gave herself never a moment's rest in her attempts to supply this need. Affairs of State had relieved the burden of grief under which Louis Philippe seemed crushed at first. Afterwards it might be suspected that he found a real consolation in the removal of an obstacle to his will; and from that time his sister's chief care was to spare him the annoyance of any such obstacles. The Duc d'Orléans had taken his profession, as he called it, of Prince Royal very seriously. He wished to be fully informed upon every point. He was most deferential and affectionate to the King, but he had no intention of seeing political difficulties arise which might prove an obstacle to his accession. He was the only person whom the King was always obliged to consider. He was accustomed to say to his Ministers, "That is very well, but what will Seigneur Chartres say to it?" And even more often he would say, perhaps to his wife or his sister, "Find out what Chartres thinks." This drag upon the King was a great advantage, as it sometimes checked ill-considered proposals. The Duc d'Orléans may have made mistakes; the deplorable will which was published through the indiscretions of the rising is only too much evidence of the fact; but he had plenty of intellectual power, was as easy a speaker as the King and more elegant, nor could he be won over by

discussion unless the arguments were reasonable. This was alike to the advantage of the Monarch and the Cabinet. The catastrophe which ended the life of the young Prince relieved the King of any possible constraint in his domestic life.

The Duc de Nemours, a most honourable and tactful character, had accepted the position of younger brother too obviously to change. Not only would he never have thought of contradicting the King, but he would never have dared to ask him questions, and he was never consulted upon anything. His natural timidity and the habit of taking the second place had deprived him of all initiative and made him of no importance. His handsome face and his cold appearance gave him a reputation for haughtiness. He was not even popular with the army; he was known to be coldly brave and well trained as a soldier, but the soldiers, accustomed to the affability, the graciousness and the more brilliant valour of the Duc d'Orléans, were not attached to his brother. The elder might have carried the army with him by a gesture when the Duc de Nemours would not have drawn a single man to his side.

He himself believed that he was born under an evil star. His family were accustomed to speak of him always as "poor Nemours," and he submitted to the epithet though he by no means deserved it. However, such as he was, with sound judgment, little ambition and the highest honesty, he was modelled upon the person of an excellent regent if circumstances had called him to fill that part. Meanwhile the King's fancies had nothing to fear from his control. The other Princes, two of whom had already had opportunities of displaying their brilliant valour, were as yet of no particular importance and remained entirely under their father's guidance.

Partly because she was tired of objecting, and partly because she was convinced, Mme. Adélaïde was also persuaded of the King's infallibility. She therefore drifted with the tide. Hitherto she had performed a general utility part. She invariably made a conscientious search for the truth, and reported it no less conscientiously to her brother, speaking with complete frankness upon every question.

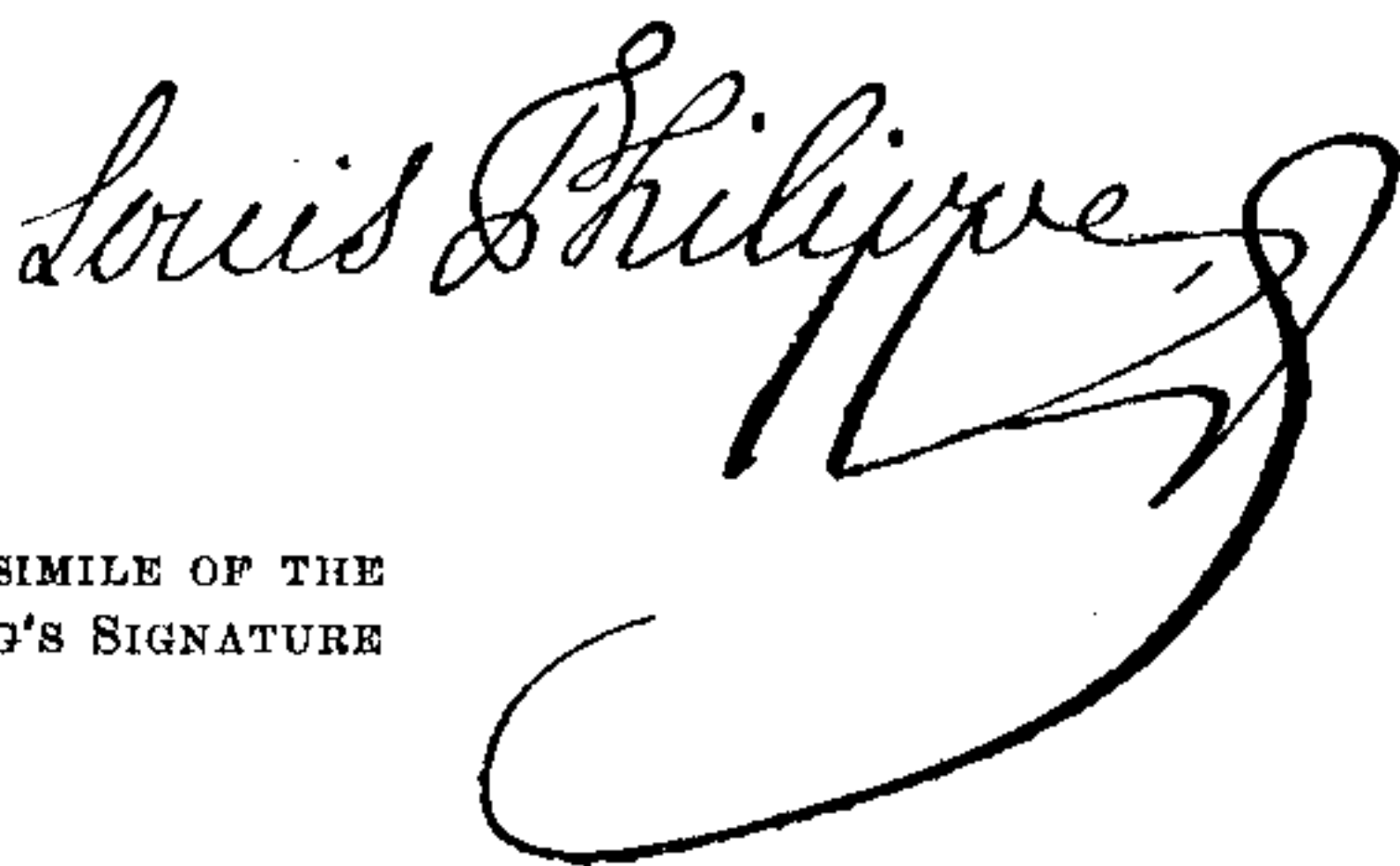
him, and was careful only to spare him any opposition. Nor did the King meet with opposition in the Council. In spite of his pride and his claim to appear omnipotent, M. Guizot is not a man of ideas; he is ready to adopt those offered to him, and to declare them loudly and exclusively to be his own, even in the presence of those who have provided them, as I have often observed. The King is a much cleverer man, and produces ideas of every kind. M. Guizot's task was to reclothe them in the fine language which gave him an indisputable superiority at all meetings and made him very popular with the King. The other Ministers, more sensible if less brilliant, and above all less presumptuous, often checked enterprises unduly dangerous. Thus, this Cabinet, which was destined to bring about the overthrow of the throne, was able to last for some years.

I remember that towards the end of 1846, in conversation with Mme. Adélaïde, I expressed some surprise at the warm terms in which she spoke of M. Guizot. For a long time I had attempted to overcome the excessive dislike with which he had inspired me, and I told her so.

"That is quite true, my dear," she replied. "I have changed towards him. His conceit often displeases me, but he understands the King so well; no one has been so successful in that."

Mme. Adélaïde's affection for her brothers, and especially for the eldest, had always been the chief interest and the only passion of her life. As soon as he married Princess Amélie of Naples, she took her place in the household and never left them. These three persons were of one mind and one soul, and the two Princesses were exclusively devoted to the task of maintaining the happiness of the man whom they loved above all things. At the same time, when the death of the Dowager-Duchess of Orléans put her daughter in possession of a vast fortune, which had been very badly managed, the attention required by this property caused some change in her habits. She often went in person to her numerous estates to examine the improvements there possible, and from time to time gave herself a holiday of a few

days at the Château de Randan, for which she had taken a liking. She was never able to stay a full week away from the beloved family upon which all her affection was concentrated. Accompanied by one of her ladies, she would come from Neuilly and take her place during morning receptions at the Palais Royal, for business meetings, or to receive those whom she honoured with her friendship; sometimes also for a little music, of which she was passionately fond. A principal object was to visit the charitable institutions which she patronised or had founded with the active and intelligent co-operation of the Comtesse Mélanie de Montjoie, her lady of honour. But when the throne had brought its cares and destroyed the happiness of this family, hitherto so peaceably united, Mme. Adélaïde would allow nothing to distract her. In particular, after the first attempt upon the King's life, she never left the dreary palaces to which her brother's position bound him, except to follow him everywhere and at all times. Not only her days, but also her nights, were devoted to him. The King would leave the Queen's salon between eleven o'clock and midnight, long after the young people had retired. The Queen would follow him almost immediately. Mme. Adélaïde then slowly folded her work, waited a few minutes, and then went to rejoin the King. She found him occupied in the labour of signing documents. He carefully traced in his large handwriting all the letters forming his two names.



FACSIMILE OF THE
KING'S SIGNATURE

(From an official document found in the papers of Mme. de Boigne)

It was a long task, but Mme. Adélaïde relieved the tedium of it, and handed him one by one the documents to be signed. As most of them were of no importance whatever, they gave rise to no comment, but it was the time for intimate talk and mutual confidence; their hearts were then opened without restraint. These sessions would often last more than an hour, sometimes almost two. When the last signature had been written, and the King would never leave anything undone, Mme. Adélaïde retired to her room, of recent years, at any rate, overwhelmed with fatigue. Meanwhile the Queen had been running through the English, German, and Italian newspapers, and had marked those passages which might interest the King. By the time he reached her room she was undressing, but sufficiently awake to show him what he should read before he went to bed. In spite of these late hours the Queen, accompanied by her two daughters until they were married, by their governess, always by Mme. de Montjoie, and sometimes by Mme. de Dolomieu, was invariably at chapel at a quarter to seven, winter and summer, to hear Mass. Mme. Adélaïde was often there, though not always, and of recent years I think but rarely. I do not know whether the Catholic daughters-in-law adopted this custom, but in any case their hours were very early, for at half-past nine all the inhabitants of the palace were gathered in the salon, and as soon as the King appeared, about ten o'clock, they went to déjeuner. The Queen then retired to her rooms, everybody dispersed until mid-day, and were free to use the morning as they pleased, except the Queen and Mme. Adélaïde, who were always at the King's disposal.

Thus it might seem that Mme. Adélaïde could do nothing more to devote her life to her brother. However, she was able to show greater devotion yet, though with less practical result, after the catastrophe of 1842. Ordinary life was bound to follow its usual course. The Prince de Joinville, in spite of the popularity which he had certainly gained in consequence, had been by no means flattered by his commission to join the expedition which brought home the remains of the

Emperor Napoleon. He used to refer to it as "my carter's job." He took his revenge by living a less restrained life on his return, saying comically that as the King had sent him to run over the main, he could hardly prevent him from running after the maids. But he began to tire of shore life, and obtained permission to embark upon his favourite frigate, the *Belle Poule*. It was arranged that in this cruise he should touch at Brazil and see the Princesses, the sisters of the Emperor. If the younger pleased him, some consideration would be given to the ideas of marriage which had been already mooted. The Prince de Joinville started, greatly enjoyed his voyage, touched at several ports, and finally made so long a stay in one of the South American towns that his family became impatient. He was ordered to return. He replied that as his cruiser's time was nearly expired, he would probably be unable to touch at Brazil. This message caused some vexation. The following letter was dated Rio Janeiro. Not only had Princess Françoise pleased him, but he had decided to marry her. Everything had been arranged between the Emperor, the Princess,¹ and himself, and he was only awaiting the King's consent, which he requested might be sent at once.

This sudden change caused a considerable stir in the Tuileries. As Baron Langsdorff happened to be on leave at Paris he was hastily appointed Minister to Brazil, and was sent off with his wife to make the official request for the Princess's hand, to draw up the necessary deeds, and to give this alliance, highly suitable in every respect, a more royal and diplomatic appearance. Mme. de Langsdorff was to act provisionally as lady of honour to the Princess, and to accompany her to France. All this was done with the utmost possible despatch. However, some anxiety was being felt in view of the non-arrival of despatches announcing that M. de Langsdorff had reached Rio Janeiro, when the first

¹ Françoise d'Alcantara, born in 1824, died in 1898, daughter of Dom Pedro I. of Alcantara (1798-1834), Emperor of Brazil and King of Portugal, and of the Archduchess Marie Leopoldine Josephe (1797-1826), daughter of the Emperor of Austria François I., and sister of the Empress Marie Louise, wife of Napoleon I.

news was brought by the state boat of the *Belle Poule*, which disembarked the Prince and Princess de Joinville¹ upon the quay at Brest. They were speedily surrounded by the whole of the maritime population.

"My friends," said the Prince, "I bring you a sailor's wife. Is she not pretty? And she really loves you."

By such means the young Prince became the idol of the navy. After so rapid an expedition, he had no intention of stopping upon the road and he promptly organised his journey and descended upon the Tuileries almost as unexpectedly as upon Brest. This somewhat filibustering marriage was not out of harmony with the character of the Prince de Joinville. No one bore him any ill-will, either in his family or in the public, who merely laughed. The Princess de Joinville was very pretty and of a very distinguished bearing.

This charming and somewhat wild gazelle, hardly escaped from the forests of the New World, was received with the greatest kindness. She had a slight cold, but refused chicken broth, demanding parrot instead. She also sighed over the bare trees in the Tuileries and could not be persuaded that they would ever be covered with leaves. She adored the Prince and seemed to shrink to him for shelter, which she always found. This young couple cheered to some degree the sadness of the Palace. The Duchesse d'Orléans took a great liking for her new sister-in-law, possibly because she herself already disliked the Duchesse de Nemours, knowing that the Duchess might one day be Mme. la Régente, whereas she would only be Madame, the King's mother. The Duchesse d'Orléans thought a great deal of political power. Our new Princess knew absolutely nothing, as her education had been entirely neglected. She asked for masters, who were readily found, in order, as she said, that she might be able to understand Joinville. This idea always gave her the desire and sometimes the will to work, but sustained application was impossible for her. I do not think that her education was carried very far. Her love for her husband was always the mainspring of her life.

¹ The marriage took place on May 7, 1843.

The arrival of this new pair, and especially the unexpected visit of Queen Victoria to the Château d'Eu,¹ which overwhelmed the Royal Family with delight, obliged them to put off the mourning by which they were still surrounded, and the following winter the Palace of the Tuileries recovered something of its former character. The Queen, however, was unable to overcome a certain lack of interest. I think I have already said that from the first moment after the death of the Duc d'Orléans she would never speak with me as unrestrainedly as before. Whenever I presented myself I was admitted, but each time I felt that it would be necessary to break the ice to reach something like intimacy, and if I had not been sure that my attachment for her was entirely disinterested, I should certainly have been somewhat hurt. I understood that she was much more afraid of her own expansiveness than of any indiscretion on my part. She remembered the many tears that she had shed in my arms, was afraid of re-opening a grief that was always keen, or of touching upon a subject ever present to her mind. The name of the Duc d'Orléans was never uttered by either of us, nor was any allusion ever made to the disaster.

With Mme. Adélaïde things were very different. She had abandoned her habit of receiving her friends in the study where she formerly worked, and to which those intimate with her were admitted; she sat in the room before it, with her hat on, her shawl and her gloves ready near her, always ready to enter the room where the King might arrive from the apartments in the rear, or to go to him at the first call, either to stay in his rooms, to drive out with him, to walk with him upon the terrace, or in the galleries of the Louvre

¹ September 2, 1843. Victoria I. (1819-1901), daughter of the Duke of Kent (1767-1820) and Victoria of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld (1786-1861). She had succeeded her uncle William IV., Duke of Clarence (1765-1837), younger brother of George IV. (1762-1830), to whom Mme. de Boigne has often referred in previous volumes during the time of his regency. Queen Victoria married on February 10, 1840, her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (1819-1861), son of Duke Ernest I. They were both cousins-german of the Duchesse de Nemours and of her brother, Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, who married on April 20, 1843, Princess Clémentine d'Orléans, while the King of the Belgians, Leopold I., was their uncle.

when he felt tired or wanted air; in one word, if it might be so expressed, Mme. Adélaïde was always on the *qui vive*. Though this Princess had formerly been so occupied, I do not think that she read a book, wrote ten pages, or even unfolded a piece of work during these years. Her mornings were entirely spent in waiting. She took much less interest and thought much less seriously of public affairs; she was chiefly angry with anything that might disturb the King and would only lend a ready ear to what she thought would please him. She was the only channel by which it was possible to put him in possession of certain truths, and at the instigation of the Chancellor, I sometimes made use of it.

The Duc d'Aumale, who had returned to Algeria, had been brilliantly successful there.¹ This campaign was followed by a voyage to Naples. He had brought back as his wife a cousin-german of the King, daughter of the Prince of Salerno.² This marriage, which was negotiated according to full diplomatic forms and by no means so picturesquely as that of the Prince de Joinville, greatly delighted the family, but made no public impression. It was another family in the Tuileries and nothing more. The Duchesse d'Aumale was very small, by no means pretty, would not talk and was far from impressive.

With her lofty piety the Queen was keenly anxious to marry her sons with the object of restraining their private lives, and strange as it may seem, her expedient was entirely successful; all these royal couples proved entirely faithful to one another.

About the date of this marriage, I think, Mme. Adélaïde told me the following story. The evening before there had been a gala dinner at Saint Cloud, and on these solemn occasions was brought out the magnificent Sèvres dinner

¹ Campaign in the spring of 1844 against the Kabyles. The capture of the smala of Abd-el-Kader had taken place in the preceding year (May 1843).

² Marie Caroline, daughter of the Prince of Salerno, brother of Queen Marie Amélie and of the Archduchess Marie Clémentine. (See vol. iii., note to p. 217.) Born in 1822, she married the Duc d'Aumale in November 1844; died in 1869.

service which had been begun by Louis XV., added to by his successors, and bore the portraits of the famous men of ancient and modern history. M. Thiers was seated by Mme. Adélaïde. For some moments he had been leaning over his plate and muttering to himself.

"What are you saying?" she asked him at last.

"What am I saying? I am saying that that is what I should have been; that is what I am; and that is what I shall be."

And he showed her his plate on which was a portrait of Marshal Turenne. Mme. Adélaïde began to laugh.

"Do not laugh, it is serious, quite serious, what I am telling you," he replied in a somewhat surly tone, and never uttered another word during the dinner.

I suppose he was devising one of the great strategical paragraphs in his work upon the empire where he not only relates but also corrects and modifies the campaigns of the man whom he calls the greatest captain ever known. Possibly he thought himself also very modest in comparing himself only with Marshal Turenne. In any case and notwithstanding his prohibition Mme. Adélaïde and myself ventured to laugh at his military claims. We both of us liked him, however, and esteemed him. This is the impression usually made by the charm and distinction of his mind and by the transparent honesty of his character. Those about him have done their best to inspire him with hatred and rancour but without success, and if he ever entertained any feelings of the kind, they were very transitory. Had it not been for the deplorable environment into which he was thrown by complete ignorance of morality in his youth and by some quixotic notion of generosity and gratitude, M. Thiers would have been a far more honourable and more important man.

It was in 1843 that Chancellor Pasquier and myself contracted a liking for the seashore of Trouville. I bought a villa there, and we went from time to time and spent some weeks there. I then altered the house and made it more convenient. Since 1848 it became my sole country

residence, and the Chancellor used to stay there almost all the summer. For a long time he had been in the habit of coming to my house at Châtenay between the sessions of the Chamber of Peers, to recruit from the arduous toils of presidency and from the troublesome work imposed upon him by the numerous political lawsuits from which he emerged with so much cleverness and success. It would be impossible to find an easier or more charming companion than M. Pasquier. To a ready invention and the most varied fund of conversation, he added incomparable good sense and a natural benevolence which was never conventional but always made him take the best possible view of men and things. He was honest in everything, from the most lofty ideas of statesmanship to the smallest details of private life. Nothing was above or below him, and his devotion to his friends was shown in the smallest as in the greatest things. When he had told me some important political secret, I felt no embarrassment in turning the conversation to my household affairs, and he would listen with the most serious good-humour. The only thing that irritated him was unreasonableness. He would then fall into fits of fury worthy of Alceste. I remember a scene of the kind one day. He began his tirade by saying, "You think yourself very impartial and no one was ever less so." Then he burst out upon my caste prejudice, my party spirit, my social intolerance, &c. In these reproaches there was a considerable amount of exaggeration, but there was also some small truth from which I learnt my lesson. He was much ashamed of himself when he had been betrayed into one of these outbursts; still they were not without charm for his friends, for he then showed the depths of his fine character by his energetic hatred of evil. Party spirit was his great aversion, and it is remarkable that he should have made his way through parties all his life and never have been infected by it. I may be suspected of partiality when I say that he had no ambition, seeing that he had reached the summit of all social distinction, and yet nothing could be more true.

it came to his satisfaction. He had never clung to office or intrigued to return to it. He underwent the ostracism imposed upon him by the animosity of the court of Charles X. for several years in calm and dignified retirement, and only the imperative necessities of the country induced him to come to the help of the power in 1830. M. Pasquier was a patriot in the best sense of the term, and this feeling has given real unity to the whole of his political life, notwithstanding the outcries of his detractors.

The attempt of Lecomte upon the King took place in the spring of 1846 at Fontainebleau. The waggonette in which the Royal Family was, received the charge from a carbine fired by this gamekeeper.¹ Alarmed by the rumours which I had heard, I went to get information, and entered Mme. Adélaïde's ante-chamber at the moment when she reached the Tuileries. I was standing aside to let her pass when she saw me. She took me by the arm, and drew me without saying a word into her bedroom. I helped her to take off the furs in which she was enveloped (for it was very cold), and she dropped upon a sofa in the greatest despondency. I had seen her a few days before, and was terrified at the change in her. Her complexion, which had always been very dark, was usually animated; I now thought her grey and ashen colour; her eyes were lustreless and her lips pale. If the eighteen buckshot fired by Lecomte had lodged in the carriage, which contained fourteen people, without touching any one, Mme. Adélaïde was, none the less, mortally stricken. It was a long time before she could speak, and she related in a somewhat rambling way the event of the previous day, continually exclaiming, "The series of assassinations has again begun. They will kill him, my dear, they will kill him." She thought much more of the King's danger than of any that she and the rest of the family had run. I sat for some time with her. Her excitement calmed, and eventually she began to cry, which she hardly ever did, and I left her somewhat calmer. I went to inquire for the Queen, who called me in. I found her very sad, but much less agitated, than her sister-in-law;

she described in greater detail, and with greater clearness, this abominable attempt, and the providential chance which had thwarted it. Generally speaking, the accounts of Mme. Adélaïde were much more circumstantial, but this time the cases were reversed. This Princess had never cared for the Legitimist party. She had not been left in ignorance of the delight which they had shown at the death of the Duc d'Orléans, a manifestation which was at least most unfeeling, and her hostility for them had naturally increased. She suspected them on every occasion, and was persuaded that Lecomte was their agent. The Duchesse de Marmier,¹ a very stupid and intriguing woman, brought her some kitchen gossip, to which M. Mérilhou,² from a desire to curry favour, affected to attach some importance. Mme. Adélaïde wrote to the Chancellor, asking him to see Mme. de Marmier.

M. Pasquier was not a man to be influenced in such a case. He saw Mme. de Marmier, investigated her charges, questioned the witnesses whom she brought forward, and loudly declared that the whole thing was not worth a straw, and did not deserve a trial. Lecomte, a lonely, morbid temperament, had merely obeyed his own impulse, which had been raised to the point of frenzy in consequence of deceitful promises inconsiderately made to him by General de Rumigny, the King's aide-de-camp. He thought he had been deceived, and anger alone had provoked his abominable crime. This the King readily recognised; M. Mérilhou was cornered, and forced to admit the fact. However, Mme. Adélaïde, embittered and weakened by anxiety, disliked the Chancellor for his decision, and showed her displeasure. The Royal Family treated him somewhat coldly, but he was far above these Court trivialities, which in any case made no impression, and continued the trial with as much justice and impartiality as before. He was unfortunate enough to have another case of the kind a short time afterwards, but this was nothing serious.

¹ Lady to Queen Marie Amélie.

² Joseph Mérilhou, born in 1788. Lawyer. Magistrate under the Empire; General Secretary to the Ministry of Justice; Counsellor of State; Minister of Justice (1830-1831); Deputy; Counsellor to the Court of Cassation; Peer of France (1837); died at Neuilly in 1856.

A certain M. Henri,¹ wishing to make himself notorious, had fired a blank charge at the King from a pistol on the day of Saint Louis, in the middle of the crowd which thronged the garden of the Tuileries. The case was investigated and tried very promptly, and did not delay the Chancellor's departure for Trouville.

¹ On July 29, 1846, Joseph Henri fired two pistol shots at the King, who was bowing to the crowd from the balcony of the Tuileries. He was condemned to hard labour for life by the Court of Peers. As will be seen, Mme. de Boigne has confused the dates. The attempt took place, not upon the festival of Saint Louis, but upon that of the anniversary of the July Revolution.

II

Spanish marriages—Apprehensions of Chancellor Pasquier—How the marriages were decided—The Duc de Montpensier—Life in the Tuileries—The Queen's daughters-in-law—The Petit Luxembourg—Growing weakness of the King—M. Duchâtel—Ill-health of Mme. Adélaïde—Dissatisfaction in the Royal Family—Walking accident at Châtenay—Bad harvest—The Pritchard case—General de Cubières and M. Teste—Anecdote concerning M. de M———Entertainment at Vincennes

SHORTLY after Chancellor Pasquier arrived at Trouville, the *Moniteur* brought him the news of the marriage of the Duc de Montpensier with the Infanta Doña Fernanda. This was the first intimation he had had of the event.¹ At the first moment this alliance seemed very brilliant, and the Chancellor hastened to write and congratulate the King, who was then at the Château d'Eu. But the same evening he admitted to me that he regretted his letter. "With any other Minister," he said, "I should feel no anxiety. The alliance would be brilliant and useful. But all depends on the manner in which it is done, and M. Guizot is so careless, so presumptuous, so imprudent, and so inclined to regard events only from his own favourite point of view, that when I add to my knowledge of his character the hasty despatch of Louis Decazes,² Duke of Glücksberg, from Madrid to Eu, from Eu

¹ Queen Isabella II. (1830-1904) married her cousin-german, Dom François of Assisi, Duke of Cadiz (1822-1902), son of the Infant François de Paule (1794-1865), brother of Ferdinand VII. At the same time the Infanta Louisa Fernanda, sister of Queen Isabella and her heiress (1832-1897) married Antoine, Duc de Montpensier, last son of King Louis Philippe, born at Neuilly on July 31, 1824, and died in 1890. These two marriages ended in a breach of the cordial relations with England. Announced on August 29, approved by the Cortes in September, they were celebrated on October 10, 1846.

² Louis Decazes, Duke of Glücksberg (1819-1886). Son of the Minister of Louis XVIII. Secretary to the Embassy at London, at Madrid, and Minister at Lisbon; Deputy in 1871; Ambassador to London in 1873; Minister of Foreign Affairs.

to Val Richer, from Val Richer to Eu, and thence to Madrid again by way of this same Val Richer, I am afraid that some intrigue or freak may lie beneath all this. Moreover, if the negotiation is conducted without the knowledge or information of the English Cabinet, you may be sure that the most inconvenient consequences will follow. Far from rejoicing, we shall rather have to lament this success." The result has shown to what an extent a statesmanlike glance at the situation had enlightened the Chancellor.

I have since learnt how events took place, though I heard of no incidents sufficiently personal to be worth reporting here. Queen Christina, seeing herself threatened in Spain, declined to wait any longer to secure effective protection in a foreign country, or at least to obtain the guarantee of recognised facilities for residence. She therefore resolved upon the following step, and perhaps was urged to it by the ambition of our Ambassador, Comte Bresson,¹ who was very anxious that his name should be associated with this alliance; she put the whole matter in his hands, and declared that if, at a near date fixed by her, France had not accepted the marriage of Queen Isabella with the son of Dom François de Paule, and that of the Infanta with the Duc de Montpensier, she would go over to the English side and marry the Queen to the Coburg,² the candidate proposed by the British Cabinet and put forward by Lord Palmerston, notwithstanding the engagement entered into with the Tuileries to nominate no one. The Duke of Glücksberg was sent off with this ultimatum: the King seemed very disturbed, very undecided; M. Guizot had the honour of persuading him in spite of the very positive resistance of the Queen. She considered, on the one hand, that the proposal implied a breach of the undertaking personally given by the King to Queen Victoria in that very Château d'Eu; on the other hand, I think she did not wish to see her domestic life disturbed by a Spanish

¹ Comte Charles Bresson (1798-1847). He had already negotiated the marriage of Princess Louise with the King of the Belgians.

² Leopold of Coburg, cousin-german of Prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria, and brother of the Duchesse de Nemours and also of the husband of Princess Clémentine.

Princess brought up in the irregular habits of the Madrid palace and under the influence of Queen Christina. The first objection was overthrown by the argument that the English Cabinet, in putting forward a Prince of Coburg, had broken the arrangement made with the Queen of England; the second objection could not be justified. The Duchesse de Montpensier showed herself a most accomplished Princess and very tenderly devoted to Queen Marie Amélie. I have also reason to think that the emphatic wishes of the Duc de Montpensier largely influenced the King and Madame Adélaïde. He was their favourite child and exerted considerable influence upon them. The Duc d'Orléans had said, "Montpensier has more brains and less heart than any of us," and his judgment was sound.

However, the marriage proved popular in the country, precisely on account of its most vexatious point, that is to say, the ill-feeling which it had occasioned in England. M. Guizot was intoxicated by this success, and the public applauded. The festivities were numerous and very fine. At none of these was I present. My age and my weak health were sufficient excuse for me to retire from society. I had already excused myself from receptions and balls at the Tuileries. I also avoided the concerts and evening parties given by the Duc de Nemours, who had opened his house in place of that of the Duc d'Orléans.

I often went to see the Queen and Mme. Adélaïde, and from time to time I saw the Duchesse d'Orléans in the morning. I frequently took a place at the round table where the Queen and the Princesses worked every evening. I had then opportunities of seeing the King, and sometimes of talking with him, and of examining the Princesses, the daughters-in-law, who had aroused my curiosity. The Duchesse de Nemours, in all the magnificence of her splendid beauty, was always seated at the Queen's right hand, assiduously working, hardly raising her eyes, and constantly attending to the Queen's small wants—threading her needles and hastening to pick up her reels. The affectionate warmth with which she was thanked showed how large a place she

held in the Queen's heart. She was, in fact, the favourite, and she deserved it, for she was as good as she was simple and beautiful. When there was no foreign Princess present, the place at the Queen's left was occupied by lady visitors, who gave way to the Duchesse d'Orléans, for whom this place was reserved. She always came in late, after her children had gone to bed. Her entry, followed by her ladies, caused a certain amount of confusion; every one rose except the Queen. Even Mme. Adélaïde rose from her armchair—the only one, by the way, at the table, as the Queen and all the other Princesses sat upon upright chairs. The Duchesse d'Orléans took her place by the Queen's side. Between her and Mme. Adélaïde there was another place, which was almost always empty; and upon the back of this chair the King, Princes, and politicians would lean when they came to talk to the Duchesse d'Orléans. She immediately guided the conversation, in which Mme. Adélaïde took part sometimes. The Queen confined herself to commonplace courtesies as soon as the Duchesse had arrived. On the left of Mme. Adélaïde, by the side of one another, came the Duchesse de Joinville and the Duchesse d'Aumale, whispering together without regard for anybody. Then the Duchesse de Montpensier, who was exceedingly young, for the King had had to present her with three months to complete the fifteen years necessary to legalise the marriage; but, in spite of her youth, she was the most amiable, the most gracious, and the most obliging of all these Princesses. She seemed to have been accustomed to hold her court, and adopted the manners of a very great lady, unbending most gracefully and suitably towards visitors admitted to these little gatherings; at any rate, that was my impression of her.

In truth our first interview had been of such a nature as to break the ice between us. I had been to call upon the Queen at Saint Cloud. She was busy and I was awaiting her leisure in the great salon. I had taken a seat in one of the windows; a side door opened and I saw a girl come in skipping and singing. I at once guessed it was the Infanta. She began to dance before a large glass, not to look at herself, but to

amuse herself in the most gay and graceful manner possible. Soon afterwards the Queen opened the door of her boudoir ; the little dancer ran to her and the Queen looked at her for a moment, smiling at me. She seemed a little embarrassed when she saw me, but by no means disconcerted. The Queen presented me with the obliging words which she always used in my case, as her oldest friend. The Princess had come to ask some information from her mother-in-law. She went into the boudoir with the simplicity and self-possession of a great lady, which in fact she was, and stayed for some moments ; she was very gracious to me, laughing very readily at the ridiculous manner in which she had entered the salon, and withdrew leaving me under the impression that she was a person of very high rank and very agreeable.

Very different was the reception which I had received from her husband in the preceding year in this same Palace of Saint Cloud. When I went into Mme. Adélaïde's room, I found near her a dirty-looking man, enveloped in a long grey coat of some coarse stuff, the collar of which was turned up so high that it touched a battered hat which he crammed on his head as he passed me, bursting with laughter, which also infected Mme. Adélaïde.

"You did not recognise him ? That is Montpensier in his Jew's dress. He goes like that round all the second-hand shops and curiosity dealers and makes excellent bargains. He has just brought me this little snuff-box ; it is worth ten times more than he paid for it. He will sometimes wait for months to get things a little cheaper ; he is a very clever bargainer."

"Not a very princely occupation," the words escaped my lips.

"Oh, no one recognises him and it amuses him."

I made no reply and we were both somewhat embarrassed. Mme. Adélaïde spoke of something else and we did not return to the Jewish talents of her favourite nephew. It is perfectly true that he looked like a dirty little Jew in this strange costume.

As I have said, I was not present at any of the festivities

on the occasion of this marriage, but there were many of them and they were very magnificent. The entertainment at the Spanish Embassy was splendid. The Ministers and the so-called authorities attempted to out-do one another, except the Chancellor. He found that the Upper Chamber was often forced to become a court of peers in order that the rooms of its president might be transformed into ballrooms or concert-halls. He frequently gave the largest and best dinners in Paris, but the receptions of the Palace of the Petit Luxemburg were always solemn functions. He would not even abandon these habits in 1845 on the occasion of the marriage of his nephew Gaston d'Audiffret, whom he had just adopted, giving him his name, his title and his fortune. Winter therefore opened under less sad auspices than former years had seen. Entertainments are always very popular at Paris, as they make money circulate. Besides, the marriage of the Infanta was popular in the country, especially under the idea that it was unpopular in England, for in spite of the friendly understanding of which the Government boasted, the national animosity had never ceased to exist. At the same time the best-informed people grew more and more anxious. The King had always been subject to fits of fury, but only at long intervals; now he became more and more irascible every day. He was a good speaker and was always fond of displaying his powers, but he now reached the point of loquacity; sometimes councils were concluded without any attempt to discuss business, because the King had been speaking the whole time, and these sad signs of weakness were far from encouraging to those who observed them, except M. Guizot, whose optimism would not be discouraged, and whose pride was increased by what he called his Spanish success.

This success, however, had greatly disunited the Ministry. M. Duchâtel, who was in poor health, had been greatly offended, and very reasonably, when his first information of the event was derived from the *Moniteur*, as had happened in the Chancellor's case. The details of the transaction in no way mollified him and he showed great coldness, while neglecting public business more than he should have done. He would

have liked to have made his health an excuse for retiring, but the King and even M. Guizot felt that his retirement would have been followed by the dissolution of the Ministry, and began from that time to employ every means to keep him with them and bore without flinching the grumpiness which he constantly inflicted upon them. I have always held M. Duchâtel in high esteem, but I cannot help blaming him in this circumstance. If he foresaw danger, he should not have hesitated to break up the Ministry, and if he thought it possible to support the Ministry, he should have done his best to strengthen its hands by thwarting the Minister who seemed likely to him to deprive it of its powers; but he did neither. While he stood aside he allowed the machinery of authority to fall into steadily increasing disorder under his hands.

Sometimes in the Council the King would scold his Ministers for their lack of consideration for his wishes, while they were prostrated before "his majesty the majority." M. Guizot promised to make amends, while laughing at this weakness of the King to himself. The other Ministers looked down and shrugged their shoulders. Madame Adélaïde, who was once so strong a constitutionalist, shared the King's dissatisfaction and expressed it quite as freely. She would have liked to continue the mode of life which she had undertaken, but her health had daily grown worse since the attempt upon the King's life at Fontainebleau. Sometimes she was obliged to keep her bed and very often her room and to abandon the post of shadowing the King which she had undertaken. He attempted to supply the want of her by continually coming to her room, but that was not enough. She made desperate efforts, often to the prejudice of her health, to resume the habits of which she was so fond.

If there was no unanimity in the Cabinet, there was also very little in the family. The Duchesse d'Orléans was vexed to see the disappearance of the hopes of the Regency, which she at first entertained, and was more reasonably angry when she saw the management of the property of the Comte de Paris taken out of her hands. The King had taken over

this duty, making himself responsible for the household expenses of the young Princes and their mother. She was deeply wounded and surrounded herself with those Protestants who were the most active and ardent proselytisers, in order to form a party of her own. She also made overtures to the representatives of the Liberal opposition and attempted to open communications, more or less obviously, with their leaders. The Duc d'Aumale had induced the King with great difficulty to leave him some small part of his own fortune, and had only obtained his wish by making this the price of his consent to his marriage. The Prince de Joinville had permission to use his wife's dowry, but it was not yet liquidated. Consequently all these Princes were, to some extent, in pecuniary embarrassment, much to their disgust. No doubt the King thought he was acting the part of an excellent father; he believed that he could manage his children's property better than they could and was anxious to extinguish certain duties and charges before restoring their fortunes unburdened to their hands, but he showed undue severity and did not make sufficient allowance for their positions.

The Palace of the Tuileries had been turned upside down to prepare a magnificent suite of rooms on the first floor for the Infanta, heiress presumptive to the throne of Spain. This was very natural, but the Princess de Joinville and the Duchesse d'Aumale, who were both relegated to the attics of the Pavillon de Flore, did not share this opinion and regarded themselves as insulted by the preference thus given to the Duchesse de Montpensier, the more so as the Duc de Montpensier was the only one of the brothers who already had a smart and agreeable residence in the Château of Vincennes. The consequence was such jealousy that the King was eventually obliged to allow the Duc d'Aumale to stay occasionally at Chantilly. His long residence in Africa, where the Duchesse d'Aumale went to join him when he was appointed Governor-General of Algeria,¹ put an end to these excursions to Chantilly, of which he had become very fond. This slight friction in the Royal Family was a great trouble

¹ August 20, 1847.

to the Queen. She had undertaken to maintain at least an outward show of harmony and the universal respect and affection which she inspired made her the best person for the task.

A serious illness kept me in the house during the spring of 1847, and obliged me to seek country air earlier than usual. I went to take my leave of the Queen and Mme. Adélaïde before leaving Paris. I remember no incident of this visit except that Mme. Adélaïde was very weak and was carried about even in her own rooms. Soon after my arrival at Châtenay I felt a pain in my foot which increased so much that I was obliged to call in a young physician in the neighbourhood. He thought he saw a thorn and tried to pull it out with tweezers, but he was mistaken; it was a small nerve. The pain, though very keen, was transitory and I thought no more of it, when during the night I was overcome with such dreadful suffering that I thought I had tetanus. My doctor was called in, I was rubbed with laudanum, but the irritation to the nerve had ended in inflammation, and this accident, which was never anything more than trifling, caused me infinite suffering, prevented me for years from putting my foot to the ground, and obliged me to begin the habits of an invalid.

The harvest of 1846 had been a bad one. The potato disease had begun to spread and the following winter was a time of much suffering, especially in the provinces. The great sacrifices made in Paris diminished the suffering but not the discontent, which the opposition did their best to foment. I had many opportunities of observing the anxiety caused by this state of things and the discussions of those commissioned to remedy it. It was not considered certain that the importation of corn would be an efficacious means of relief. It was rather a means of alleviating the uneasiness of the masses than a real help; moreover, it aroused the most vigorous objections from the farmers.

An incident hardly worthy of the historian, but one which became important in the last years of the reign of Louis Philippe, is so trivial that I should hesitate to mention it if

it did not show what influence can be exerted by a clever and consistently hostile press. The protectorate of the Marquesas islands had been ceded to us by England, and the more readily as they were of no military or commercial importance. The idea of establishing in one of these islands, Noukahiva, a prison for political prisoners condemned to deportation, had been at first entertained, but I do not think any prisoner was ever deported thither. The impossibility of keeping a garrison there had been recognised. Admiral Dupetit-Thouars¹ with somewhat untimely zeal had surreptitiously extended the protectorate of France to the group of the Friendly Islands. He had established himself in the roadstead of Otaiti, to which he said he had been summoned by Pomaré,² the Queen of those islands. The result was some friction between the French and the English Cabinets. Lord Aberdeen,³ who was as well disposed to the House of Orleans as Lord Palmerston had been hostile, prolonged the discussion, and we were left in possession of the protectorate.

Now a certain Pritchard⁴ had been established at Otaiti for some years. He was a friend and counsellor of Pomaré, a Methodist missionary, a distributor of Bibles, and the only chemist in the country; moreover, he was recognised as English Consul. The French party considered that he was intriguing against them, and one fine night he was arrested in his house, which was plundered. He was then taken on board one of the frigates where he spent several days in the hold. I do not remember how he got out. His complaints reached England, and the Methodist party were loudly indignant.⁵ If the British Cabinet had been hostile, it could certainly

¹ Abel Aubert Dupetit-Thouars (1793-1864). Entered the service in 1804; Commander of the southern seaports; Rear-Admiral in 1841; Vice-Admiral in 1846; member of the Admiralty Council in 1849; Deputy in 1849; member of the Academy of Science in 1855.

² Pomaré IV. (Aimata), Queen of Haiti (1822-1877).

³ George Hamilton Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen (1784-1860). Ambassador at Venice in 1813. Several times Minister, and in particular Foreign Minister in Peel's Cabinet from September 3, 1841, to July 1846. As Prime Minister in 1852 he concluded the alliance with France.

⁴ George Pritchard, born at Birmingham in 1796. Died in 1888. English Consul at Samoa.

⁵ February 1844.

have made instant demands that the insult to the English Consul should be repaired. Lord Aberdeen showed great patience. It was agreed that to appease the outcries of the ultra-religious party an estimate should be made of the loss suffered by Mr. Pritchard through the destruction of his furniture and of the bottles broken when he was arrested. The sum was fixed at £400—which, by the way, we never paid—and the consequence of the friendly negotiations was that the London Cabinet professed itself satisfied by this act of justice.¹ Never had an unfortunate incident had a more agreeable termination. Certainly the French had no reason to complain. Possibly the English might have shown a more conciliatory spirit. It seemed that so small an event, which had been brought to so peaceable a conclusion, was not likely to leave any traces.

The newspapers, however, took the matter up; they insisted daily that France had been humiliated. When the cleverest of them saw the stupidity of the public they drove the matter home, and eventually roused the sense of nationalism to a point that could never have been expected. Under these impressions the elections took place. Many Deputies had been ordered by their constituents to vote against the Pritchard affair. The Conservatives were known as “Pritchardists” and the “satisfied” party, a Government orator having used this expression when speaking of the wretched Pritchard business, and these epithets were showered upon them as the worst of insults. I remember that a wavering Legitimist, a good, loyal, and even an enlightened man, applied the term “Pritchardist” to me. I at once opened fire, and undertook to give him the full details of the stupid incident. He listened with some attention and great deference, and then replied:

“But you see, dear Madame, I am an ardent Frenchman, and I feel humiliated to the bottom of my heart.”

No doubt he spoke in good faith, but it was impossible to act against party spirit so cleverly used. This intrigue

¹ The indemnity claimed on July 31, 1844, by the English Cabinet was voted in September by the French Chambers.

became of considerable importance during these last years, but after February 1848 no one thought of it or spoke of it without a smile. Thus engines of war, invented by party leaders and placed in the hands of the masses to bring about destruction, are forgotten as soon as their work is over. None the less, I cannot help feeling surprised that all the classes of nation should have been brought to such a state of — especially a nation so clever as ours, upon a — so puerile and so utterly void of any importance.

On the day that I proposed to enter into residence at Châtenay, I stopped for dinner at the Luxemburg. During the meal we heard a carriage drive very rapidly into the courtyard. One of the servants looking through the window saw General de Cubières¹ descend. A moment afterwards an usher came to inform the Chancellor that an audience was required of him in his study. He left the table, remained away for a considerable time, and returned looking very serious. It was not his custom to make a mystery of trifles, but those about him knew very well that it was hopeless to ask him questions when he preferred to hold his tongue, so I went away to the country without any explanation of this strange behaviour. The next day I learnt from visitors that very serious rumours were in circulation concerning M. de Cubières. I afterwards heard that he had come to ask the Chancellor's advice concerning the attitude that he should adopt in view of his position as a Peer. I do not propose to enter into the details of this sad business. I knew M. de Cubières. He often came to my house, especially during the time when he held the portfolio of the Minister of War, which office he filled very creditably. I had seen less of him for some months, but was sufficiently interested to feel regret that he was compromised in this matter. My interest on

¹ Amédée Louis Despans de Cubières (1786–1853), son of an equerry to Kings Louis XVI. and XVIII.; an officer in the Imperial Army; Colonel in 1815; on his retirement was appointed Receiver-General for the Meuse; re-entered the service in 1823; Lieutenant-General in 1835; Peer of France in 1839; twice Minister of War; condemned to a fine and the loss of civil rights for bribery and corruption by the Court of Peers on July 17, 1847; rehabilitated in 1852.

his behalf earned me a good scolding from the Chancellor. I attempted to point out that there was a great difference between M. de Cubières giving money and M. Teste¹ receiving it. The magisterial blood of M. Pasquier rose to boiling-point, and though he took me severely to task he did not entirely persuade me. The comic element in this sad business was supplied by poor M. Pellaprat. This capitalist had founded his fortune under the Directory, and increased it under every Government by more or less honourable manipulations of stock. After the cross-examination which he was forced to undergo, he said with great simplicity :

“I really cannot understand why these gentlemen should take the matter seriously. The thing is done every day : it is known as a refresher, and all my life I have given refreshers in every piece of business which has turned out successfully.”

In spite of his astonishment, he received a severe sentence, the reason for which he was never able to understand. The simple cynicism of poor M. Pellaprat reminds me of a story which I heard some years previously, told by M. de M—— against himself. The conquests of the first Consul had placed Germany in his hands, and he had entrusted it to M. de Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Affairs, to chop in pieces for the benefit of the sovereigns beyond the Rhine. They displayed great eagerness to receive their shares. M. de M—— was quite at home in M. de Talleyrand's house, and therefore seemed to be an influential person. Naturally he was constantly approached by Teutonic suitors. Upon one occasion an especially choice morsel was claimed by three antagonists ; their three agents came up one after another in the course of one evening during a ball, and offered M. de M—— a hundred thousand francs if he could successfully support the claims of their respective sovereigns. The incident

¹ Jean Baptiste Teste (1780-1852). Lawyer. Chief of Police at Lyons during the Hundred Days ; proscribed by the Restoration ; returned upon the Revolution of 1830 ; became a Deputy ; Minister of Commerce in 1834, of Justice in 1839, and of Public Works in 1840. He was a Peer of France and President of the Chamber to the Court of Cassation. He was condemned by the Court of Peers for bribery and corruption to three years' imprisonment on July 17, 1847.

seemed to him so comical that he sought them out again, and promised each and all of them on the spot his most vigorous good offices and his warm support. Then he folded his arms, did not breathe a word of the matter to M. de Talleyrand, and remained perfectly calm. One of the three Princes, as was bound to be the case, proved triumphant. The next day the conscientious German brought a hundred thousand francs to M. de M——. “And as you may imagine,” he added, “I did not hesitate to pocket them without the least scruple.” Deliracy of feeling would, no doubt, have dictated a different course of action; but delicacy, I imagine, was not often called in to advise M. de M——. This strange personage, whose character combined the defects of the eighteenth century and the vices of the nineteenth, succeeded for more than sixty years in skirting the edge of the mud without ever putting his feet in it. His mode of existence was an enigma to every one. He was seen to spend money nobly, lavishly, and often generously, and so far as was known he had not an inch of land, a halfpenny of income, or any capital whatever. He played for high stakes, but without eagerness or greater success than an ordinary person, and upon his death he left neither debts nor fortune. It cannot be said that M. de M—— was highly esteemed; at the same time, he went everywhere, was entertained and sought by people in high places. The fact may partly be explained by his remarkable talents, and partly by the fear which he inspired. He was a pitiless mocker, never spared his best friends, and struck home. One example among many may be given. M. de Flahaut, who was charming in his youth, but was now falling into middle-age, and was very bald, showed himself madly in love with a certain young and beautiful Countess Potocka. He advertised his feelings so loudly as to make himself ridiculous. As New Year’s Day approached he wished to discover something which did not look exactly like a present, but was still smart and refined, as a New Year’s gift for his idol. The exquisite taste of M. de M—— was universally recognised, and M. de Flahaut went to consult him. He undertook to consider the matter; in the evening at the club he anostrophised him across a table

in a crowd of twenty people: "Flahaut," he said, very loudly, "you were looking this morning for an object of no great value but very rare, to offer to the lady of your heart. Give her one of your hairs. Nothing is rarer than that." The would-be young man nearly collapsed, but found no answer to M. de M——, and laughed it off.

The Chancellor emerged from the case of Teste and Cubières with his usual perspicacity, leniency, and justice, with great credit to himself; but the stir made by these discussions, in which two of the King's Ministers were so strangely compromised, was turned by the various oppositions to their own advantage with extreme malevolence, and increased the bad feeling which began to prevail everywhere. Never was a Government less venal and more honourable in money matters than that of Louis Philippe. It was proved over and over again that of all his officials M. Teste alone was compromised, and yet it was regarded as irrefutably demonstrated that any one could be bought for hard cash. The rumour went about that the King took his share of all these exactions and laid up treasure for himself. The people were persuaded that the cellars of the Tuileries were full of barrels of gold; the lower middle class, better informed, insisted that these funds were sent to England or America. These absurd calumnies were repeated and obtained credence in the country. This ill-feeling was demonstrated on the occasion of an entertainment given by the Duc de Montpensier at the Château of Vincennes. It was in the middle of the summer, and was still daylight, when the guests crossed the Faubourg Saint Antoine. At that moment the working classes were going home. The fine carriages, full of beautifully dressed women, were an unaccustomed sight in these quarters, and attracted attention; but far from causing amusement, the spectacle aroused anger, and the leaders represented their appearance as an act of disregard for the misery of the people. The murmurs of the crowd grew louder and louder, and often reached the point of insult. Some outbreak was feared, as the population of these suburbs had not entirely abandoned their habit of rising. However, the string of

carriages passed by, the spectators dispersed, and peace was restored. Fortunately, the troops, who had received orders to mount, did not leave their quarters, and the Vincennes entertainment went off without disturbance. Several guests had been greatly frightened, and all were alarmed by these symptoms, except, perhaps, those who could have provided some remedy.

III

Assassination of the Duchesse de Praslin—Adventure of Comte Hector Mortier—Intervention of the Chancellor and of the Prefect of Police—Defence of M. Baroche—Jewish affairs—A check to M. Guizot—The Chancellor's foresight—Visit to Mme. Adélaïde—Her death

ABOUT the end of August the Chancellor and I were proposing to go to Trouville, when I received a note from him telling me of the assassination of the Duchesse de Praslin. "Everything tends to show," he added, "that the crime was committed by her husband.¹ Her husband is a Peer; you will understand the rest, and I cannot accompany you to Trouville."

I gave up this proposed journey the more readily as I was suffering considerably from my foot. I do not propose to go into details of this dreadful trial. It raised the popular discontent to the point of exasperation. It was loudly asserted that some means would be found of acquitting M. de Praslin, as the rich were never condemned. It was this manifestation of popular spirit which decided the Chancellor to act rather as a statesman than as a magistrate. The Chamber of Peers, being omnipotent within the sphere of its own jurisdiction, had proceeded with the trial, although, legally, proceedings should have been suspended upon the death of the accused. It continued investigations until proof, which was published, had been provided, showing the culpability as well as the suicide of the Duc de Praslin. None the less the rumour was spread and believed that this

¹ Charles Laure Hugues Théobald, Duc de Choiseul-Praslin (1805-1847). Deputy in 1839; Peer of France in 1845. He had married in 1824 the daughter of General Sébastiani, by whom he had ten children. In 1847 his wife was found dead, pierced with thirty dagger thrusts. He was arrested, and poisoned himself in prison.

Duke and Peer had been smuggled away to escape his trial. The arsenic which he had swallowed had been the only agent employed for that purpose. However, the newspapers and the orators of secret societies continued to declaim and to stir the masses against the corruption and the crimes of the upper classes. The precipice grew deeper and deeper.

I was very sorry for poor Mme. de Praslin, a kind and amiable character. I think the last call that she ever made was at my house the evening before the day on which she started for Prashin. On her return thence she was killed by this abominable husband whom she was weak enough to love excessively in spite of his invariably bad behaviour towards her.

I happened to have an even more personal interest in another incident which also made a bad impression upon the public. Count Mortier, then French Minister at Turin, had begun his diplomatic career under my father in the London Embassy. The affectionate veneration with which he faithfully remembered him had united us in real friendship, and he looked upon himself as a child of the house. During his short visits to Paris he had stayed at my father's house and afterwards at mine. He had been Secretary to the Embassy at Rome and in Spain, afterwards Minister in Portugal, Prussia, Holland, Switzerland, and finally at Turin. I certainly heard that his personal life had been everywhere discreditable, but the affairs of State had been well conducted, and I thought these rumours were exaggerated by the jealousy of his colleagues. He married in 1836, and introduced to me a very pretty young wife of whom he seemed extremely fond. I had not become very intimate with her nor was I likely to do so in view of the difference in our ages, but I saw her very often. I maintained a regular correspondence with Hector Mortier in which his wife sometimes took part when he was too busy to send me any news for transmission to the Tuileries, or too ill to write. One half of the letters which I received from him were full of adoration and admiration for his angelic spouse, as he called her. They had two children in whom they both

seemed to be entirely absorbed. Such was apparently their position when they came to Paris in the summer of 1847. They went to the seaside, to Ostend, and thence to Mons to the Mortier family. One day in December I was informed that a heavily veiled lady was anxious to see me in private. I was greatly astonished to recognise Mme. Mortier. I found her terribly changed.

"What on earth has happened to you, my dear child?"

"Madame, I wish to thank you for all your past kindness before saying good-bye to you."

"Saying good-bye—and where are you ~~going~~ going?"

"I am staying in Paris."

"And where is Hector?"

"I believe at Mons."

"But what has happened?"

"M. Mortier has driven me out of his house and deprived me of my children. I have taken refuge with my father."

"Come, my poor child, tell me all about it."

For a long time her tears prevented her from speaking. I thought it was a case of some jealousy, more or less founded, on the part of a man fifty years of age towards a splendid young woman of twenty-five, and I asked her. She assured me that it was nothing of the kind. Her husband had attacked her for no reason with a razor, and her mother-in-law had enabled her to escape from the house to avoid a crime. The details of this scene and of others which preceded it seemed to me incomprehensible. Hitherto Mme. Mortier had always carefully concealed these domestic storms from every one. She asked me if she could approach Mme. Adélaïde, who was a particular patroness of M. Mortier, as she had ventured to approach me. I encouraged her in the idea, and declined to hear of saying good-bye, but I did not understand the situation.

Two days afterwards Count Mortier came into my room, and the sight of him revealed the mystery. Poor Hector was mad. He came in with a red handkerchief wrapped round his head under a cap, a short coat of coarse cloth, trousers, and slippers. His face was in harmony with his costume,

and his look was frightful. I have always been greatly afraid of madmen, but I felt so sorry for him that this feeling overpowered any other.

"Do you know," he said when he came in, "that Léonie has left me?"

I replied that I did not.

He then began a series of invectives against her. I asked him what could have happened, for he had never spoken of her to me except in transports of adoration and admiration. His outbursts began again. The chief grievance that he mentioned against her was that she had driven out at Turin in a Parisian cloak, which had attracted so much attention that several ladies had wanted a pattern for it. As if it was fitting for the mother of a family to pose as a woman of fashion! Another time, under pretext of being too hot, she had thrown open the cloak which she had wrapped round herself on leaving the theatre, for the purpose of showing off her figure to the guard who were drawn up in line for the King's exit. Moreover, she never looked after him when he was ill. At Mons she had given him soup that was too salt, without troubling to taste it first. I vigorously refuted all these accusations, one after another, asserting that they were not sufficient ground for driving a wife out of the house and separating her from her children. I felt that I was really dominating this absurd mind, but as I overthrew one of his allegations, he produced another of equal importance while striding up and down my room.

A special incident was the fact that Mme. Lenormant¹ came in to call, and the moment she entered the room M. Mortier recovered his calm. He could not change his extraordinary costume, but he came up to the fireplace and began to talk quietly. Swiss politics were the great question of the day, and these he explained with the lucidity and common sense which never left him. I was delighted to see

¹ Amélie Cyvoct (1810-1893), niece of Mme. Récamier. She married Charles Lenormant (1802-1859), Inspector of Fine Arts; Librarian at the Arsenal; assistant to Guizot at the Sorbonne in 1835; Keeper of Printed Books at the Royal Library in 1838; Superintendent of the Cabinet of Medals in 1841; Professor at the College of France, and member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres.

him so far appeased, but the moment Mme. Lenormant had gone he returned to the end of the room, resumed his diabolical appearance and the thread of his absurd arguments precisely at the point where he had laid them down. This went on for a long time; at length he went to the window, and said:

"I shall have to go. It is getting dark and my scoundrelly father-in-law keeps shadowing me by people armed with thick sticks. They might catch me if it were dark. Perhaps I shall not see you to-morrow. I think of taking my poor children to Havre."

He then left me completely exhausted by this painful scene, which had lasted no less than three hours, and very anxious as to my duty in such a state of affairs. I told myself that I would ask the Chancellor. In the evening he came, but there were other visitors, and I could only ask him to come and see me early the next morning. About mid-day I received a very excellent envelope closed with a great red seal, with a crest, a regular Ministerial despatch. It contained eight pages of very neatly formed writing, which began as follows:

"As you are the person for whom I have the greatest esteem and affection and whose approval I desire to secure, I owe you an explanation of my conduct. I have abandoned the project of going to Havre, where I had intended to jump into the sea with my children: but some attempt might have been made to save us, and I think it would better and safer to end the matter here. When you receive this letter we shall no longer be forced to endure the shame and misfortune of such a wife and such a mother. Neither they nor I will be alive."

After the scene of the evening before, nothing seemed to me impossible. I hastily rang for my horses to be harnessed, and as I could not myself stand, I sent for the priest of the expiatory chapel, the Abbé Berlèse,¹ a great friend both of myself and of M. Mortier, whose marriage he had celebrated. At that moment a servant arrived from

¹ He had been appointed on the recommendation of the Comtesse de Boigne. See in the Appendix the letters from M. de Montalivet and M. Molé.

M. Mortier, completely out of breath, asking that the letter might be given back to him. I questioned him. It was only a pretext for getting rid of the last person in his house. I heard that the children's nurse was away. She had been sent upon an errand. He told me that his master had seemed very agitated and that he had heard him double-lock the door behind him. I advised him to return as quickly as possible and sent my footman with him to bring back the news. When the Abbé came my carriage was harnessed. I gave him the letter, telling him to read it on the road and to act as he thought best, and to gain an entry to the house by saying that he was bringing my answer. Either he did not read the letter or he lost his head, but he did not insist that the door should be opened and obeyed M. Mortier's order to pass my answer, which was his own letter, under the door. The minutes, the quarters and the hours went by for me in real anguish. I sent out messenger after messenger and obtained no reply. One at last came in to tell me that he had just seen the two children at the window of an upper room and that they seemed quite happy. All who were staying in the Chatham residence, where the drama took place, were in a state of anxiety.

At this moment the Chancellor arrived. He immediately made his way to the Chatham residence and was speedily joined by the Prefect of Police, M. Delessert.¹ M. Pasquier ordered M. Mortier to open the door, speaking authoritatively as President of the Chamber of Peers, of which M. Mortier was a member. He was answered only by refusals and invectives. M. Mortier strode repeatedly in front of all the windows of the flat, and it was thought that some weapon could be seen shining in his hand. The poor little children were still glued to a window, the curtain of which they lifted from time to time. Their appearance invariably relieved the spectators of this frightful scene. They dared not burst in the door, which was a very strong one,

¹ Gabriel Abraham Marguerite Delessert (1786-1858). Entered upon office in 1834; Prefect of the Aude and of Eure et Loire; Prefect of Police from 1836 to 1848; Councillor of State in 1836; Peer of France in 1844; retired to private life in 1848.

for fear they should urge the madman to accomplish the crime, about which he seemed to be hesitating. The Chancellor tried another colloquy in a more familiar tone with M. Mortier. This time he returned a less brutal answer. M. Pásquier at length obtained from him the assurance that if his wife came and asked him for the children, he would perhaps show them to her.

“Well,” said the Chancellor, “I will go and fetch her.”

“You do not know her. She is too hard-hearted. She will not come, I am quite certain.”

The Chancellor went to the poor woman, who did not hesitate a moment to follow him, perhaps at the risk of her own life.

“M. Mortier, I bring you your wife. You promised to let her kiss her children. Open the door.”

“I am quite certain that she is not there.”

“But I tell you that she is.”

“Well, then, let her speak.”

Mme. Mortier made a desperate effort, and asked for her children. Furniture was heard being withdrawn from another door of less strength which had been barricaded within. The police were in a row on either side along the walls, and the moment the door was half-opened they dashed upon M. Mortier. He appeared to all present with the same red handkerchief round his head, dressed in a pair of drawers hardly hanging to his body, his shirt open on his breast, his sleeves turned up to the elbow, with haggard eyes and an open razor in each hand, a regular lunatic escaped from Charenton. A little German nurse was bold enough to slip under this madman’s arm, and to run to the bottom of the room. She carried away the children stupefied with terror, and the Chancellor had the happiness of restoring them safe and sound to their mother’s arms, who had nearly fainted on the stairs. He advised her to take them away at once. It was already half-past four, and the Chancellor’s coolness and perseverance had produced this result. The presence of all these people calmed the fury of this furious madman. He sat down quietly, but without

dropping his razors. M. Delessert, in his turn, was bold enough to sit down near him, and try and bring him to reason. At length he decided to put the razors on the table, and the police immediately swept them away. He then asked M. Delessert to leave him, stating that he wished to dress.

Before he proceeded to do so, he began to write a letter, which was perfectly sensible, and was addressed to the Guardian of the Seals, complaining that his house had been invaded and his children carried off, and protesting as a citizen and a Peer of France. He opened the window, and called to one of his servants whom he saw in the courtyard, ordering him to take it to the Guardian of the Seals. M. Delessert undertook this duty, and brought back an answer informing M. Mortier that the Guardian of the Seals would receive him immediately. He then dressed himself very properly, ordered a carriage to be called, and quietly went into the courtyard. No sooner was he there than a squad of policemen rushed at him. He made no resistance. Three of them got into a cab with him, and he was taken to a private asylum. He showed no sign of madness during the drive, though he continually complained of the injustice with which he had been treated. When he was searched, four razors were found in his pockets. On the table he had left the letter which the Abbé had given him. He had made a new envelope for it, as neatly and as beautifully sealed as before. It was in the course of the morning paroxysms, when he looked and acted like a madman, that he had taken this trouble; for about two o'clock the light of a candle had been observed in his room, and it was feared that he might be setting fire to his house. The letter was addressed in a firm hand; the police took possession of it after showing it to me.

To conclude my account of this deplorable incident which still provides material for invective against the upper classes, I will add that in the course of the suit for a separation, M. Baroche,¹ M. Mortier's lawyer, was cruel enough to

¹ Pierre Jules Baroche (1802-1870). Lawyer in 1823; President-Barrister in 1846; Deputy in 1847; Attorney-General to the Court of Paris after 1848; Minister of the Interior in 1850; President of the Council of State.

support with the weight of his authority, the absurdities entertained by his crackbrained client. With the cunning peculiar to madness the accusations he had brought to me who knew his domestic life had been quite puerile. Very different were those invented for the use of M. Baroche, who represented the purest of wives, the most affectionate of mothers, and the most honourable and most respected woman in France and in the foreign countries where she had lived, as an infamous creature of irregular life who had never attempted to fulfil her duties. These statements deserved nothing but scorn; none the less they caused a great stir. . . . unfortunate Mme. Mortier was overwhelmed, and though the whole of her life, both before and after this event, had daily given the lie to these accusations, the shock was so severe that she was never able to raise her head again. The very place, a private asylum, where M. Baroche received his information from M. Mortier, should have induced him to consider what amount of confidence the accusations deserved, and the least inquiry would have shown him their brutal absurdity. I have always regarded his action as very blameworthy. It did him considerable harm in the law courts and among right-minded people, but his demagogic and socialistic opinions at that time, which he has, I will admit, greatly modified since, had brought him to power in 1848, and the past was buried in these great events.

The Swiss¹ incident to which I have just alluded had

¹ In 1841, in the canton of Argovia, which was divided between the two religious parties, the Catholics took up arms in defence of their liberty. They were beaten, and the Grand Council suppressed all the convents. The quarrel spread to the other cantons. In 1844 the seven Catholic cantons, Lucerne, Uri, Schwitz, Unterwalden, Zug, Friburg, and Valais, proposed to set up a separate union, the Sonderbund. The canton of Lucerne called in the Jesuits to undertake the education of their children, and prohibited Protestant worship. An agitation followed in the Radical cantons. In 1845 bodies of volunteers were organised by the democratic party for the struggle against the Catholics. M. Leu d'Ebersol, the leader of the Catholic party, was assassinated at Lucerne on July 19. In 1846 the Radical party was further organised. The Catholic cantons definitely formed the Sonderbund. A revolution broke out at Geneva to the advantage of the Radicals on October 6. The volunteers caused disturbances at Berne. In 1847 the Federal Diet, which met at Berne, a Radical canton, voted for the dissolution of the Sonderbund and the expulsion of the Jesuits on July 20, and on October 4 ordered that these measures should be

largely occupied public attention. In the autumn of 1846, the Catholic and aristocratic cantons formed a federation called the Sonderbund, to oppose the increasing encroachments of the Protestant and revolutionary party. If we had spoken loudly and strongly in their favour, we could easily have secured to them the upper hand, but M. Guizot thought, with his habitual optimism, that the opportunity had come to take revenge on Lord Palmerston, who had shown him even greater coldness since the Spanish marriages.¹ He had succeeded in forming a quadruple alliance on the Eastern question, leaving France out in the cold. M. Guizot thought that he could form a quadruple alliance on the Swiss question and isolate England; but while he was drawing up and sending out fine despatches for all the Cabinets, Lord Palmerston anticipated him with one stroke. Mr. Peel was sent to Berne with a very encouraging message, a considerable sum of money, and inducements to take the initiative before the Catholic party, upon which our ambassador was urging temporising measures, had completed its preparations either for attack or defence. Thus, both Switzerland and the rest of Europe were considerably surprised to learn that hostilities had begun, and that the army of the Sonderbund had been defeated almost immediately afterwards. The consequence was a dissolution of this league. This was a serious check to our Government. The opposition parties were careful to emphasise the fact and the Government fell heavily in public opinion, more reasonably on this occasion than on account of the Pritchard case. M. Guizot showed himself in no way disconcerted, but he had boasted of his diplomatic campaign, which he thought he was conducting with such great strategy, to so many people that he could

carried out by force of arms. A short campaign followed under General Dufour of Geneva from November 10 to November 29. The seven Catholic cantons were beaten and the Sonderbund annihilated, in spite of the moral support of Austria and France. In 1848 the constitution was revised and a new federal constitution was set up, which was accepted by the cantons on September 1, and declared a fundamental law on September 12.

¹ The Whig Cabinet to which Lord Palmerston belonged had been followed on September 3, 1841, by a Tory Ministry under Sir Robert Peel. This was overthrown on June 29, 1846, and Lord John Russell recalled Lord Palmerston to the Foreign Office.

not hope to keep it secret ; but by nature he is shortsighted and has a natural faculty for forgetting facts that may prove unpleasant.

Shortly before this time I was talking one morning to the Chancellor concerning his decision to abandon public life. We were considering the advisability of announcing his intentions at the first or the last meeting of the session. I inclined to the latter course, and he then said :

“ My great age and the weakness of my sight are undoubtedly sufficient reasons for my retirement, but I admit that I am also impelled by my profound dislike of present-day politics. Everything is falling into ruins around us. The King has been on the throne for eighteen years, and his position is not so strong as it was the first year. There is no guidance, no government, and no force of will. Every one goes his own way, without submitting to guidance ; humiliation and dissolution are the invariable result. When I see how orders are given and obeyed to-day, and when I remember how they used to be given and obeyed, I am forced to recognise that everything is changed. I do not belong to so new a world ; we are not made for one another. As for the Chamber over which I preside, its degradation seems to increase daily. The Ministry, and even the King, use it as a kind of sink for all the incompetents. It is useless to point out the undesirability of this. My remonstrances are no longer heard. It still contains a dozen Peers who galvanise it into life from time to time, but when they go, and we are all of us old, you will see it fall into a disrepute which I have no wish to share.”

“ Fortunately, my friend,” I replied with a smile, “ we are too old to witness the catastrophes which you apprehend.”

“ I am not sure of that,” he replied, suddenly rising, as his habit was when he grew excited. “ I am by no means sure. This Government is so completely undermined that I should not be astonished to see it collapse at any time.” And this time was not far off.

Though my foot was not so painful as before, I could not bear carriage exercise, and I do not think I had been to

Saint Cloud during the summer. The Court did not leave that residence until Christmas. I immediately went to see my two Princesses. Mme. Adélaïde was with the King; I was taken to her room, and sat down in one of the great window seats to wait for her. She came in carried by her servants, and made them stop opposite to me. She did not seem greatly changed since our last interview. After the first words concerning our respective health, she made me tell her about the Mortier case, which led us to the Praslin case; and, as usual in our conversations, we soon began to discuss politics and the situation of the country. I informed her of the general uneasiness of which I daily heard, of the dangers which threatened the Crown, and of the small attempts made to oppose them. She seemed to listen at first with great astonishment; then anxiety showed itself, and her common sense seemed to awake, but I noticed that she seemed extremely exhausted; I was afraid that I might tire her, and stopped. As I withdrew, I paid her the compliments customary at the end of the year, and asked her to be so kind as to transmit my good wishes to the King. My inability to walk would prevent me from coming to the evening drawing-room to pay my respects in person.

"Not at all, not at all, my dear," she said; "the King will be very sorry not to wish you a Happy New Year. Come on Monday. You will wait for him as long as may be necessary. I will let him know you are here, and he will certainly come as soon as he can. No, I think Wednesday would be better. Come on Wednesday. All these troublesome court functions will be over then, and he will be more at liberty; and then, you see, my dear Mme. de Boigne, we shall be out of this dreadful year 1847. I hate it, and I hope to see the end of it."

Unfortunately, the wishes of this poor Princess were not to be realised. These were the last words that I heard from her lips.

On leaving her room, I was carried to the Queen. I do not recollect any incidents of any interest. She talked only

about the Mortier and Praslin cases, and especially of her anxiety concerning her sister-in-law's condition. The next day I learnt that Mme. de Montjoie had spoken to the Marquise de Salvo,¹ and had asked if I had entirely fallen into my dotage.

"Just think, my dear child, our friend, Mme. de Boigne, came yesterday to see Mme. Adélaïde and talked a great deal of nonsense, which so upset the Princess that I found her quite overwhelmed. I was obliged to argue for more than two hours to show her the absurdity of these allegations. You may say what you like, my dear, but Mme. de Boigne must be growing very weak in the head."

Mme. de Salvo, who was too young and too timid to argue, replied that I was perhaps a trifle pessimistic, but that she did not think my mental faculties impaired. Yet the Comtesse de Montjoie was a sensible and often far-sighted person. She is an instance of the consequences due to living exclusively in a court atmosphere. I really think that the walls of all palaces, and those of the Tuileries in particular, are impregnated with deleterious illusions which affect the wisest heads and cloud their thoughts. Perhaps those who are known as the flatterers of princes are often the first to be deceived.

In any case, Mme. Adélaïde's condition was far more serious than I had thought. On December 30, though apparently no worse than I had thought her on the 27th, she was taken with a violent choking fit and lost the power of speech. The King, who was immediately informed, came without delay, and was followed by the whole of the Royal Family. Mme. Adélaïde clasped her brother's hand, which she retained; her other hand was given to the Queen and to her nephews. This cruel scene continued for nearly three hours, while the family were on their knees and in tears. She expired, after infinite suffering, without losing consciousness or recovering her power of speech. Sorrow was deep and sincere in the Tuileries, but I do not think that the public

¹ See in "*Esquisses et Portraits, Mémoires du Vicomte de La Rochefoucauld*,

shared it. The King was overwhelmed; he had lost the object of his chiefest affection in life and one of his daily habits. Mme. Adélaïde had left some small keepsakes to several people; to me an enamelled gold case, which I highly value, but she made no legacies of the least importance. The scruples which urged her not to diminish her estate had been carried so far that the Comtesse Mélanie de Montjoie, her lady of honour, her friend and her faithful companion from youth, received only the emoluments of her office as an annuity.

THE FALL OF THE JULY MONARCHY

1848

I

The fall of three Governments—The reading of Mme. Adélaïde's will—Dissension in the Royal Family—Last conversation with the Queen at the Tuileries—The banquets—The King desires the resignation of General Jacqueminot—M. Duchâtel—Remark of M. de Salvandy—Reply of M. Guizot to Mme. de Liéven—Disquieting symptoms—The King and Horace Vernet—Outcry against the Ministers—Resignation of M. Guizot—"Good evening, Mater Dolorosa."—Thiers' Cabinet—General Budeau—The Odilon Barrot Ministry—The Army in agreement with the people—The departure of the Chancellor for Châtenay—He withdraws to Pontchartrain—Action of M. Arago—M. Pasquier at Tours

SINCE I have reached the age of reason, I have seen three powerful Governments fall, all by suicidal abuse of the principle which brought them into being. The Empire had fallen by its obstinate persistency in despotism and war; the Restoration by a senseless and inopportune revival of legitimist claims; the July Monarchy by a reluctance, which reached the point of cowardice, to abandon strict legal forms and to disregard the Paris middle class. If the present generation are destined to see the fall of the second Empire, I am persuaded that it will perish from the passion of governing the universe by and on behalf of revolution; so formidable and bloodstained a monster cannot be stirred to life with importunity, and is not to be appeased by flattery. England, after causing our destruction, will fall in turn to her cruel and treacherous egoism, but she will offer a longer resistance, thanks to the public spirit which the Englishman

breathes in with his native air and carries with him undiminished to the ends of the earth.

Some days after the death of Mme. Adélaïde, the family council, the Ministers, and the Royal Family met to hear the reading of the will. Her vast fortune was divided among her nephews and nieces. The Prince de Joinville and the Duc de Montpensier had the largest shares. When the clause was reached which gave the King the usufruct of her property, leaving the management and the enjoyment of all the income in his hands, great was the disappointment among the legatees and their vexation was hardly concealed. The King noticed the fact, and, under pretext of emotion, he cut short the meeting, nor was it resumed, at any rate, not before the same witnesses. The silent exasperation which already existed beneath the roof of the Tuileries grew stronger. The Duchesse d'Orléans had become a centre of ambitions, which now redoubled their activity. The Prince de Joinville joined this party. The King, in moments of exasperation which became more and more frequent, was in the habit of saying: "If life is made too hard for me, I will give the whole thing up. I will retire to Eu with my good Queen, and they will see how they will get on without me."

Aspirants to the Ministry and the Princes unfortunately began to think that one might as well take him at his word. Intrigues became more frequent, and the Prince de Joinville showed such hostility that the King's Government thought it advisable to send him into semi-exile to join his brother, the Duc d'Aumale, in Algiers. The latter was posing as a discontented man, in view of the refusal to ratify the agreement which he had made with the Emir Abd-el-Kader.¹

¹ Abd-el-Kader (El-Hadj) (1807-1883), son of the Marabout Mahi-el-Din, preached the holy war against the French in 1832. From 1834 to 1837, after defeats and victories, he succeeded in establishing his complete supremacy over the whole of Southern Algeria up to the gates of Algiers and Oran. In 1840 Bugeaud, who had been appointed Governor-General of Algeria on December 29, undertook to destroy this power, and allowed him no rest. On May 16, 1843, the Duc d'Aumale, in command of a flying column, captured the smala of the Emir. The latter went to Morocco, and induced the Sultan to begin a war, which concluded with the victory of Isly and the bombardment of Tangiers (1844). On November 23, 1847,

It is necessary to remark upon this state of feeling prevalent in the Royal Family, for the revolution of 1848 was begun in the palace. The Duchesse d'Orléans constantly flattered the King, and he showed her great attention. Towards the middle of February I one day asked the Queen for permission to speak to her seriously. I pointed out to her the inadvisability of prolonging the isolation in which her mourning kept her as well as the King.

"Mme. Adélaïde," I said to her, "has left an important place which should not remain vacant. She was the channel by which much information reached the King. To ask for an audience is a serious matter, and such requests cannot be continually granted."

I did not add that for some time audiences had become useless, as the King invariably talked the whole time, and it was often impossible to bring to his notice the reason for which the audience had been requested.

"The distinguished abilities and the excellent good sense of Princess Clémentine would make her the best person to take her aunt's place, but many people consider her in some respects as a foreign princess, unable to identify herself fully with French interests. The Duchesse de Nemours is out of touch with political movements, but there is another person who would be very suitable if her connections were not so dangerous, and who obviously aspires to the post."

"Helene," cried the Queen with the first touch of energy that I had seen in her since the death of the Duc d'Orléans; "you may set your mind at rest, my dear; it will never be the Duchesse d'Orléans; no, it will be myself. I feel the importance of what you say and the necessity of taking the matter in hand. I will speak of it to the King. I assure you that I will not forget."

She then talked of other subjects, thanking me for my

the Emir gave his sword to Lamoricière, who promised to allow him to withdraw to Alexandria or to Saint Jean d'Acre. This promise was ratified by the Duc d'Aumale, Governor-General of Algeria since August 20, 1847, but the Government thought it more prudent to keep Abd-el-Kader in France, at any rate for a time. He was restored to freedom in 1852, and retired to Syria in 1855. France gave him a pension, and until the time of his death he remained a faithful friend of our country.

devotion, and we parted on very affectionate terms. It was the last time that I saw her at the Tuileries. A few days afterwards I heard that the Queen had informed the most important of Mme. Adélaïde's regular visitors, and those who were especially honoured with her confidence, among others the Chancellor, that she could always be found at five o'clock by any one who wished to see her. That was the result that I wished to secure.

The ovations given by M. de Lafayette¹ in the south and the banquets held in many towns in honour of the Deputies of the Left, caused considerable public excitement. The importance of the matter was so fully recognised that party spirit at Paris wished to turn it to advantage. Every opposition party harnessed itself to this great war machine. With intentions more or less perverse some wished to overthrow the Ministry, others King Louis Philippe, others the Monarchy, and others the whole social system. The supporters of law and order became more and more alarmed with the exception of those who might have been able to avert so obvious and so imminent a danger with a greater display of energy and good-will. I am not writing history and shall not enter into the intrigues and negotiations which proceeded up to the last moment between the Government and the dynastic Left. They thought themselves the masters of the situation, but from that time they were overpowered and represented no party. I repeat that I am not writing history. At most I can but flatter myself that by recounting the events in which I took part or which I observed, I may add some strokes to the picture which may better enable the spectator to appreciate the incidents and the actors. Therefore I do not propose to speak of matters which I only learnt by means of gossip and rumour.

Anxiety increased; the debate upon the address in the two Chambers became more bitter every day. Virulent newspaper

¹ Oscar Thomas Gilbert Motier, Comte and then Marquis de Lafayette (1815-1881). Pupil of the Polytechnic School; Deputy for the Seine at Marne in 1846; Perpetual Senator in 1875. Grandson of the General.

articles, demonstrations of students and workmen multiplied, desiring to secure permission for meeting at banquets; a lukewarm refusal had merely increased these desires, which reached the point of passion. At length permission was extracted by the deceitful promises of people who were really unable to fulfil them. General Jacqueminot had no influence over the National Guard which he commanded. The King was perfectly well aware of the fact and attempted to induce M. Duchâtel to ask for his resignation, but M. Duchâtel was annoyed by the promotion of M. Guizot to the Presidency of the Council, and was only anxious to find an excuse for leaving a Ministry in which he was ill at ease. He told the King that he would bring him the resignation of General Jacqueminot at any moment that he asked for it, and requested permission to bring his own resignation at the same time, as family ties would not permit him to refuse this satisfaction to his father-in-law. The King was well aware of M. Duchâtel's feeling; he knew that he could not keep M. Guizot without him, and did not wish to dissolve his Ministry. He therefore put off the dismissal of M. Jacqueminot, though every one was well aware of his inability to agree with General Sébastiani¹ who commanded the army of Paris. This incident increased the anxiety of the friends of law and order.

On Wednesday, February 20, in the hearing of several visitors at my house, Colonel de La Rue remarked that there was great disaffection among the soldiers as well as in the town. No one knew whom to obey and contradictory orders were issued. He added:

"The nomination of Marshal Bugeaud to the command of Paris would calm men's minds."

M. de Salvandy, Minister of Public Instruction, with the air of importance which he always assumed, replied very loudly: "Sir, when the town of Paris is so fortunate as to have General Jacqueminot in command of the National

¹ Jean André Tiburce, Vicomte Sébastiani (1786-1871). Brother of the Marshal. Second Lieutenant in 1806; Colonel in 1813; commander of the Corsican Legion of the Restoration; Deputy in 1828; Lieutenant-General in 1831; Peer in 1837.

Guard and General Tiburce Sébastiani in command of the garrison, "there is nothing either to fear or to desire."

After this fine speech he left the room like a stage hero and left us somewhat astonished. At the same moment in a more numerous company at the house of the Princesse de Liéven, M. Rambuteau,¹ Prefect of Paris, and M. Delessert, Prefect of Police, were questioned in a casual way upon the events of the day by Madame de Liéven. They depicted the state of affairs in colours so dark as to arouse her attention. M. Guizot was sitting on a sofa at the other end of the room, talking with the English Ambassador. The Princess called him.

"Do come here," she said, "and listen to what these gentlemen are saying."

M. Guizot listened and replied :

"Was it only for this that you have interrupted my conversation with Lord Normanby?² Princess, these gentlemen need not feel anxious, and they, like you, can sleep quietly in their beds."

Then he turned on his heels, giving them by way of farewell one of the superior and self-satisfied smiles which he has at every one's service, and went to resume his place on the sofa.

I have no special recollection of the Monday. Excitement increased and crowds were numerous, though not entirely hostile. Rumour asserted that demonstrations were imminent. The workers had left their occupations; the lower classes of Paris, with the stupidity which is their distinguishing feature, were rejoicing at the idea of giving a lesson to the supreme power, to use their favourite expression, and were making no preparations for defending a government which was theirs and for which they really cared. All these symptoms grew

¹ Claude Philibert Barthelot, Comte de Rambuteau (1781-1869). Chamberlain to the Emperor in 1811; Prefect of the Simplon and of the Loire in 1814; Deputy during the Hundred Days in 1827; Prefect of the Seine in 1833; Peer of France in 1835.

² Constantine Henry Phipps, Lord Mulgrave, Marquis of Normanby (1797-1863). Entered the House of Commons in 1822; Governor of Jamaica; Lord of the Privy Seal in 1834; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1835; Minister of War and then Home Secretary; Ambassador at Paris from 1846 to 1852.

worse every moment and eventually it was impossible to disregard them. I had not seen M. Pasquier, as he had been detained by the session of the Chamber of Peers, his state dinner on Monday and the following reception. He came to dinner with me on the Tuesday and told me that troops had been summoned from all sides, that the banquet arranged for the next day was definitely forbidden, that a great display of force would be made, and that groups were not to be permitted to collect. This was the more necessary as they were obviously organised by secret societies; each group of people was accompanied by a man in an overcoat, neatly dressed, wearing a cap, almost approaching a uniform, by which he could be recognised by his followers. From all the sewers of Paris were also to be seen emerging those frightful figures which the slums produce when a revolutionary period approaches. As the time of their importance had not yet come, they did not wish to terrify the population beforehand.

Notwithstanding the reports I had received in the course of the morning, the Chancellor's words to some extent revived my spirits. He seemed less uneasy than the others, but increasing calm in the hour of danger is a characteristic of him. He left me early to go to the Tuileries. All my callers seemed greatly alarmed. At eleven o'clock in the evening I received a note from M. de Salvandy saying merely these words: "I had intended to come and reassure you in person, Madame. It is already late and I am still detained at the Council. Be calm, all has been foreseen and all preparations have been made. You need not feel a shadow of apprehension." These words were written to me on the Council table at eleven o'clock in the evening on Tuesday, February 22.

Early on Wednesday morning I learnt from my servants, to my great surprise, that the boulevards and the squares were entirely denuded of the military forces that should have been there and that crowds of people from the suburbs were making their way towards the Champs Élysées where the banquet was to take place. I have since heard on excellent

authority that Horace Vernet¹ had been summoned by the King from Versailles where he lived and had reached the Tuileries pretty early. The King was already working with the architect of Versailles. When he came out of the study Vernet asked him whether the King knew the condition of the town.

"I do not think so," the other replied. "He is quite calm."

Vernet took upon himself to express the fears which he felt in view of what he had seen as he made his way to the palace. The King replied with a smile and immediately entered upon the question for which he had summoned him. Horace Vernet was to go to Blois to paint the portrait of Abd-el-Kader. The King was anxious to expedite his departure and commissioned him to express to the Emir his keen regret at his inability to fulfil the promises made by the Duc d'Aumale, while assuring him that they should be shortly fulfilled, and at latest immediately after the session. The King emphasised the importance of this message, and his reliance upon the prudence and discretion of Horace Vernet. He again attempted to draw the monarch's attention to the situation of Paris, but the only answer was:

"Do not feel anxious, my dear Horace, it is a fire of straw and will go out of itself without causing difficulty; I hope it will not even be necessary to extinguish it."

I do not know by what means this fine self-assurance was disturbed.

Shouts of "Down with Guizot" and "Down with the Ministers" were uttered by some hundreds of people before the gates of the Tuileries, and though they were accompanied by some feeble cries of "Long live the King," they carried consternation to the palace, especially, I think, when the uniforms of some National Guards were noticed among the shouters. Soon afterwards M. Duchâtel was summoned from the Chamber of Deputies, where he was attending a session, and taken to the King's room. He found him greatly

¹ Horace Vernet (1789-1863), son of Carle Vernet. Member of the Institute and Director of the French Academy at Rome in 1829.

depressed. "The Queen," he said, "would like to speak to you in her room."

M. Duchâtel immediately went there. The Queen, in tears, begged him to give a final proof of his loyalty by securing the resignation of M. Guizot, whose unpopularity became too compromising. M. Duchâtel undertook to secure the dissolution of the Ministry and returned to the Palais Bourbon. A few moments afterwards M. Guizot announced his resignation and said that his Majesty had summoned M. Molé to form a Cabinet. Many people then believed that the crisis had passed, but this did not suit the organisers of this fatal movement. The accession to power of M. Molé was not in accordance with their views. However, it was possible to hope for some moments' respite. I was dining that day with Mme. de Châtenay, in the Square of Louis XV. Some troops had at length been summoned: they were bivouacking in the square. Before the Ministry of Foreign Affairs there were also troops and bands of people, less numerous, but still ill-disposed, notwithstanding the concessions obtained in the morning. M. Salvandy was to have dined with us, but came in person to excuse himself. He was obliged to pack up; his confidence of the evening before had been destroyed, and we, on the other hand, felt less apprehensive. The Chancellor looked in during the evening. He came from M. Molé, to whom the King had sent him to discuss the new Ministry. M. Molé still hoped that he might succeed in forming it, and was waiting for answers; he feared that he would not secure M. Thiers, though he had declared that there should be no President of the Council, but he expected at least to gain M. de Rémusat as representative of that political clique.

It was about ten o'clock, as the Chancellor took me home, that he told me these details. He was to go back to M. Molé and thence to the Tuileries to report the progress of negotiations concerning the new Cabinet to the King. As we drove along together I thought I saw people running in the Square of the Madeleine, and on reaching home I found all my servants greatly frightened, standing together on the stairs

and asking what had happened. They had heard a vigorous fusillade and many cries of fear. Silence had returned and we attached little importance to the incident, the less so as the Duc de Fezensac, who had stayed behind us at Mme. de Châtenay's house, soon came in and told us that a horse which had run away from a bivouac on the boulevard had plunged into the horses in the Square of Louis XV., creating a great uproar and causing all this panic. Installed in my long chair I waited for further information from my regular callers. I was, however, so despondent that the Chancellor when he went out soon afterwards to return to the Molé residence, called to me from the door: "Good evening, Mater Dolorosa." M. de Fezensac continued to tease me in the same strain before retiring in his turn. I waited till midnight but no one came. Calm and silence prevailed everywhere in our quarter and I went to bed.

The servants who came in next morning brought sinister rumours which were already in circulation. There was talk of a general rising, and it was said that numerous victims had been cut down by the troops. I wrote a word to Mme. de Rémusat, my nearest neighbour in the Rue d'Anjou, asking if she had any news. She told me that she would send her son who would inform me of the events of the night.

Pierre de Rémusat came in almost immediately. His father had accompanied M. Thiers to the Tuileries about midnight. The latter had undertaken to form a Ministry; he had obtained the King's consent to the names of Odilon Barrot, Duvergier de Hauranne,¹ de Rémusat, and M. Dufaure,² I think. However, Marshal Bugeaud was Commander of the Army³ and Minister of War *in petto*. At

¹ Prosper Duvergier de Hauranne (1798-1881). Collaborator on the *Globe*; Deputy in 1831; organised the campaign of banquets in 1848; Deputy to the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies; exiled at the time of the *coup d'état*; Member of the French Academy in 1870.

² Armand Jules Stanislas Dufaure (1798-1881); Lawyer at Bordeaux. Deputy in 1834; Councillor of State; Minister of Public Works in 1839; Deputy to the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies; voted for the banishment of the Orléans family; Minister of the Interior; Member of the French Academy in 1864; Deputy in 1871; Minister of Justice; President of the Council; Perpetual Senator; again President of the Council and Minister of Justice in 1877.

³ As also of the National Guard.

daybreak all these Ministers, except the Marshal, had ridden out to visit the barricades already raised. They expected to see them fall at their approach ; but instead of the cheers on which they had counted, they were received with outcries and hostile gestures. The troops, under the orders of General Bedeau,¹ took no action. The General confined himself to argument with the populace, instead of driving them before him. M. Thiers was too far-sighted not to recognise that he had allowed things to go too far and that his opportunity had passed. M. Odilon Barrot, on the contrary, who had received several handshakes and cries of "Long live the father of the people," thought that his turn had come. On returning to the Palace of the Tuileries, M. Thiers again placed his resignation in the King's hands. M. Odilon Barrot accepted without hesitation the commission to form a Ministry on condition that Marshal Bugeaud should be deprived of his command and that all the troops should be led back to their barracks. M. de Rémusat had just returned home with the sad news. He was speedily followed by rumours more and more disquieting. I learnt in succession of the invasion of the Tuileries, the departure of the King, and the expulsion of the Duchesse d'Orléans from the Chamber of Deputies.

As I saw and heard nothing personally during these fatal days, I shall relate only those details which affected me individually, as well as some points which are little known, and which reached me so directly that I can guarantee their authenticity in spite of the agitation which necessarily accompanies a narrative of disasters occurring in such rapid succession.

The young Pasquier household was established in the Luxemburg, but on the Wednesday they had dined with their father and father-in-law, M. de Fontenillat, in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, and had been unable to return

¹ Marie Abraham Bedeau (1804-1863). His military career was confined to Algeria. He was General of Division in 1844; returned to France in 1848. He was entrusted with the command of one of the columns sent against the insurgents, and showed himself unequal to the task. Minister of War in the provisional Government; Military Commander of Paris; Deputy. He was wounded in the days of June; exiled at the time of the *coup d'état*, and returned under the amnesty of 1859.

home. The Marquis Pasquier¹ attempted to make his way there in the morning, but unsuccessfully. The bridges were guarded.

I therefore remained without news of the Chancellor. I expected to see him arrive at any moment, and I tried to think of a refuge where he could be better hidden than in my house, for the disturbances were spreading to our quarter, which was usually so peaceful. An armourer's shop opposite my windows was pillaged. Soon afterwards we were deafened by a frightful uproar. A crowd of dreadful bandits, dishevelled and half-ragged furies from Saint Lazare, the doors of which the people had forced, were escorting with blasphemies a band of unarmed soldiers, for the most part bareheaded, while ragged street boys carried their guns and their helmets. This was known at the time as making a truce with the people. It was one of the most dreadful spectacles at which peaceable people could be condemned to look. In spite of the state of the streets I saw a considerable number of people in alarm and terror, the women carrying their diamonds in their pockets and the men at their wits' end to find a refuge. I knew the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, and the Ministries had been invaded, and all the valuable furniture as well as the papers thrown out of the windows. The same fate was to be expected for the Luxemburg, and probably for the private residences before long. As the day fell I tried to send a man over the Pont d'Iéna to rejoin the Chancellor. A few moments afterwards I received a message from him; though the Luxemburg was threatened, it was not yet in the power of the bandits. The Chancellor had been able to reach the barrier by way of the garden. He had found his carriage, and informed me that he was going to Châtenay, where he would await me. I breathed a little, but

¹ Edme Armand Gaston, Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier (1823-1905). Son of the Comte d'Audiffret, Receiver-General; nephew and adopted son of the Chancellor Pasquier; Auditor to the Council of State from 1845 to 1848; Deputy for the Orne in 1871; President of the Commission concerning the bargains concluded during the war; President of the National Assembly in 1875; Perpetual Senator in 1875; President of the Senate in 1876; Member of the French Academy in 1878, where he took the place of Monseigneur Dupanloup.

none too freely. To go to Châtenay was to run into the jaws of the wolf. Our presence would be more obvious there than anywhere, and if we had to hide no place would be worse chosen.

I then heard that on leaving me on Wednesday he had gone to M. Molé. The King, anxious for an answer, had sent one of his aides-de-camp; he took back a letter in which M. Molé told the King that he was totally unable to form a Cabinet, and announced his intention of abandoning the attempt. As the Chancellor had no further news to give the King, he did not return to the Tuileries, but went back to the Faubourg Saint Germain, which was still perfectly calm, and returned to his rooms without suspecting the vast results of the uproar, the noise of which we had heard. Of this he was not informed until the next day, when he learnt in succession the vicissitudes of that stormy morning, though he did not venture to leave the post where duty kept him. About eleven o'clock he was advised to make preparations for a Royal session. He and M. Decazes¹ did their best to gather as many Peers as possible. A few of them came in and waited for the Duchesse d'Orléans and her son until the moment when the defeat of the Chamber of Deputies was communicated to them. The Chancellor went back to his rooms to put some papers in order. Threatening groups shouted insults at the palace from time to time, but the gates had not been forced when he left it, as I have already said. I should add that part of the Provisional Government was installed the next day in the Luxemburg, and therefore this palace was not devastated; a desire to pillage the Château of Neuilly had diverted the zeal of the bandits for this first night. Under pretext of exercising my horses, I attempted to send mine out harnessed to a carriage in which I put a reliable footman dressed as a stableman. The Chancellor had spent the night at Châtenay, but the information which he received obliged him to leave it. My man saw him enter a carriage to go to Pontchartrain by way of Jouy, avoiding

¹ The Duc Decazes, former Minister and favourite of Louis XVIII. (see

Versailles, which was also said to be in a state of revolt. The residence of Pontchartrain is very lonely, and I felt somewhat relieved to know that he was there installed.

The day passed in the greatest excitement; reports were all contradictory, but all equally gloomy. I was constantly busy with thoughts of providing a safer refuge for the Chancellor.

As the names of the persons forming the Provisional Government were known, I wrote to M. Arago—who had taken possession of the Ministry of Marine—asking him to procure me a passport in their names, and I sent him a note by the same footman, whom he knew very well, and who, eighteen years previously, in imitation of M. Arago, had performed functions of the kind for the Duc de Raguse.¹ M. Arago kept him waiting for a long time in an antechamber full of people. When he came out of his study he passed close to him and, without stopping or looking at him, said, "Louis, tell her that she can have it." In fact, some hours afterwards a kind of pass reached me, sent by the members of the Provisional Government, which might serve as a passport in case of need. I hastened to send it to Pontchartrain, but my messenger found no one there. The Marquis Pasquier had arrived in the night and had taken his father away early the next morning. It was thought that they must have reached the Orléans railway road by way of Rambouillet. My messenger, when he handed me the papers and some money which I had sent in case my poor friend had been unable to procure any in the haste of his departure, told me that the steward had thought Gaston Pasquier very anxious and very hurried. The Chancellor was deeply despondent, and did not utter a word. This report was not very encouraging and I had to wait for further news.

Events around me served to redouble my anxiety. On Sunday morning I received a visit from Mme. Émile de Girardin, very handsome, and very excited at the triumphant course of events, a regular goddess of war. She advised me to open my house, to give dinners and receptions, in order to

show the people how far I was ready to trust their admirable feeling. I replied that I had long been living in retirement, and admitted that I could not share her enthusiasm for the crowds that I heard yelling in the streets. She gave me a very poetical description of the lofty feelings existing beneath their rags. She was then expecting to govern France in conjunction with M. de Lamartine. I do not know how long she retained this illusion. We parted in some annoyance with one another, and I am not sure that I ever saw her again. The next evening, when several visitors were in my drawing-room, I was informed that some one wished to speak to me in private. With thoughts of the Chancellor in my mind always, I imagined it might be a messenger from him. I hurriedly went into another room, lighted only by a single candlestick. In the darkest corner I saw a tall man enveloped in a grey overcoat, very muddy, with an umbrella in his hand. I was greatly surprised to recognise M. Arago.

"Hush," he said, in time to stop an exclamation on my part; "I am here at the peril of my life. If there were the least suspicion of my presence, I should be ruined. You can therefore judge of the importance of this interview. Have you any one hidden whom you wish to save? I bring you passports in full regular form."

"Why, no," I replied. "You were kind enough to send me one for the Chancellor. I have not been able to hand it to him yet. I do not even know where to find him."

"The Chancellor runs no risk; but have you no Prince or Princess on your hands?"

"Certainly not. I do not know where any of them have retired."

"Do not insult me by suspecting that I might betray you."

"I know that you are incapable of it, but I have nothing to confide in you."

"You are perfectly sure of that?"

"Perfectly sure."

"I have three passports and a hundred thousand francs in my pocket. Would you like me to leave them here?"

"Certainly not."

"I am authorised by the Provisional Government."

"But I tell you again that I have no use for them."

"Very well then, I will go. Listen to me, Mme. de Boigne; pray earnestly for us that we may retain the power. If you knew the consequences of our possible overthrow, every hair on your head would stand on end. I see and hear them and am horrified, but am the more decided to defy the storm. Good-bye; pray for us and count upon me."

He went to the door, then came back again and added:

"If for any reason a few hours hence you change your mind, send me a note with the single words 'I accept.' I will then try to send you what you will not keep now, but remember that time has wings, and that events proceed no less quickly."

I was greatly astonished by M. Arago's action. I understood it afterwards when I heard that King Louis Philippe had spent thirty-six hours at Trouville. It was naturally thought that he had taken refuge at my house.

At length I heard that M. Pasquier had reached Tours. Gaston was anxious to take him as far as the Pyrenees for refuge, but the Chancellor had recovered all his energy, and refused to go further away until he knew what had happened at Paris.

II

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The King's Abdication—The Duc de Montpensier—Remark by the Queen—The Departure of the Royal Family—General Bedeau—The Duchesse de Montpensier is forgotten—Mme. de Dolomieu—Mme. de Montjoie—The Royal Family at Dreux—They separate—The Flight of the King and Queen—The Red Flag—Preparations for Departure—Lapointe's action—The Trees of Liberty—The Departure for Tours—The first operation of Universal Suffrage—Return to Paris—Sad news from England—M. Thiers advises Reunion with the elder branch—The Duchesse d'Orléans—Death of the King—Death of the Queen of the Belgians
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FROM every side I gathered details concerning the King's departure. Amid all these anxieties I had one real satisfaction. Every account showed that the Queen had been as great and as noble as I wished her to be. She alone had preserved her courage and her dignity. The King at her request had mounted his horse, but when he saw the crowds led by the National Guards he came in again, crying that all was lost. The Duc de Montpensier then clung to his arm, saying "Abdicate, Sire, abdicate. You have no other means of saving your family. We shall all be massacred."

The Queen then came forward, and, asserting that the King ought not to be influenced by this consideration, she objected to abdication. The Duke de Montpensier continued his entreaties, put a sheet of paper on the table, and almost forced the King to sit down before it. While the King was taking off his gloves the Duke snatched them from him, crying "Write, write, Sire; there is not a moment to lose." Hardly was the paper signed than he snatched it away and passed it over the head of the King to M. Émile de Girardin,¹

¹ Émile de Girardin (1806-1881). Held various posts in the King's household; was a bank clerk and an inspector of fine arts. He then

who immediately ran away with it. The King's room was full of people, who came in as though it was a public place. While the King was writing the Queen said calmly to the Duchesse d'Orléans:

"You may now rejoice, Helene, you have attained your object."

"Oh, mother, what a cruel speech," cried the Princess, seizing her hands.

The Queen withdrew neither her hands nor her speech. The latter she has since denied, but two persons worthy of credence assured me that they heard the words.

The Duchesse d'Orléans in bewilderment kept saying, "And Joinville is not here."

The King went into his room to take off his uniform. The Queen went into hers to put on her hat and to give some orders to Lapointe, her confidential valet. They returned to the room arm-in-arm.

I do not know how the family separation took place. The King, the Queen, the Duchesse de Nemours and her children, Princess Clémentine and hers, and the Duc de Montpensier, went out by the garden. They were all crammed into two little carriages which had been brought to the Square of Louis XV. Mme. de Dolomieu accompanied them. They drove to Saint Cloud, where they waited long enough for a great coach with no armorial bearings to be harnessed, and then proceeded to Nantes. The Duc de Montpensier was in such a hurry to go that he left them not a moment's rest. Mme. de Dolomieu, who had come back from Saint Cloud to Paris, told me the story of this departure, but she was herself so agitated that she did not fully remember all the details. The Duchesse d'Orléans returned to her room and her children. I do not know precisely how she went away. I only heard that General Bedeau, who was

founded various newspapers from 1829 to 1835. The next year he founded *La Presse*, a cheap political paper which revolutionised journalism. A Deputy in 1834. He supported the Republic in 1848; then the Empire after he had been exiled by the *coup d'état*. He became a Republican after the war of 1870-1871, of which he had been a warm supporter. He supported Marshal McMahon in *Le Petit Journal* and was one of the organisers

ordered to guard the bridge of Louis XVI., after allowing the Princess and her escort to pass, was careful not to oppose the advance of the revolvers who had invaded the Hall of the Deputies and forced them to withdraw. Indeed a few moments previously the same General Bedeau had allowed the populace to cut down the municipal guards almost at the side of his horse without making an effort to save them. I could never understand how the Orléans party wished to regard this general as one of its chief supporters. Marshal Bugeaud, despondent but full of energy, left the Château of the Tuileries in full uniform on horseback and rode slowly through the crowds of revolvers, who opened before him as he "swept them with his glance," to use the favourite expression of the bulletins of the Empire. Every one dispersed. The Palace was overrun except the rooms of the Duchesse d'Orléans; these were respected and no one entered them. The Duchesse de Montpensier had been forgotten in this tumult; M. de Lasteyrie met her wandering about the Palace, gave her his arm, and led her on foot to his wife in the Rue de La Ville l'Évêque.

As my custom is to relate in greater detail incidents of which I have certain knowledge, I may here insert Mme. de Dolomieu's story. When she left Mass on Thursday morning, she said to her sister, Mme. de Montjoie:

"Everything looks to me very black. I have three notes of a thousand francs in my writing-case; I am going to sew them into the lining of my dress."

Mme. de Montjoie shrugged her shoulders. When they met at déjeuner Mme. de Dolomieu intimated to her sister that she had accomplished her object by crackling the papers under her dress; she spoke of it to her neighbour, the Duchesse de Nemours, and the story went round the table. When they rose all the Princesses and Princes, including the Duc de Montpensier who was so terrified a few moments later, surrounded the lady of honour, overwhelming her with mockery: "Poor Zoé, it is just like her," &c.

Yet, when I saw her again these three thousand francs were all that she had, for everything had been plundered

from her rooms. I do not know how or at what moment the panic broke out in the Château which ended so rapidly in the flight of the King. Mme. de Montjoie, who was suffering from a violent headache, had gone up to her rooms in the Pavillon de Flore after the déjeuner. She was enveloped in shawls in the depths of her armchair when she saw an unknown man fairly well dressed come into her room, who said: "Madame, I am some moments in front of a band whose leader I am supposed to be, but whom I do not command. Follow me quickly. If you have any valuables at hand put them into that basket which I see near you. I will do my best to save it."

Mme. de Montjoie, almost without knowing what she was doing, put some jewels, a little money, and some papers into the basket. The unknown took it, gave his arm to the Countess, and they went down the stairs. A disorderly crowd was coming up with shouts, who allowed them to pass. When they emerged from the gates of the Tuileries, he asked Mme. de Montjoie where she wanted to go. She asked to be taken to Mme. de Lasteyrie. He accompanied her with great attention, but did not reveal his name. I do not know whether she arrived after or before the Duchesse de Montpensier.

The coach which we have seen leaving Saint Cloud, instead of driving along the Normandy road, went to Dreux; the occupants were anxious to kneel once again at the tombs where reposed their dearest, and to leave time for the servants and the luggage to catch them up; but the rumours which followed every moment, and the orders given to the sub-prefects, did not allow them to carry out their proposal of staying there. When they reached the Prefecture of Évreux, before daybreak, the Royal Family understood that it was necessary to separate. The King and Queen crossed the town in the Prefect's carriage, abandoning the project of going to Eu by way of Rouen. The Prefect took them to a small landowner whom he could trust. He guided them stage by stage with farm-horses to the coast. M. de Perthuis, orderly to the King, had rejoined him at Dreux. His son

a naval officer, was at Havre, and he went thither. It was arranged that the English steamer leaving Havre should stop out at sea, and that the King should join it in a boat which was to put off from the nearest small port. A dreadful storm of wind prevented the execution of this plan. The King spent three days on the coast between Honfleur and Trouville, but could not find a fisherman willing to put out to sea. The Queen was hidden at Honfleur in the house of M. de Perthuis. Two citizens of Trouville, with great loyalty and adroitness, eventually succeeded in smuggling the Royal couple on the steamboat from Honfleur to Havre. The young M. de Perthuis,¹ with some of his sailors, was waiting for them on the quay. The English boat was already getting up steam. They embarked at once, and their escort had the sad relief of seeing them depart unrecognised. I have no special details concerning the wanderings of the other members of the Royal Family or of the Ministers. All successfully escaped without encountering the zeal of the sub-officials, which is so fatal to those proscribed.

The courage and eloquence of M. de Lamartine had averted for a day the immediate danger of the red flag and of a Republic stained with blood; but his heart failed him, and he repented of it the next day. He allowed Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc, and Flocon² to appear at the Town Hall with large red plumes in their hats. MM. Arago,

¹ Edmond de Perthuis, second son of the colonel who was orderly to the King; was flag-officer and commanded the State cutter, the *Rôdeur*, stationed at Havre.

² Alphonse Marie Louis de Prat de Lamartine (1790-1869). Member of the French Academy in 1830. Deputy-Member of the Provisional Government in 1848. Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Alexandre Auguste Ledru-Rollin (1807-1874). Lawyer. Deputy in 1841. Member of the Provisional Government in 1848. Minister of the Interior. After the rising of June 13, 1849, the High Court of Versailles condemned him by contumacy to transportation. He joined Mazzini, who was compromised in 1857 in a plot against the Emperor, and was condemned a second time to transportation. He was amnestied in 1870 and a Deputy in 1874.

Jean Joseph Charles Louis Blanc (1812-1882). A lawyer's clerk and journalist. He published the *History of Ten Years, from 1830-1840*. A member of the Provisional Government in 1848. After the rising of

Garnier Pagès, Marie, and Marrast¹ induced them to remove these decorations.

These dissensions within the party were not calculated to inspire us with confidence, and from the stories which reached us our fears were more or less intensified. Among the persons whom I saw not only every day, but several times a day, M. Molé was the most courageous and M. de Barante the most despondent. I wavered between these two extremes. I was always chiefly anxious concerning the Chancellor. If we remember that of the people who had been brought to supreme and unlimited power by the revolutionary storm, the majority had been tried and several condemned by him, the depth of my anxiety will be understood. No doubt these trials had been conducted kindly, impartially and justly, but it was impossible to appreciate the resentment which the guilty preserved or to guess how they would manifest it. We dared not write to one another, but we were in fairly regular communication. I knew that M. Pasquier had stopped at Tours without being molested so far, but he was quite alone in an inn, as his son had been obliged to return to his wife. I succeeded in obtaining from the Marquis de Brignole, the Sardinian ambassador, a passport as a widow of a general of Piémont returning to Turin with my servants.² I also

History of the French Revolution. He returned on September 4, 1870, and became a Deputy.

Ferdinand Flocon (1800-1866). A Republican journalist. Secretary and afterwards Member of the Provisional Government of 1848. Minister of Agriculture and of Commerce. Banished after the *coup d'état*.

¹ Louis Antoine Pagès, known as Garnier Pagès (1803-1878). Deputy in 1842. Member of the Provisional Government of 1848. Mayor of Paris. Financial Minister; Deputy in 1846; a member of the Government of September 4, 1870.

Pierre Thomas Amable Marie de Saint Georges, known as Marie (1795-1870). Lawyer and President-Barrister at Paris. Deputy from 1842-1848. Member of the Provisional Government of 1848. Minister of Public Works and of Justice. Deputy for Marseilles from 1863-1869.

Armand Marrast (1801-1852). In succession professor, master, and private tutor from 1824-1830. Journalist from 1832-1835, then director of the *National*. Member of the Provisional Government of 1848. Mayor of Paris. Financial Minister. President of the Constituent Assembly.

² Passport handed to the Comtesse de Boigne, widow of a Sardinian subject, accompanied by two servants and a chambermaid, on her way to the Sardinian States, by Antoine Brignole Sale, Marquis de Groppoli, Ambassador at Paris, on March 6, 1848. Visaed at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, March 7, 1848. Visaed by the Prefect of Police, March 8, 1848.

bought the passport of an old Spaniard who had it visaed. The description in it might suit the Chancellor in case of emergency. I bought a convenient travelling carriage with no number or armorial bearings, and tried to bring my own affairs into some order. All these occupations took up some days. One morning I saw Lapointe come into my room, the Queen's valet-de-chambre. He was trying to make his way to her, and came to put into my hands two valuable jewel cases which he had succeeded in saving from the Tuileries and dared not take them away. I could not refuse to receive them. Fortunately, I was able to hand them over to the wife of the Austrian ambassador, Countess Apponyi. She was going away in a few days and readily undertook the responsibility of them. Lapointe told me that during his short conversation with his Royal mistress she had ordered him to burn certain papers, to shut himself up in her room and await the orders of the Duchesse d'Orléans before coming to join her at Eu.

The invasion of the Palace had prevented him from following these instructions. However, he had succeeded in burning the papers and in saving the jewel cases which he brought me. This explains how the King had gone to Dreux. Persuaded that the announcement of the Regency of the Duchesse d'Orléans would delay the tumult and enable him to reach the Château d'Eu, he thought there was no necessity for hurry. If the reports which reached my house were often disquieting, the sight of the streets was far from reassuring. The necessity of settling my business and my inability to walk, obliged me to go out in a carriage. The carriage often encountered groups of people whom I was obliged to pass very respectfully at a walk. I constantly met with angry looks and often with insults; actual outrage had not yet been begun, but it was possible at every meeting. We did our best to avoid these people, but if we withdrew from one group we fell upon another, for they were numerous.

Some of them were dragging great trees about, stopping at the corner of the street or square and planting them as trees of liberty. The bandits and miserable women

employed upon this impious work joined derision to blasphemy. They insisted that a priest should come in stole and surplice, with holy water in hand, and bless this symbol of the horrors of '93. Then some of them left the group and went from door to door to beg for money to water the newly planted tree. No one refused so patriotic a gift. The watering went on in the nearest public house and the group proceeded to pursue their profitable trade a little further off. Thus, about the middle of March, Paris looked like a forest. I had gone out uneasy; I returned home horrified. When night fell, gangs of street boys went about the streets shouting "lamps, lamps," and lamps we had to light if we did not wish our windows broken. All this was not open hostility, but enough to cause great apprehension.

As my business had now been nearly concluded, I started for Tours on March 14.¹ There was no positive duty to keep me in France. I intended to rejoin the Chancellor and had decided to devote the rest of my life to him and to follow him into exile if he were forced to leave the country. I found M. Pasquier extremely well, both in body and mind, examining the gravity of his position without exaggerating it either to others or to himself. He went out but little, but made no attempt at concealment, and hitherto he had experienced at Tours nothing but the highest consideration. The commissary of the Provisional Government, a certain M. Marchais who had himself been compromised in the Quénisset affair² and tried at the Luxemburg, had none the less paid him a visit at his hotel, with

¹ Passport delivered by the Mayor of Châtenay on March 5, 1848, to Mme. Adélaïde d'Osmond, widow of M. de Boigne, travelling with a chambermaid and two servants for Châtenay and Tours. (Indre-et-Loire.)

² On September 13, 1841, a pistol shot was fired in the Rue Traversière Saint Antoine, at the Duc d'Aumale as he was returning to Paris at the head of the 17th Light Horse. He had with him the Duc d'Orléans and the Duc de Nemours. None of the Princes were hit, but a horse was killed. On December 23, the Court of Peers sentenced to death Quénisset, known as Pappart, and two of his accomplices, while others received lighter sentences, including a journalist who was convicted of moral complicity. The death sentence was commuted on January 8, 1842.

the revolutionary authorities of the town, and had offered him his services. He was in reality a man of no influence, but as there were very few workmen and still fewer of the lower classes in the town, order could be maintained with no great effort. Moreover, at Tours, as in the West of France, the Republic was entirely unpopular. We resolved to remain there for a time. As Tours was the terminus of the only line of railway yet completed, news from Paris reached us more promptly there than elsewhere, and if the news obliged us to retreat, the roads were open upon every side. We hesitated between Pau, which was recommended by its mild climate and its neighbourhood to Spain, and Jersey which afforded a more positive security. I did not think of England, in spite of my close family relationships there; I was too fully convinced that the Chancellor would never be able to live in a country where French was not spoken.

Days and weeks passed by without any disturbance to our calm. I hired a fine suite of rooms looking out upon a beautiful garden adjoining the country, where we were enabled to establish ourselves fairly conveniently. We thus spent eight months in the good town of Tours, escaping the dreadful attempt of May 15,¹ and the yet more cruel days of the month of June,² when for ninety-six hours the inhabitants of Paris

¹ The constituent assembly had met on May 4, and had again proclaimed a Republic. On the 6th the Provisional Government resigned. The Assembly appointed an executive commission of five members on the 10th; Arago, Garnier Pagés, Marie, Lamartine, Ledru Rollin. On the 15th the Assembly was entered by the crowd bearing a petition on behalf of Poland. The National Guard restored order. Barbès, Blanqui, and others were arrested. General Cavaignac was appointed Minister of War.

² The national workshops brought into existence on February 26 were dissolved on June 23. This measure was followed by a formidable insurrection, and by street fighting which lasted till the 26th. The Assembly declared Paris to be in a state of siege, summoned the National Guards from the departments, and entrusted the dictatorship to General Cavaignac. Mgr. Affre, Archbishop of Paris, was mortally wounded in the Faubourg Saint Antoine when attempting to intervene between the combatants. General Bréa was assassinated. When the insurrection had been repressed, cruel reprisals were begun against the insurgents, the clubs, the secret societies, and the press, by General Cavaignac, who was appointed

watched or took part in the most bloody battle that has ever been fought in a town.¹

Our anxiety in these events was certainly great, but it could not be compared with that which was felt in the capital. We saw universal suffrage for the first time in operation.² Almost insurmountable difficulties of organisation were expected, but none were encountered. The inhabitants of the town, parishes, and surrounding communes came in procession, led by their mayor or their priest. As they approached the Prefecture, officials, stationed for the purpose, distributed to them the electoral cards of the Republican candidates. The electors received them silently, put them in their left pockets, then, when they reached the voting place, they drew from their right pockets the cards of the candidates of the orderly party and placed them in the poll-box, while the Prefect saw the court strewn with the cards which had been issued by his orders. When they had accomplished their purpose these good people went home, leaving no stragglers behind them, avoiding the public-houses, very pleased with themselves and leaving us still more content. The spirit prevalent in Tours must have been felt in other quarters, for the Chamber of 1848 was infinitely more Conservative than could have been expected. It was obvious that the very mention of a Republic frightened France. I had been able to realise the fact during the few days of my stay in Paris; I had never seen such readiness and even affectation to shower our titles upon us. The merchants and middle classes in Paris seemed to find this a kind of relief; they regarded it as a kind of protest against the rise of the Republican authority. These excellent elections, and the victory gained at Paris, allowed us to feel comparatively at ease. Still I could have wished to spend the winter at Tours, where we were surrounded by so many attentions and kindnesses from every class of the population.

The Chancellor, however, sighed for the capital of Paris.

¹ See in the Appendix letters from Mme. Lenormant to Mme. de Boigne.

² In the elections for the Constituent Assembly in the month of April 1848.

and was anxious to be once more in the centre of news. He went so far as to propose that he should spend a month in Paris and return to rejoin me; but this was not my idea. The proposal of a stay in Paris aroused my interest much more for him than for myself. We therefore returned to the capital in the first days of November. He established himself in a house of his own in the Rue Royale; he had taken it with the intention of arranging his library there, which had escaped the plundering of the Luxemburg. I returned to the Rue d'Anjou, and when I found myself in my comfortable home, which I had hardly expected to revisit when I left it on March 14, I admit that I felt a very keen satisfaction. Very sad news from England awaited me.¹ The Castle of Claremont had remained uninhabited since the death of Princess Charlotte of Wales;² certain tanks which had been lined with lead and had not received attention had poisoned the water before any one had the least suspicion of the fact. The effect was not immediate. The Queen, Mme. de Montjoie, and Mme. de Dolomieu, who drank nothing but water, were the first to be attacked, together with the Prince de Joinville. Change of air was recommended, and the invalids were taken to Richmond. As Mme. de Montjoie and Mme. de Dolomieu did not like their rooms they preferred to return to Claremont. Both of them soon died, as also did M. Vatout,³ and several members of the household staff. Every one was more or less ill. At length the water was suspected, and its danger was speedily recognised. The young Princesses and their children had been saved by their habit of drinking large quantities of milk, which acted as an antidote; the Duc de Nemours and the King, who chiefly drank beer, seemed to have escaped the danger. It is very possible that this poison may have indirectly aggravated the malarial and consumptive attack which carried off the King in August

¹ See in the Appendix the letter from M. Duchâtel to Mme. de Boigne, under date November 1, 1843.

² See vol. ii., chapter xxi.

³ Jean Vatout (1792-1848). Sub-Prefect during the Hundred Days and under the Restoration. Librarian to the Duc d'Orléans in 1822. Deputy in 1831 and Member of the French Academy.

1850. Immediate measures were taken at Claremont to secure a pure water-supply, but the impression had been made; the Royal Family always regarded this residence, where so many conveniences attracted them, as unhealthy and gloomy. The health of the Queen and the Prince de Joinville had grown no worse, but remained very precarious, but as both of them had been removed in time from the effects of the poison, they slowly recovered. I learnt these sad details and heard with real grief of the death of two women with whom I had been intimate for more than thirty years.

Communications, though not forbidden, were not so easy as they have since become. These domestic calamities, added to the disasters which had overwhelmed the Royal Family, made the fate of the august exiles really deplorable. I was deeply affected by it. I have certain knowledge that in the month of August 1848, M. Thiers sent the Duchesse de Massa to London to tell the King that future safety depended on a reunion with the elder branch. He could not be suspected of being "infected with" legitimacy, but he was so convinced of the fact that he thought himself bound in honour to inform the King. At Claremont the matter was discussed before M. Guizot. He adopted the idea, and as usual immediately proclaimed it as his own. M. Thiers at once broke away from him, went over to the side of the Duchesse d'Orléans, and gave her, I have reason to believe, most pernicious advice which finally turned her head, though this was not a difficult task. The Duchesse d'Orléans was a clever woman, but was inspired by an extravagant, aggressive and very personal ambition. The certainty that the crown would be placed upon her son's head in the most honourable and definite manner would assuredly not have seemed to her adequate compensation for the position of fourth lady in France instead of first, which she had expected, in looking forward to a Regency. This idea was constantly in her mind. She was well aware that no clause upon the point was to be found in the act of abdication extorted from King Louis Philippe and she had been in negotiations to secure a recognition of the title from Claremont, but the King

positively refused. He asserted that he had not the right to abrogate a law.¹ On her side, the Princess after many delays, was at length obliged to rejoin her family in England, and refused obstinately and even angrily to enter into any agreement with the Comte de Chambord. It was in these circumstances that the King sadly declared, to those who attempted to form connections which he was himself anxious to consolidate, "Madame Hélène is by no means always tractable." His health, undermined by illness, did not allow him to act decisively, and his death left an open road to the revolutionary tendencies of those who survived him. Some months later M. de Metternich said: "In Germany we have only three Princesses of any ability, though they certainly have ability enough; but all three are very refractory." Those to whom he thus referred were the Duchesse d'Orléans, the Queen of Holland,² and the Princess Royal of Prussia.³

Hardly had the poor Queen closed the eyes of the King than she was summoned to Ostend to the death-bed of her beloved daughter, the Queen of the Belgians.⁴

¹ Organic law of August 30, 1842, which fixed the majority of the King at eighteen years of age, and the Regency as devolving upon the nearest heir in the order of succession to the throne.

² Sophia, daughter of William I., King of Wurtemberg. Born in 1813, died in 1877. She married in 1839 William III. (1817-1890), King of Holland in 1849.

³ Augusta, daughter of Charles Frederick, Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach. Born in 1811, died in 1890. She married in 1829, William, Prince of Prussia, Regent in 1858; King in 1861, and Emperor of Germany in 1871.

⁴ King Louis Philippe died at Claremont on August 26, 1850, and the Queen of the Belgians on October 11, 1850. See in the Appendix the letters from the Comtesse Mollien.

EPILOGUE

Queen Marie Amélie in Belgium—My visit to Laeken—The Fusion—Conversation with the Queen—Family unity—July 13, 1842—Heartrending separation—Letter to the Queen—Theory of my father and of Chancellor Pasquier—The disastrous year 1862

QUEEN MARIE AMÉLIE was recalled to Brussels at the outset of the summer of 1851 by the desire to see her grandchildren and King Leopold, and I took advantage of her stay at Laeken to go and see her.¹ She received me with an effusive warmth, by which I was deeply touched. When the first emotion was passed, our conversation proceeded upon the lines of the perfect confidence which she had always placed in me. However, she began by praising the touching devotion shown by her "dear Montpensier" for the King upon the departure from the Tuileries, and by the energy displayed by her "courageous daughter-in-law," as she called her. I immediately understood that she was anticipating the criticism which was but too well deserved, and my idea was confirmed when she repeated the same epithets the next day. It would have been useless to contradict her, and I passed the matter over in silence. I did my best to represent the situation in France as excessively precarious, all minds being in a ferment, but especially excited by apprehensions of the Red Republic, the hour for which seemed likely to be struck by the fatal date of 1852. Every one was chiefly anxious to find some plank to which to cling in the course of the coming shipwreck, and there was yet greater

¹ Passport delivered to Mme. de Boigne, travelling to Brussels with her suite, by M. Baroche, Minister of Foreign Affairs, on May 17, 1851, and visaed by the Belgian Embassy in Paris, May 19, 1851.

anxiety for the possibility of some firm foothold. All right-minded people considered that a sincere and public reconciliation with the elder branch of the Bourbon Family, so as to bring about what was then known as the "fusion," provided the best chance of restoring confidence. The Queen seemed to me to entertain this idea with much enthusiasm. She did not positively say that the King had wished it, but she intimated as much, and I ventured to reproach her for not working more effectively in this direction.

A rumour, perhaps unfounded, had got about that the Prince de Joinville had not rejected the idea of a nomination as President of the Republic. The Queen vigorously denied it: "Joinville in that case would have to betray his nephews or break the oath which he would have to take. It is absolutely impossible. None of my children would ever abandon justice or honour."

On the occasion of the death of her beloved Louise, the Queen had told me how greatly she was touched by the warm sympathy expressed by the Dauphine. Princess Clémentine had undertaken to transmit her thanks. She never spoke of the Dauphine without emotion.

The hours went by. The Queen told me that she would not allow "Leopold" to see the very few Frenchmen admitted to her presence, for fear of compromising him. Moreover, since his wife's death he had lived in complete retirement. I left Laeken without seeing King Leopold, though I had known him in past years,¹ and after making an appointment for the next morning. On returning to Brussels, I visited the little chapel of Laeken, where the remains of Queen Louise have been laid pending the construction of a more magnificent tomb, which certainly could not be so touching. The whole of Belgium was in mourning, and tears could be heard in every voice with which all unquestioned uttered the praises and the name of "our dear, sweet, good, and sainted Queen." She had brought consolation and help to all in general and to every one in particular. Never has Sovereign left a memory more generally adored.

¹ See vol. ii., chapter xxi.

The King's despair, and the extreme affection which Queen Louise had shown for him in her last moments, had raised him somewhat in his subjects' estimation; at the same time, he was by no means popular just then.

My first conversation with the Queen had cleared the ground, and, after the inevitable eulogy of the Duc de Montpensier and the Duchesse d'Orléans, I ventured to refer to the point which I had at heart, telling her that she was not fulfilling her duty as head of the family. It was now her business to show and to exert her authority. This was undoubtedly the task left to her by the King. She had the right and the obligation to conduct it to a successful issue.

The Queen listened to me very attentively, and shook her head: "You are entirely wrong, my dear, with regard to my position and the extent of my power; I am not, I never have been, and never shall be, the head of the family. I have never been anything but the King's wife, and now that he is gone I am nothing."

I attempted to raise her in her own esteem.

"No," she repeated, "you are wrong. My children are very fond of me, they would not willingly do anything which they knew might hurt me; but do not delude yourself with the idea that I have any authority over their minds or their opinions. As long as God is pleased to leave me on the earth, I shall faithfully watch over the King's ashes, and shall attempt to fulfil the only duty which he has positively entrusted to me—the duty of maintaining, as far as possible, the unity real and apparent in the Orléans family. This is one of the reasons which has brought me here. I could be useful in no other direction. As for the alliance of which you speak, it can never be a serious possibility, as Hélène stands aloof from us and from the ideas which you wish us to entertain, and withholds the most important pledges that we should have to give. What would be the use of a reconciliation with my sons as long as a separate party was formed for their nephews? You see, my dear, there is no issue in this direction, and the difficulty does not date from February 24, 1848, but from July 18, 1842."

She then began to speak with her old confidence in the Duc d'Orléans, and of the misfortunes caused by his loss. I saw and I had observed during the last two days that the open wound was here; the new calamities had passed into it, but had not overwhelmed the pain of it or brought any change. The very reasonable grief of the Queen was of a kind that had been strengthened and embittered by subsequent events and misfortunes. I would not, however, admit that I had been overcome by her arguments, or recognise the secondary position which she assumed. I did not make any great impression upon her mind, and she seemed to me quite persuaded that if she attempted to use the support which I indicated, it would collapse under her hands. At the same time, I went away with the idea, and perhaps the more readily as it was not true, that the Princes assembled in England, as well as the Princes in Spain, Princess Clémentine and King Leopold, desired a reunion with the Bourbon branch; but that the Duchesse d'Orléans, in her German residence, kept her children entirely apart. At length we had to part, not without great grief on my part, and I will venture to say upon hers. She embraced me tenderly, thanking me for the trouble which I had undertaken in coming to Brussels. My very poor state of health made the journey, in fact, somewhat difficult. I returned to Paris very tired and sad, bringing with me redoubled affection and loyalty to the Queen, but very little confidence in the attitude of those about her. I had no particularly good news for the few people with whom I was in entire sympathy. I will conclude these jottings by an extract from a letter which I sent soon afterwards to the Queen, which summarises part of my conversation at Laeken.

“The tide of red which is rising everywhere, especially in the south, and threatening to engulf everything, is beginning to cause general apprehension. I fear that the great party of peace and order, if it finds it is deprived of the strength which it expected to gain from a reconciliation ardently desired, will be forced of necessity to seek support in another

direction. The Queen has always allowed my loyalty to tell the truth as I see it, and I cannot conceal from her that the best servants of her house have been greatly afflicted by recent events. I have imagined a scene in which two illustrious saintly Princesses,¹ venerated throughout the world, would join hands and renew the affection which, as I know for myself, has never changed, and from the high regions to which their greatness of heart and their royal virtues have raised them, would dictate laws of love and charity to their respective parties. I am persuaded, Madame, that the moment has come when they would be heard. . . .

"August 7, 1851."

I had kept this fragment to show it to the Chancellor and I happened to find it recently. I remember his words after reading it to him: "There is no harm in it, but it will produce no result."

His judgment was correct. The Queen replied with her accustomed kindness to the other points in my letter, but said not a word in reference to this one. I took her silence as an answer. This was the last political attempt that my zeal and my tender affection for her induced me to venture.

Shortly afterwards, moreover, the Government passed into hands which seemed strong enough and willing enough to secure tranquillity, comparative security, and even a certain degree of prosperity. To howl in the wilderness has always seemed to me an idle occupation, and when, as in the present revolutionary age, a government seems determined to maintain order, I should feel that any attempt to cut short the period which Providence may grant it would be criminal. I have blamed the Legitimists for eighteen years for such action and do not propose to follow their example at the first opportunity. I do not believe that obedience need reach the point of servility. Heaven forbid! While avoiding hostile opposition, independence of action and character may be preserved. When intrigue and conspiracy is the only

¹ The Duchesse d'Angoulême died at Frohsdorf shortly afterwards on October 19, 1851.

resource for attacking a government, either course is equally repugnant to me. Such at least was the doctrine of my father and of Chancellor Pasquier, and in this respect I have acted as I shall always wish to act, upon the teaching which I have received from them.

The year 1862 was disastrous for me. It carried off my best friend, Chancellor Pasquier,¹ and less than three months afterwards my only brother, the Marquis d'Osmond. This double loss has left me without intellectual or moral support and without consolation. The weakness of my health had given me no expectation that I should survive those who were dear to me, and yet my great age has enabled me to leave many generations behind. Life henceforward bears but a sombre and monotonous aspect. I try to show no ill-temper with others and to resign myself without murmuring to the will of God, but my weariness is none the less profound. The forced cessation of intercourse so dear and pleasant and of daily correspondence which gave a certain interest to the events of the day, has thrown me back upon my recollections of the past, and to cheat the present moments I have taken up my pen once more, which I had laid aside for many years, to recount the last moments of Mme. Adélaïde and of the July Monarchy. To-day I lay it down again for ever. My life has become too colourless and my interest in current events is too small to provide me with material for any narrative hereafter.

¹ Duc Pasquier died at the age of ninety-six on July 5, 1862.

APPENDIX

I

Letters from QUEEN MARIE AMÉLIE to the COMTESSE DE BOIGNE.

TUILERIES, *July 29, 1833.*

I AM quite sure, my dear friend, that you will fully share my pleasure at finding myself a grandmother, as you have always so fully understood and sympathised with my feelings. I found your kind letter here when I returned from a drive and would have liked to thank you for it at once, but I was very tired on the evening of the day before yesterday and busy the whole of yesterday, so that I have had no time. I left Louise sitting up in bed, wonderfully well with her pretty child at her side.¹ She is very fond of it and I feel for it as every grandmother must. As Louise's health causes me no anxiety, I was very anxious to be during this time at the post to which my affection and my duty called me, and have arrived with Clémentine. As Marie preferred to remain with her sister, I propose to start off to-morrow evening to rejoin her there and to stay and nurse Louise for a few days longer. Our stay here has been very pleasant. Yesterday the weather was most brilliant, the festivities have continued in succession for more than twelve hours; peace and good order have been perfect. During the review some objectionable outcry was heard but was immediately overwhelmed by the cheers with which the King was greeted. These acclamations were renewed with even greater ardour and affection during the drive which we took this morning, and no disagreeable manifestation took place. I am very sorry for your anxiety

¹ Louis Philippe Léopold Victor Ernest, Prince of Belgium, born July 1833, died May 16, 1834.

concerning your father's health, and I know how essential to him is your tender care. Please give him my kind regards, and believe me your old and constant friend,

MARIE AMÉLIE.

LAEKEN, *August 5, 1833.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I could not possibly find a moment before to thank you for your letter of the 31st, with the interesting details which you have given me. These I have imparted only to the King. I hope that on your return to Châtenay you will find M. d'Osmond well. Pray give him my kind regards. I found my daughter and her pretty child wonderfully well. He is to be baptized next Thursday, and on Saturday I shall make my way back to my household gods where I am always so glad to be. Meanwhile, believe me, your old and constant friend.

TUILERIES, *July 25, 1835.*

MY DEAR COUNTESS,—I hasten to correct an involuntary mistake which I made yesterday. It is only too true that M. Cholet, Captain in the Sixth Dragoons, a brave officer, met his death in the days of June 1832, and that I then saw his widow and interested myself in her fate. It is only the cousin whom I cannot identify. I spoke to the King again concerning the two protégés of G. Pozzo, and he asked me to bring before him again the notes concerning them, that he might remind his Ministers of the case. If this has not yet been done, it is not for lack of goodwill on the King's part, who would be delighted to be of any use to the General. Good-bye, my dear, you know my old and sincere friendship for you.

LAUSANNE, *August 10, 1852.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—On arriving here, I heard of the dreadful misfortune which has happened to your nephew. I can realise what grief it must cause you, and my heart bids me express my sympathy with your distress and with his poor parents. I found Hélène quite convalescent and recovered from her accident. I have only time to renew my assurances of my friendship.

RAMSGATE, *August 7, 1853.*

MY DEAR COUNTESS,—I have just heard of the misfortune which has overtaken you, and hasten to express my sympathy in your grief. It is indeed cruel to lose a sister and a friend, and I am truly sorry for you, for your poor brother, for his children, and for the poor people whom your sister-in-law helped with such zeal and charity. She will find her reward in heaven. I have relied upon the kindness of our common friend, the good Mme. Mollien, to give you news of me and all my dear ones, but I would not leave the task of writing to her, at a time when you are unhappy and when I was anxious to tell you myself of my sympathy for you. I do hope that this shock will not again impair your health. At the same time I must thank you for your two kind letters of April 21 and June 5, and if I do not reply as soon as I should like to do, I assure you that they have given me great pleasure, as I take the greatest interest in all your concerns, and nothing can change my longstanding friendship for you. I hope that the health of the esteemed Chancellor remains good. Please tell me about him. He knows my feelings for him, and I am very sorry for the disaster that his children have again experienced. I have come to spend a few days here with Aumale and his family, who have been here for six weeks. Hélène and her children have come to rejoin me. I have good news from all my dear ones, and am proposing to spend the winter at Seville if circumstances allow. I thank you for all that you have said concerning the marriage of my grandson. Everything inclines me to hope that he will be happy, though I think him a little too young.¹ Goodbye, my dear friend, and rely always upon the friendship of your loving

M. A.

¹ Louis Philippe Marie Victor Leopold, Duke of Brabant, born in 1835; King of the Belgians in 1865, as Leopold II.; married in 1853 the Archduchess Maria Henrietta of Austria (1836–1902), daughter of the Archduke Joseph (1776–1847), Palatine of Hungary, fourth son of the Emperor Leopold II. and brother of Queen Marie Antoinette.

NERVI, February 16, 1856.¹

MY DEAR COUNTESS,—I asked our common friend, the good Mme. Mollien, to act as my interpreter, as my health has not allowed me to write to you as often as I could have wished for a long time. Now, thanks to the fine weather, my strength is daily returning, and I will no longer delay in thanking you for your letter of the 3rd of this month, and for the good wishes which it contains. Pray accept my good wishes for your health and happiness. I was sorry to see that the Chancellor's health caused you some anxiety, but I have been glad to learn since then that he has completely recovered. I am sure he understands the keen and constant interest which I take in him. I felt the grief that the death of M. Molé must have caused you. It is very sad to see our old friends pass away one after the other for ever. Nemours and his wife ask me to thank you for your good wishes and send you their kind regards. They watch over me with un*unfailing tenderness. Clémentine went home last October. Her eldest son has had typhoid fever and caused her great anxiety, but has at present entirely recovered. Good-bye, my dear friend; be assured of the long-standing sympathy of this old hermit,

Your most affectionate,

MARIE AMÉLIE.

¹ The Queen spent the winter of 1855-56 at Nervi, near Genoa. There she was very ill. The Comte de Chambord paid a visit there to his great-aunt. (*Vie de la Reine Marie Amélie*, by M. Trognon. Part iv. chap. ii.)

II

*Letters from MADAME ADÉLAIDE D'ORLÉANS
to the COMTESSE DE BOIGNE.*

SAINT CLOUD, *Thursday, May 12, 1831.*

I HAVE grieved for you, my dear, from the bottom of my heart and shared your sorrow.¹ I know that you suffer for your unhappy father, as well as upon your own account. Tell him how much we think of him, and please explain to him our sympathy. I felt that I must tell you how I feel for you in this sad time, and how I understand your sorrow. With kindest regards,

L. ADÉLAIDE L. D'ORLÉANS.

P.S.—Let me hear from you and about your poor father. The King and Queen commissioned me to transmit their sympathy to you, and I write in the name of us all.

The following lines are in the hand of Queen Marie Amélie :

Most readily do I join my sister in telling you how I feel for you and your father ; how sorry I am, and how I share your grief. You know my long-standing friendship for you.

SAINT CLOUD, *July 15, 1831.*

I am very sorry to have missed seeing you yesterday, my dear Countess, when we were at Paris. I believe and I hope that yesterday will disturb the equanimity to some extent of the profligates and agitators of all parties, thanks to the

¹ This letter was written after the death of the Marquise d'Osmond, mother of the Comtesse de Boigne.

indignation which the people and the workmen displayed against the authors of these wicked attempts. I thank you heartily for your interesting letter, and for the curious extract which it contained. I am sorry that you have been unable to change your proposal for coming on Sunday, for I shall not be able to take advantage of it. We are going to spend the morning at Paris, but I hope you will give me an opportunity of compensating for my loss another day. Good-bye, my dear Countess; you know my feelings for you, and with all my heart I renew my expression of it. Pray give my compliments to your excellent father.

L. ADÉLAIDE L. D'ORLÉANS.

^

NEUVILLY, *July* 24, 1833.

MY DEAR COUNTESS,—We are very happy to have received the excellent news that our dear Louise was successfully confined this morning of a fine boy. She and the child are going on as well as possible. I know how you and your excellent father will share our delight. With my affectionate regards.

III

Letter from M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND to the
COMTESSE DE BOIGNE.

PARIS, *May* 13, 1831.

I CALLED at your house for two very sad reasons. Be assured, Madame, of the sympathy that I feel with your grief and that of M. d'Osmond.¹ I am on the point of leaving France, and cannot say when I shall see you again, but if you will keep me in remembrance I shall be more than grateful.

With kind regards,

Yours faithfully,

CHATEAUBRIAND.

¹ The Marquise d'Osmond, mother of Mme. de Boigne, had just died.

IV

Letters from the DUC DE LAVAL, ADRIEN DE MONTMORENCY,
to the COMTESSE DE BOIGNE.

GENOA, *March* 17, 1831.

THE day before yesterday, at half-past eleven at night, I was reading a few pages of Walter^a Scott to distract my thoughts, without success, when an ambassador came into my room, powdered, excellent company, with opinions in my view not entirely sound, but so agreeably mannered and preserving such friendly recollections that I greatly enjoyed his unexpected visit. You will divine that I am referring to one of your friends, or at least to one of your acquaintances. He was making his way with all speed to the spot where I had welcomed him five years ago with his wife and his family. Since I left Paris I have never encountered such pleasant, interesting, and instructive conversation. This talk has cleared and refreshed all my ideas upon subjects and difficulties which had greatly confused my ignorant self. He set off again with all speed for his destination.

It seems clear to me that you are very loyal in your Cabinet to object to war and to avoid the horrors and chances of it, in any case, provided that you retain the mastery; but this result may not come about, and uneasiness upon the point is permissible.

Your last letter was very kind and friendly. You attempted to console me for griefs which no human power can alleviate. Shall I see you again in a few weeks or months? I do not know. In any case, from my youth up I have shrunk from insults and outrages which cannot be avenged by one single arm. Would you guarantee that I should remain

undisturbed in my dignity? I can travel throughout Europe; my name, I venture to say, is an honourable passport, and my behaviour an excellent letter of recommendation. Thus provided, I can stay in every kind of monarchy, or in the twenty-two republics of Switzerland, and take my place in the front rank of society as well at Geneva as at London, Vienna, or Rome. In our own nation this is impossible. My name and conduct raise suspicions, provoke police supervision and investigation. Heaven is my witness that I do not fear troubles and dangers that are worthy of me.

For all I know it may be very tactless of me thus to speak out and importune you with my want of resolution, but it is in any case the frankness of friendship, and my friendship is so old and so long-standing as to form a greater compliment than any you have received.

I am surprised that my friend Juliette never sends me a word; I feel rather humiliated than hurt, for, after all, I was the oldest of her friends. I have recollections of a note which remained unanswered at the beginning of the year. My kind regards to Poz. . . . I saw that his nephew was popular at Florence and well liked in the best circles.

MILAN, *May 25, 1831.*

I HAVE just received a letter from Caroline, dated the 17th, telling me that she made a journey to Paris to express her sympathy with your poor father in his deep sorrow. This sorrow, my dear friend, is no less yours, and none better than myself can realise its depth and understand the full measure of its bitterness. A mother from whom you have never been parted, a family entirely united and affectionate, united, indeed, by the closest bonds of love that ever bound a family together! So I can understand what you must be suffering under the weight of this unbearable grief, and the sorrows that Providence has reserved for the old age of your venerable and respected father. Pray offer him the kind regards proffered by my old hereditary friendship. I feel for him as my sainted mother would feel if she were still upon the earth. We should indeed share the sorrows of life and make

them the occasion of a redoubled affection, for these feelings are doubly strong when they are transmitted from generation to generation. ,

These, my dear Adèle, were the first feelings which rose to my mind, which is ever responsive to the emotions of sorrow, on reading Caroline's letter. I do hope you will try and realise their reality, and transmit to your brother also the assurance of my sympathy.

I answered a letter of yours on the 4th of this month, telling you of the alarm which I felt at the state of my little companion's chest. This cruel disease has now kept us here for five weeks. At present he is convalescent. Our very clever doctor considers that the wound in the lungs has healed, and that we may hope to make a start some twelve days later. We shall travel slowly, with the greatest precautions, and shall stay first at Lausanne, where I hope you will write to me. You will not refuse this kindness to an old friend who sympathises so closely with your sorrows. At Lausanne I shall settle my movements definitely, that is, for some weeks or months. Not the least of my troubles is the necessity of living in a constant state of uncertainty, and wearing out my life in anxiety about the morrow.

The French papers announce that their hero has started for Geneva. I do not hear that Juliette has yet resolved upon this step. But how and with what does our friend propose to set up house? His own genius and his wife will hardly be enough for him. He will, no doubt, establish himself in the country; Coppet has been mentioned to me. Is it not the property of the widow of Auguste?

I have seen some new-comers from Vienna, who give glowing accounts of your friend Marm., of his intimacy with a young man aged twenty, and with the Minister of Po., doubtless promoted rather by diplomacy than by affection. Good-bye, my dear and unhappy friend. Whatever may be your fate or mine, my brotherly affection for you will never cease.

The following note from the Duc de Laval was contained in a letter from Mme. Récamier, under date October 19, 1836:

Just now, upon a terrace, Mme. Récamier and myself were talking of the different friendships which had been broken or forgotten for the last six years. The conversation caused me to reflect deeply and the result is this most sincere and friendly note which I trust you will welcome and acknowledge with no less warmth.

V

*Letters from M. THIERS to the COMTESSE
DE BOIGNE.*

MADAM,—I must apologise for my failure to send an earlier reply to your kind letter. When you receive my answer, your wishes will either be performed or be impossible. You know that I have always been most desirous of obliging you and preserving your friendship; permit me to say no more on the subject to-day and to play a part which I have never played, the part of mystery. Until I have the pleasure of meeting you again, I beg you to believe me,

Yours very truly,

A. THIERS.

Thursday, 14th.

MADAM,—I am quite disposed to take your chambermaid, but on one condition; you will say nothing to her until I give you the word, and then I will ask you to send her off to me at once without any preliminary explanation. I shall then put her in a carriage and despatch her before she has any chance of seeing the Carlist nation and taking their orders or instructions and, least of all, their secret code. I must apologise for these precautions, but since my fatal destiny has made me the leader of a band of assassins it has also made me a gaoler, and I am obliged to descend to numberless unpleasant devices.

Believe me, Madam,

Yours most truly,

A. THIERS.

Saturday Morning, 24th.

MADAM,—You are quite wrong to suppose that I have forgotten you, but in that case you would assume me to be ungrateful. I assure you that I am not so, and I think with constant gratitude of the kindness that you have shown me. Kindness is not so common a thing as to receive so poor a welcome. The constant claims and cares of business have invariably prevented me from calling upon you. I can hardly make any plans for doing so, for I am learning by experience that the projects of those hard pressed, like ourselves, are always unstable. I shall take the first opportunity when you pass through Paris to come and ask pardon of you. Meanwhile I shall highly value your recommendation of M. de Chateaugiron. I know him to be a capable and experienced man and a competent administrator. I have a large number of candidates, but I promise to consider him among the first.

Believe me, Madam,

Yours most truly,

A. THIERS.

September 11, 1834.

VI

Letter from M. HYDE DE NEUVILLE to the COMTESSE DE BOIGNE.

THE PREFECTURE OF POLICE, *June 18, 1832.*

A THOUSAND thanks, Madam, for your kind letter to Mme. de Neuville, in which I recognise your real friendship for myself. You know how much I value it, and how loyal I am to you. Whatever may happen I am going to ask a service of you, and that is to advance no request on my behalf to a Government from which I would not accept any favour, whatever the treatment to which I may be subjected. . . . I have no fear or affection for it, and, after what has just happened, you can easily imagine my feelings for it. The Government has nothing against me ; of this it is well aware, and equally well aware that it can have nothing against me, for none of my actions need shrink from the light of publicity. The Government has been anxious to justify its hateful and arbitrary measures, and has hastened to turn to advantage an absurd accusation emanating from some flatterer or fool, to put forward names which France well knows, and rightly esteems. It is now for us to demand details of the accusation. For my own part, I do not believe that there is the smallest use in conspiring against a Government which is so anxious to commit suicide, and to work for its own ruin. My motto to every one has been, "Leave them alone," and I have practised what I preach with as much moderation as patience. I have made it a point of dignity, after retiring from office as an honest man, to keep silence, and to wait for the lapse of time, public opinion, and the force of circumstances. . . . But now war has been declared on me ; I accept the challenge, and I

hope that all France will be on my side. A helot is strong indeed when he has French blood in his veins; when he has also courage and the sincerest love for his country and its liberties; when, in short, he can publish all that he has done and written.

Here is a letter which I have just received from a very capable man, whose opinions are not mine: "Your arrest has caused me both grief and surprise. I am myself half proscribed, but if the Ministry and the help of a man who feels a high esteem for your public and private character, can be of any use to you, I am at your disposal."¹ If this letter had fallen into the hands of the Attorney-General of Rennes, it would be a serious ground for accusation. A man in the movement writing to a Legitimist and saying: "I am at your disposal!" Certainly I have guided not only the movement in the west, but also the Republicans of the Church of St. Merry. There are men who cannot understand that a man may have sympathy, and show himself noble and generous in every party.

Farewell, Madam. I am still very ill, and propose to ask the Magistrate for the address of a nursing-home, where Mme. de Neuville can follow me. In any case, I am overwhelmed with kindness by M. Carlier, who has kindly taken me into his house away from this nest of robbers, but my weak health requires special care. I shall see whether the Magistrate thinks my word of honour as safe as bolts and bars.

Yours very truly,

HYDE DE NEUVILLE.

¹ Letter from M. Odilon Barrot.

VII

Letters from ADMIRAL DE RIGNY to the COMTESSE DE BOIGNIE.

PARIS, *Monday.*

I HOPE, Madam, that you are better informed than I am concerning a situation which seems to me to grow more and more complicated. Your friends keep you posted, and as they complain of me, so I am told, I must not be too argumentative towards yourself. At the same time, it is just as well—I mean just as well for myself—that you should learn the unvarnished truth. M. de Broglie was too honourable a man for me to offer any personal objection, although the King had shown some tactless haste towards my uncle; I was bound to be accused, if I had refused, of attempting to overthrow a combination so difficult to secure. I therefore proposed to accept if the Duc de Broglie was of that opinion. This happened on Sunday; on Tuesday M. de Broglie brought his proposals to the King. The point at issue concerned Guizot, Seb. . . . and another whom he wished to bring in without a portfolio. Here I objected on principle to Ministers without portfolios, and to some extent to this excessive proportion of doctrinaires, and offered to resign. Barthe did the same and Thiers declared that he did not think this combination compatible with the Chamber.

The Duc de B. made his demand a *sine quâ non*, and we were thrown back upon Dupin. His answer and his arrival are expected while I write. I have no great reliance upon him, for he is a strange character who will not accept the presidency of a marshal. I pass rapidly over these episodes and intrigues. My share in the business is before your eyes, and I am more than ever anxious to get out of this vicious •

circle in which one cannot speak the truth without shocking some one or wounding one's friends; where foresight is regarded as pusillanimity, and careful calculation as selfishness. M. de Talleyrand is starting to-morrow evening. Outside affairs do not improve. Matuchewitz has overthrown at London a measure of fiscal coercion which the conference would have adopted had it not been for him. Pozzo is loudly crying in Vienna that further attempts to despoil the King of Holland are a disgrace, and Prussia does not care about our concentration of troops, or our siege of Antwerp, and confines herself to making no objection to the naval coercion which every day makes more illusory henceforward. Every one is talking of his national dignity, his domestic circumstances, and declares that he will make no more sacrifices to ours. In this position we have to begin the session, and then there are recriminations and so forth. Thus I confide in you, Madam, with regard to these difficulties from which the Doctrinaires would not save us. It will now be seen whether I was so entirely wrong when I urged them to put off the marriage, and not to hurry the departure of the Princes, of Gerard, and of all that warlike crowd which might have taken place at any time. As to the composition of the Ministry, I do not know what will be done. The Marshal has been induced to make d'Argout Foreign Minister; he wants Bassano or Rayneval or both of them; if I have any voice in the matter, and if I remain, I shall ask for Thiers. It is said that Humann does not care about it. M. Louis, in any case, will not care to stay, and Montalivet says that he will retire, but the King wishes to make another effort to secure Dupin. Such are the names and the proposals which are going about. Please take them for what they are worth and do not mention the source of your information, namely,

Your devoted servant,

H. DE R.

It is nine o'clock in the morning, and nothing has been done, at least to my knowledge. The King is the person in the greatest difficulty, and really feels his position. M. de

Broglie refused yesterday evening to come in without the following for which he asked. It now remains to be seen whether he will be taken on his own terms, or whether a combination will be tried between him and Dupin exclusively; then Humann becomes an embarrassment, as he will only come in with M. de Broglie. Without M. de Broglie no Minister of Foreign Affairs can be found. But perhaps, after all, my view is incorrect. Foreign affairs are anything but satisfactory, and seem likely to become less so. Thiers is furious with the Doctrinaires because they will not give way upon any point; quarrels with his friends are in progress; there is much mutual animosity, and the party is going to pieces. I think, however, that this evening will finish in general confusion. I tear my hair when I think of my position in this galley where oars are useless.

Farewell, Madam. This is all very sad, but I hope things will be better at Pontchartrain than in the Rue d'Anjou, where I am afraid I am in very bad odour at this moment. With kindest regards.

Wednesday morning.

Thursday, 8 o'clock in the morning.

At length, Madam, the most toilsome, the most laborious, and the most unnatural of Ministerial confinements has been completed. We have been shut up in the Tuileries from two o'clock till midnight. There will be outcries against the Polignac Ministry, and this consideration has induced me not to separate from the new Administration. I have some feeble hopes of a majority, but . . . Excuse these disjointed remarks, but I am still somewhat bewildered.

MONS, *September 14, 1835.*

I have received a letter from you here, which was not intended to go so far, and have not been able to reply to it sooner. After jolting about with rheumatism for two months by sea and land, the first moment's rest has brought a crisis with it, the end of which I cannot foresee. The very day of my arrival my chest and lungs were affected, and for the last week I have been suffocating night and day in continual

anguish. I am covered with leeches, blisters, and plasters, and count the hours and the minutes of each day and night. I am now writing to you sitting up, and can hardly finish a word. This journey will perhaps cost me dear. You may imagine the spectacle I present to a stout and nervous woman who is herself an invalid. I do not know when I shall recover, and whether I can resume my journey to Paris. I have sent for my doctor, who was travelling with Mme. Thiers, and will be obliged to return to her. I think of a Marshal's badges, which would be very inadequate in this case.

Good-bye, Madam. Pity one in pain by sending him a few lines. With kindest regards,

H. DE RIGNY.

MONS, 15th.

Many thanks for your thoughts of me. It is a pleasant relief for an invalid to be reminded of a friendship. I am in so sad a condition that I can hardly breathe day or night. The sharp pains are somewhat better, but I feel a pain which I do not understand, and which I do not think the doctors understand either. My doctor has just gone back to rejoin the caravan with which Thiers travels about.

You tell me that I was wrong to go away before anything was decided, but, in the first place, nothing was to be done before Thiers returned, and I did not foresee that I should be helpless. What will be done I do not know. I had a discussion with the King on the evening of my departure; he was greatly perplexed and divided between Gerard and Sébastiani, to both of whom he has made promises. The latter wishes to return to London as a Marshal; the other one wants a Legion of Honour. These claims will have to be satisfied before mine; but in view of the torments I endure, which are solely due to this journey to Naples,¹ I think I ought to be included. I should have cut a poor figure at your dinner with Mme. de Lieven, as I declined to go to St. Petersburg. Maison would like nothing better than to give up his place to Sébastiani. In any case, I know

¹ See p. 177.

nothing of what is going on, and I wish I was able to get into a carriage, for I am greatly wearied here; but how am I to do it, with three blisters, and mustard-plasters all over my body? My patience is beginning to be exhausted. Mme. de Rigny has finally resolved to leave the country, but will be obliged to remain till the end of the month to make her concluding arrangements.

„Please give my kind regards to M. Pasquier. I should like to have told him about my interview with the King, who informed me that only Duperré was raising obstacles, and that he consented to my appointment as Admiral.

„Farewell, Madame, with kind regards and thanks for your kindness.

H. DE R.

Unless I am absolutely prevented I hope to reach Paris on Monday the 26th. Mme. de Rigny is coming with me and the doctor who has been attending me will come for part of the way. It is an adventurous move, for I do not know if I can bear a carriage. I have suffered greatly, but since yesterday I have been quieter and was able to sleep for two or three hours under the influence of drugs. I came here on business with which I have been unable to deal. It will have to look after itself, and as for business in Paris, I have been able to deal with that even less. Apparently difficulties are rising everywhere. I do not know what has given rise to the idea that I asked for Sébastiani to be recalled from London in order to take his place, or that Duperré should be recalled for the same reason, from the Naval Ministry. I have asked nothing of the kind. I want no one's place. On the day of my departure I asked the King if he had any objections to appointing me an Admiral. Eventually he could find none. I am asking for a promotion which is not and cannot be the ambition of any one, but I must catch Sébastiani as he passes through. The Ministerial arrangements ought to be completed on the return of Thiers, and the truth is that if they are not hurried up, nothing will be done.

I shall probably be several days in Paris unable to leave the house. If M. Pasquier could spare a quarter of an hour for me on Tuesday or Wednesday, I should be very grateful. In that way I should hear news of you. I must take this opportunity of telling you how grateful I am for your kindness, and remain with kind regards

H. DE RIGNY.

MONS, 22nd.

VIII

*Letter from the PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND to the
COMTESSE DE BOIGNE.*

PRINCE TALLEYRAND has the honour to thank Mme. de Boigne for kindly including him among the persons who will have the greatest pleasure in reading a eulogy upon the Marquis d'Osmond, whom he has loved and respected for more than sixty years. He begs her to accept his kind regards.

April 20, 1838.

IX

Letter from M. MOLÉ to the
COMTESSE DE BOIGNE.

I OMITTED to tell Mme. de Boigne yesterday that I had also mentioned the Abbé Berlèze to the King, who gave me a very favourable answer, and almost promised to do what Mme. de Boigne desires.

With kind regards,

MOLÉ.

Monday 26th.

X

*Letter from M. DE MONTALIVET to the
COMTESSE DE BOIGNE.*

MADAM,—As you are preparing to present yourself at the Tuileries I hasten to inform you that the King has returned to me; with his approval, all the proposals which I had the honour to submit to him concerning the Chapel in the Rue d'Anjou; which proposals include the nomination of the Abbé Berlèze as second almoner. I am happy thus to be able to announce to you the conclusion of a matter in which you have kindly taken a special interest.

Yours very truly,
MONTALIVET.

Monday Morning.

XI

Letter of M. DUCHÂTEL to MME. DE BOIGNE.

5 LOWNDES SQUARE, LONDON,

September 1, 1848.

WE have just re-established ourselves in London, and I hear that you have returned to Paris. As the distance between us is thus diminished, I take advantage of the fact to recall myself to your recollection. I do not know when we shall be able to meet again, but I do not think it will be soon. I try not to think of the date of my return. It is the best way of avoiding disappointment and impatience. I found a number of invalids at Claremont. The Queen in particular and the Prince de Joinville have suffered greatly. I fear that the Queen will hardly recover. For a whole month the doctors declared that they could not understand this obstinate illness, which they put down as a consequence of the cholera, though the symptoms were wholly contrary. However, two days ago the water was analysed. It was found to be poisoned, containing some precipitate of lead. The symptoms were then reviewed, and it was recognised that all this illness was simply the result of poisoning which is supposed to be due to some fault in the water-pipes. The King himself and the Princesses, who are not actually ill, have blue gums and show traces of the poison. I am afraid that the Queen has been too severely attacked to permit any hopes of her complete return to health, so at least the doctors said yesterday. The political outlook seems to me very dark. It is said here that the election of L. Bonaparte is inevitable, whether for good or for evil I cannot venture to say; but I greatly fear for our country and for society the domination of

this Republican clique, which is unprincipled, incompetent to govern, and would slowly lead to the same abysses, as the red Republic.

Please remember me to the Chancellor. My wife sends you her kind regards, and I beg you to accept my own.

D.

XII

Letter of M. DUMON to the COMTESSE DE BOIGNE.

LONDON, *Saturday, September 21, 1848.*

MADAM,—I am deeply touched by your congratulations, and shall come to thank you towards the end of the month. I will leave you the task of choosing and installing the President. I do not know what most to desire or what least to fear. I can feel no confidence in General Cavaignac in spite of his recent advances to the Moderate party. The advances are not only late, but rather forced. He does not really belong to the national majority, and does not wish to belong. He can respect force, but he has no sympathy with peace and harmony. He has the temperament of M. Périer and the political principles of M. Laffite. If he is appointed he will come to an agreement in three months with Ledru Rollin. I do not believe in their parliamentary quarrel, nor does Ledru Rollin admit the fact. When the moment arrives a few phrases concerning their common sentiments and the danger of the Republic will be enough to patch up an agreement.

I am, however, not greatly attracted towards his rival. I was never a Bonapartist nor an adherent even of Napoleon the Great, and I do not feel inclined to support Napoleon the Little, but I admit that the strength of the position may counterbalance the weakness of the person. His success is a humiliation to no one. As far as the Legitimists are concerned he did not attempt to rival the July revolution, and for ourselves he stood aloof from the February revolution. Whatever government one may have served under for the last fifty years, we can vote for him without betraying our

principles. Past party history will raise no obstacle in his way, but who can venture to guarantee the future for him? Will not each party follow its natural course, and become exacting as soon as it feels itself secure? Moreover, he has the traditions of his adventurous life as Cavaignac has those of his conventional life. Will he be able to break away from them and withstand the inevitable disappointment of the absurd hopes which he has raised? Thus it is not merely a case of entering the unknown, but entering the transitional, and it is a sad thing to take ship when all that can be learnt of the voyage is that it will not lead us to harbour.

These are great perplexities and I can understand that you prefer to escape from them in the pleasures of conversation concerning past times with old friends. I wish I could increase their number. Why did not the Roman revolution send Rossi¹ back instead of killing him? You describe wonderfully well the mixture of selfishness and loyalty which marked his whole career, and the unswerving fidelity which was so fortunate as to meet so fair a death. The flight of the Pope has spared his subjects an additional crime. Who could have foreseen that the match which was to set Europe on fire should have been lighted by such holy hands? When Count Metternich came here he said: "I had foreseen everything except a liberal Pope." The rarity of the fact may excuse his want of foresight. There is but one government in Europe which cannot be liberal and that is the government of the Papacy. The Pope cannot be infallible in his own church and under the control of his parliament. Will there be a Roman republic, and will it be recognised by the elder daughter of the church?

I saw the Queen yesterday at Richmond. She gets up

¹ Count Pellegrino Louis Edouard Rossi (1787-1848). Lawyer and Professor of Roman law at Geneva. Deputy of the council of the Cantons in 1820; to the Federal Diet of Lucerne in 1822. Professor of Political Economy at the College of France in 1833; of Constitutional Law at the Faculty of Paris in 1834. Dean in 1843. Peer of France; Member of the Academy of Moral and Political Science. Sent upon a mission to Rome in 1845, to secure from the Pope the recall of the Jesuits from France. He became Minister of the Interior to Pius IX. in 1848. Was assassinated on November 15, and the Pope was obliged to leave Rome on the 24th to take refuge in his Neapolitan States.

every day, can eat a little, and works and writes without undue fatigue, but her face still shows the pallor of lead poisoning. The doctors expect to cure her, and promise that she will soon be restored to health. The King hopes to return to Claremont soon and with good reason. He is not in a position to allow himself the luxury of living in a hotel.

I hope we may soon meet again, Madam. Pray give my kind regards and thanks to M. Pasquier, and believe me,

Yours sincerely,

S. DUMON.¹

¹ Pierre Sylvain Dumon (1797-1870). Lawyer. Attorney-General at Agen in 1830. Deputy in 1831. Councillor of State in 1832. Minister of Public Works in 1843, Financial Minister in 1847-48. Member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences.

XIII

*Letters from the COMTESSE MOLLIEN¹ to the
COMTESSE DE BOIGNE.*

CLAREMONT, August 21, 1850.

You will, no doubt, Madam, be much surprised at the connection between the date and the signature of this letter. As I was recently passing through Paris I inquired if you were in town, intending to ask if you had any messages for the Queen and also to tell you how and why I was making my way to her. I cannot refuse myself the consolation of believing in a continuance of your interest. Since your arrival I have daily intended to send you news of the King, but there is nothing satisfactory to report. The Queen is undoubtedly threatened with a misfortune similar to mine,² and the road leading to it is far more grievous. A sad event has just aggravated the care and trouble which fills her life. The Duchesse d'Aumale some days ago was suddenly confined of a still-born child.

It has caused considerable grief. They were to start the following day for Richmond, but it has been necessary to remain for the moment. They will now go there as the Duchesse d'Orléans is there, Princesse Clémentine is to arrive, and the King is persuaded that the change of air and position will do him good. The Duchesse d'Aumale is very well and no scruples need be felt at leaving her here, as the Princesse de Joinville will stay with her. She is not

¹ The Comtesse Mollien, *née* Petit du Tilleul, was lady-in-waiting to Queen Marie Amélie, after holding a similar post under the Empress Marie Louise.

² King Louis Philippe died at Claremont five days later, on August 26, 1850. Count Mollien had died without leaving issue on April 20, 1850, at the age of ninety-two.

the cause of delay, but the Duc de Nemours, who has been confined to his room for some days. There has been some talk of poisoning by a scratch from a projecting nail. The doctor says to-day that it is a case of anthrax which he will be obliged to treat by a small operation, and the departure is therefore postponed indefinitely, to the great vexation of the King. The feelings of those about him are precisely the contrary, and the anxiety caused by his increasing state of weakness is intensified by his wish to leave a suitable and worthy residence, where he is quiet and well looked after, for a hotel. I am very strongly of this opinion and should regret Claremont on my own account if I could regret or desire anything, but when I undertook to come and spend some time with the Queen I mentally vowed to think no more of myself, and the effort has been less difficult than I should have expected. Her truly saintly patience is a great lesson in resignation. Whatever griefs one may feel, or by whatever misfortunes one may be crushed, one would feel ashamed to complain before her.

She knows that I am writing to you and sends you all good wishes. She also desires me to express her regret for her inability to write to you concerning herself and the King as often as she would like ; but she relies upon the affection and the certainty that you will understand the difficulties of her life, and it is certain that if one considers how every moment in every day is occupied, one can only wonder how she has time to live. I am thankful to say that her health is excellent, and I have never seen her better. The Duchesse d'Orléans is well, though still thinner ; her sons have grown up tall and strong.

I shall return to France probably at the outset of September, before going back to my sad country-house, where I shall, perhaps, spend part of the winter. I shall stay in Paris for two days, and my first care, Madam, if you are there, will be to give you in greater detail more recent news of the persons and places that I have left. I hope that your stay in Trouville will have proved as beneficial to your health as last year. I also hope, Madam, that you will continue to spare a little

of your affection for a lonely and unhappy woman. You know how I have always valued it, and now I have nothing more to lose.

A. D. COMTESSE MOLLIEN.

CLAREMONT, *Tuesday, September 3, 1850.*

ALL is over, dear Madam; all traces of death have disappeared from this sad scene. The eight horses that drew the hearse have been the only sign of royalty, and the royal coffin now rests under a simple stone in a little vault in a little private chapel. The remains will not be taken to Dreux until his sons have the right to return to France with him. This determination has been loudly proclaimed, and the grant of any facilities, unlikely as they appear, would not change it. It is desired that there should be not the least doubt upon this subject.

Yesterday was a hard day for the Queen. I waited until it was over that I might the better reply to your request of news of her. She has spared herself nothing, but her courage has not failed. She has been admirable and beyond all hopes. Once only I thought that she would break down. The first letter from the Queen of the Belgians renewed her painful emotions, and also gave some distressing details of her own health. The Queen's anxieties were thus increased, and it was easy to see that she could bear all calamities except that. There lies an abyss which we cannot venture to plumb. May God spare her saintly self and limit her trials.¹

You are no doubt aware, Madam, that no projects have been made except that of remaining not only united, but reunited. The King's last wish and the Queen's first words, when she left the death-bed, will be completely fulfilled. They will not leave Claremont. The Duchesse d'Orléans has just taken a very nice house at a quarter of an hour's distance,

¹ The Queen of the Belgians, *née* Princesse Louise d'Orléans, died at Ostend less than two months after her father, on October 11 1850.

and will spend the winter there. No one has expressed any intention of travelling. Though the centre of this family group has passed away, its unity does not seem to have been shaken, at any rate for the present. There will be no division of the property as regards its administration, but business affairs will be continued as they now are, and remain in the same hands. I believe that this unanimity of feeling and of life is what their friends would wish. It would be useful if at the moment they could be helped in any advantageous respect; but as even then they would not act with a view to the future, what is being done is sound and advisable; in particular they are guaranteed against the possibility of regrets, and that is a great point.

The Queen's health is well maintained. She walks every day in the park and sleeps fairly well. Her deep grief is borne with calmness, and news from Belgium alone disturbs her. I handed her your letter without delay, and also the letter from the Chancellor. She will reply to both at once. I must confess a small indiscretion which I think you will readily pardon; I also allowed her to read the letter which you wrote to me when sending me the other two. I thought that I should not be sinning against your wishes in giving her this additional proof of your feeling for her. I am quite sure that she was deeply touched.

Dear Madam, I do not speak to you of myself; I should be ashamed to do so. In the face of this death in exile, who could venture to complain? Before the Queen, who would not try to show themselves courageous? But I do not possess her wonderful strength, and all these mournful scenes have left me somewhat depressed, I admit. You guessed that it might be so, and I thank you for your affectionate thought. You have also guessed, and I thank you yet more for it, the extent of my thankfulness that I was able to be with the Queen in these sad and solemn moments. It is a great experience, and I shall never forget it, a new bond between myself and her. I am also glad that I was able to see the King again. Such is the end of a long period of happiness, but the Queen's heart is still full. The most discouraging

experience is to feel empty-hearted and to be of no account to any one.

Farewell, Madam. I hope you will retain your friendship for me. You know how I value it and what a consolation it can be to me.

A. D. COMTESSE MOLLIEN.

XIV

Letters from MME. LENORMANT, NIECE OF MME. RÉCAMIER,
to the COMTESSE DE BOIGNE.

DEATH OF M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND, JULY 4, 1848.

Saturday, July 1, 1848.

DEAR MADAM,—Yesterday at my aunt's I saw the note which you kindly sent to M. Ampère, and under the present circumstances it is a real pleasure to hear of one's friends. My aunt is fairly well. She has passed through these dreadful days¹ with the courage which might be expected of her. For three whole days we were separated from her without letters or means of communication. It was a terribly anxious time, but who, alas, has not been anxious in these dreadful moments? For five days and nights I only saw my husband at rare intervals. His regiment and his battalion suffered heavily, and I was afraid every moment that I should see him brought home wounded. They have lost eight men, and eighty are wounded; but Heaven has protected him.

Aynard de La Tour du Pin² was wounded, and has been in much pain since the extraction of the bullet. M. Beaudon is in no great pain, but his mother-in-law told my aunt that for the next few days the question of amputation will remain uncertain. The Duc de Noailles³ returned to Paris on Wednesday, the 23rd, with his son Jules.⁴ Both have

¹ The Insurrection of June 23-26, 1848.

² Aynard Louis Gabriel, Marquis de La Tour du Pin de La Charce (1806-1855). An officer who went through the Algerian Campaign under the July Monarchy and served in the Crimea. He was killed at the Malakoff.

³ Paul de Noailles (1802-1885), son of Jean Paul François de Noailles and of N—— Le Couteulx de Moley, see p. 27.

⁴ Jules Charles Victurnien, Duc d'Ayen, then de Noailles (1826-1895).

done excellent service in the 10th Legion. But this was not enough for the youthful courage of Jules de Noailles. He escaped from his father's supervision, joined the Garde Mobile, crawled with it across the bridge of the canal St. Martin, under the fire of the insurgents, fought at the barricade of the Bastille, and his father brought him back on Wednesday to the Duchesse de Noailles. He is said to have scolded him somewhat for his heroism, but to be very proud of him.

As soon as it was possible to go out, we sought one another with an anxiety akin to terror. Amid all these dreadful circumstances, which are heartbreaking even after victory, the condition of M. de Chateaubriand has rapidly moved towards a fatal conclusion. I had not seen him for a month when I called there on Wednesday. It is terrible, this continual coughing, and to his other suffering is added a catarrh which causes him from time to time the keenest pain. Yesterday it was impossible to get him out of bed. I thought that this physical suffering had rather stimulated than depressed his intellectual faculties. He recognised me at once, and even showed a touching affection.

Some deeds of heroism performed by the Mobiles, of which I told him, caused him great emotion. He cannot speak much, and his face is greatly changed, but the expression is there. The pain has overcome the paralysis. It is more heartrending to see, but less sad, as the intelligence is recovering its supremacy; but I think, Madam, that it cannot last long. An attack of catarrh, added to the illness from which M. de Chateaubriand is suffering, is most dangerous. We are, therefore, approaching the terrible moment which will be a severe shock for my poor aunt, and the nearer I see the time, the more I dread it. She does not see, and cannot judge of the change in his face.¹ He is very patient, and merely groans even in his keenest suffering without complaining, and thus maintains the illusion.

Good-bye, dear Madam, with kindest regards.

¹ Mme. Récamier had undergone two unsuccessful operations for cataract. She had since become blind.

Monday, July 3, 1848, at midday.

DEAR MADAM,—M. de Chateaubriand received extreme unction yesterday at two o'clock. My poor aunt has established herself in this house, which she is not likely to leave. You can easily imagine her condition. Unfortunately, this disaster has been foreseen for a long time, and it now seems to come upon her unexpectedly. He is in a high fever, and continually coughing. He says nothing, and bears his sufferings with admirable resignation. My poor aunt is waiting at the foot of the bed for a word of farewell, which perhaps will not be forthcoming; but he knows that she is there, and will not have any one else. I will send you the report of the day and the next night, if all is not over before then.

With kindest regards.

Thursday, July 6, 1848.

I have no letter from you, dear Madam, but you must have heard from M. Lenormant of the death of M. de Chateaubriand. You can, alas, imagine the state of my poor aunt. She cannot yet believe in her loss. The stunning effect of this terrible blow and physical exhaustion prevent her from feeling the blank which terrifies me more than I can say. We must hope that Providence will come to our help, for I do not know how she can be supported at such a moment if not by grace from on high. The religious ceremony will take place on Saturday, at midday exactly, at the Church of the Missions. The body will be first placed in the vaults, and taken to St. Malo in a few days. After the administration of the last sacrament on Saturday, which M. de Chateaubriand received with full consciousness, and much pleasure, he never spoke a word to any one. The terrible intensity of the fever overwhelmed him. He grew very red and yet doubtless understood what was going on about him, for he made an effort to raise his eyelids when any one approached his bed, but alas, he could not succeed. On Tuesday at half-past eight his life quietly passed away without pain or suffering. My poor aunt, M. Louis de Chateaubriand, the Abbé de Guerry, and a sister of Marie

Thérèse, were the only persons in the room at this solemn moment.

No will has been found. The seals have been placed, and therefore I am inclined to think that M. Louis de Chateaubriand has only accepted the inheritance under conditions of an inventory. My poor aunt has been so shaken that her ideas are still confused, and hitherto she has expressed no desire and formed no plans. She confuses in one grief two very different sorrows and two very real losses; that of M. Ballanche¹ and that of M. de Chateaubriand. Alas, the best part of her life has gone and I dare not look forward.

Wednesday, 7th.

I left this letter open on my table, dear Madam, yesterday. It was interrupted because I went to spend the day at the Abbaye aux Bois. I have there found a letter which M. Pasquier was so kind as to write, and which has deeply touched my aunt. The Chancellor will excuse an answer from me to-day. I have just this moment received your note of yesterday, and shall take it to my dear aunt. It is certain that your friendship is most highly valued by her, that your name is oftenest upon her lips, and that you, dear Madam, are the only person whom she would be pleased to see. I will tell her of your tender sympathy, and I know beforehand that she will be deeply moved. I cannot say whether she will accept your proposal. I do not think she will care to leave Paris as long as the body of M. de Chateaubriand is there. Moreover, she is very anxious concerning the proposals to publish the memoirs, and would like to be informed upon this subject. The only desire which she has expressed to me is to make the journey to St. Malo. The shortest route is by way of Caen. Perhaps we shall stop for a few days or weeks at my house in Normandy before continuing this sad pilgrimage. I will certainly write to-morrow and let you know what she has decided to do.

With all kind regards.

¹ Ballanche died the year previously, on June 12, 1847.

Saturday, July 8, 1848.

Eight o'clock in the evening.

DEAR MADAM,—To-day was a very trying time for my poor aunt, and she has suffered greatly. She is in a sad state of depression.

I read your kind letter to her, and she was deeply affected. No one can understand her so well as you or give her deeper pity or better consolation. The kind hospitality that you offer her would have been the only real attraction that she can still feel, but she will not leave Paris until she is enlightened upon several points of anxiety. M. Vertamy,¹ who was the counsellor, and to some extent the business man of M. de Chateaubriand, has been away from Paris, and has only returned to-day. He will explain M. de Chateaubriand's wishes, at any rate as regards his memoirs. My aunt has also undertaken to perform one of the legacies of M. de Chateaubriand, that is to hand over to the town of St. Malo, Girodet's portrait which was in her keeping.

On the news of the death of M. de Chateaubriand, the Duc de Noailles immediately returned to Maintenon. M. Brifaut² also has been most attentive to my poor aunt. But, alas, these attentions can do nothing for her poor broken heart. We have formed no plans. She says that she can hardly think connectedly. In a few days, perhaps, we shall be able to induce her to make some decision. I am extremely anxious that she should leave the Abbaye-aux-Bois, at any rate for the moment. If you had been at Châtenay, perhaps she would have come to see you there.

Paul David³ is very well. His fall was only a trifling accident, and we may be thankful that this anxiety at least has been spared our poor afflicted one. Farewell, Madam, with kindest regards.

¹ M. Mandaroux Vertamy, lawyer in the Court of Cassation. One of the four executors whom Chateaubriand had commissioned to supervise the publication of his *Mémoires d'outre tombe*.

² Charles Brifaut (1781-1857), "a mediocre poet but a pleasant man" (Edouard Herriot, *Madame Récamier*, William Heinemann, London, 1906, vol. ii. p. 320).

³ Nephew of Mme. Récamier. See Edouard Herriot, *op. cit.* vol. i. p. 44.

August 6, 1848.

Your kind, long, and affectionate letter, dear Madam, did my poor aunt a great deal of good.¹ She asked me to thank you warmly for it. You have written with such tenderness, such delicacy, such feeling, and such goodness, that you were bound to touch her heart in every one of these directions. She was greatly moved when she heard it read. She asks me to tell you how well you have spoken to her in the only language that she can understand. Her impressions and feelings are completely in harmony with those which you express. She is working for the objects which you advise, and she says that she hopes to secure some result. Perhaps there is something less keen and bitter in her grief, but we cannot hide the fact that the void is infinite. She takes no more interest in anything, hardly even in herself. By constant entreaties I have induced her to go out a little almost every day—she did not care to leave her room—but that is all; she does not sleep, and her pallor is terrible. When I express an interest about her health, she replies that she is astonished to find that she can bear such shocks. I would have done anything to induce her to leave Paris, if only for a fortnight; but I have no success, for I cannot rely upon her promise to join me in Normandy. So, dear Madam, I feel quite heart-broken. My health has suffered so much for the last six months that I do not think I have passed a week without pain. I have been urged to go to some country watering-place since I cannot go to the Pyrenees, and I shall start on Saturday next to take advantage of these last warm days, but in any case I should not consent to go if I had not some hope that my absence will induce her to go too.

That is our present position. M. Ampère will not leave her. If she should come to Normandy, he will spend his time in England, and Paul would accompany her to my house. But again I say I have little hope that she will agree to this. Her poor eyes are worn out with all these emotions and tears, and this is a further obstacle in the way of the smallest

¹ See Edouard Herriot, *op. cit.* vol. ii. p. 356.

distraction. M. de Chateaubriand's family is unworthy of her. Would you believe that Louis de Chateaubriand, after watching with her the last terrible death scene, after seeing her unusual, entire, and angelic devotion, has not even left a card at her house, or attempted to express his gratitude in the name of the family of the friend who would have been handed over to the servants had it not been for her.

Girodet's portrait has been left to St. Malo, as my aunt knew. She has anticipated any request, and has sent a letter to the Mayor undertaking to hand over this legacy to M. de Chateaubriand's native town. She has just had a copy made which she will keep, but which, alas, she will never see. The marble bust of David is bequeathed to the Château of Combourg. My aunt is expecting that M. Louis de Chateaubriand will send for it.¹ Heaven knows with what tactlessness that request will be made. In all this we can trace the will of Mme. de Chateaubriand. She took advantage of her husband's weakness to make him sign before her death² all kinds of dispositions in her favour, which would not have been his own desire; and as his memory had entirely failed, he did not understand them.³

It is very sad!

M. Piscatory, whom I saw as he was starting for Tours, promised to remember me to you. Good-bye, dear Madam. May I ask you to write again, and to write from time to time to your poor friend. Of all the friends who still remain, she says that you are the one whose absence she feels the most. You will come to our help this winter?

With my very kindest regards.

¹ See Edouard Herriot, *op. cit.* vol. ii. p. 355.

² Mme. de Chateaubriand died on February 9, 1847. Her body was laid beneath the altar of the Infirmary of Marie Thérèse which she had founded.

³ See Edouard Herriot, *op. cit.* vol. ii. p. 345.

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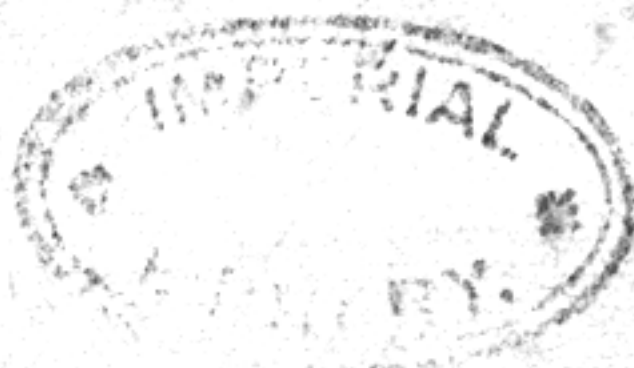
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